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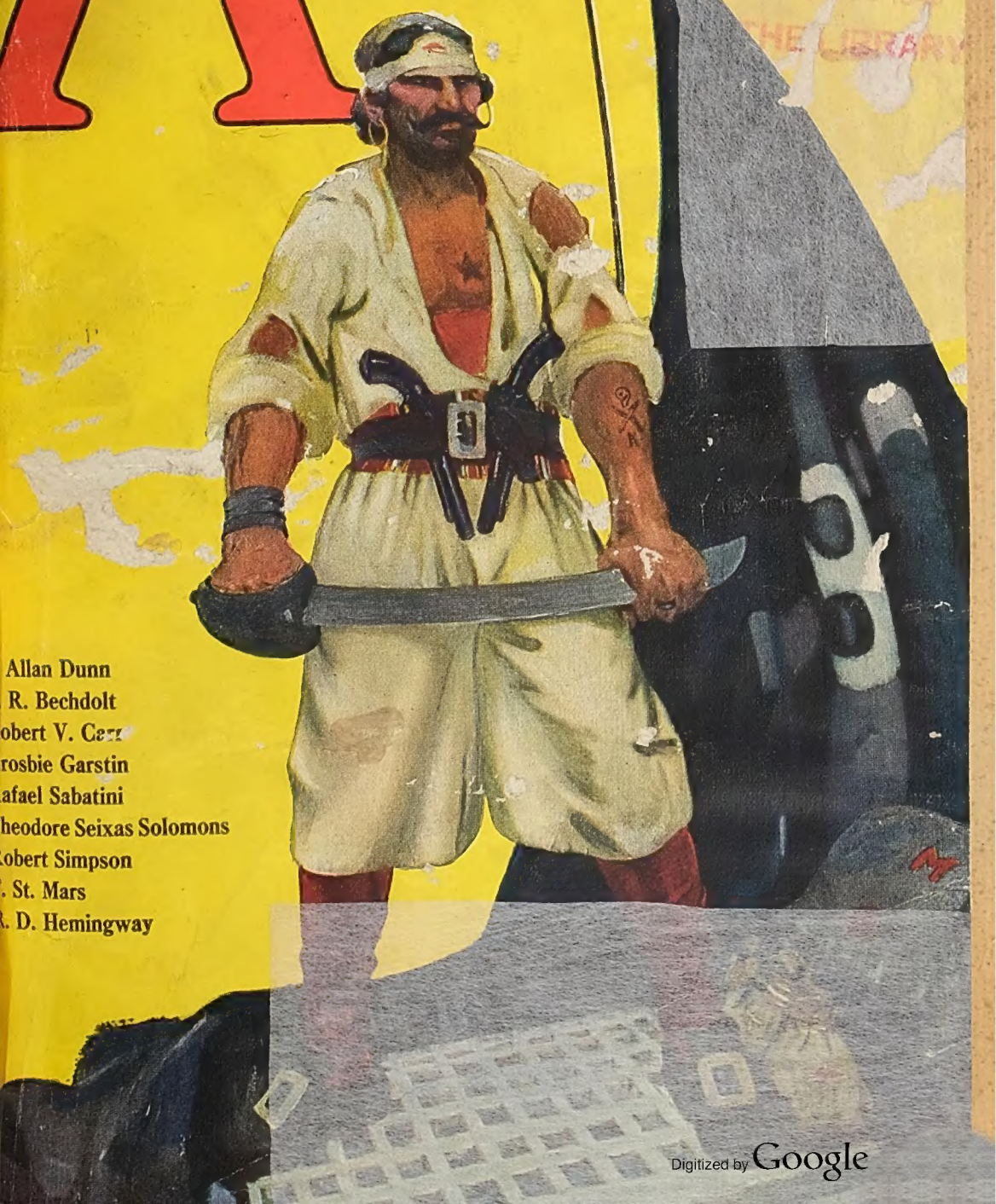

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You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough and successful in existence, and offers every man regardless of age, education or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an "Electrical Expert," able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

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Chicago Engineering Works

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I give each student a Splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. I also supply them with Drawing Outfit, examination paper, and many other things that other schools don't furnish. You do PRACTICAL work AT HOME. You start right in after the first few lessons to **work at your profession** in a practical way—make extra money while you learn.

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I want to send you an Electrical Book and Proof Lessons both FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

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THE OLIVER WAY

Buy your Typewriter direct from the factory

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A $100 standard typewriter at a saving of over ⅓! That alone is a sensational offer—but doubly so when the typewriter is the new Oliver Speedster, just announced as our latest and finest model. It is the most unique offer in typewriter history. Read about it below.

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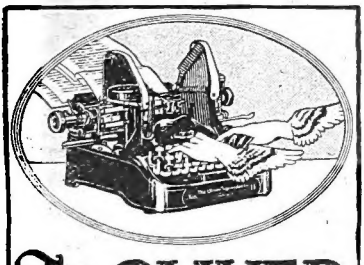

The New OLIVER SPEEDSTER

Superiorities too numerous to list here make this today's super-typewriter, adding to its international fame. And yet we retain our new method of selling direct from the factory, thus enabling you to buy this $100 Oliver for only $65. A great business expert was right when he said, "The Oliver Typewriter Company has blazoned a new trail in business practice—a new short-cut which saves the public millions." Mail the coupon now for a Free Trial Oliver or for further information. Check which.

To introduce the new Oliver Speedster we have decided to make this outright offer: We'll ship it to you for five days free trial. Don't send one penny in advance. Keep the Oliver or return it—as per the coupon below.

This is the only way for you to really appreciate the new-day advancements embodied in the Oliver Speedster. Mere print and pictures cannot adequately describe this super typewriter. You must see it and operate it to appreciate the surprising improvements and refinements.

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The coupon brings *either* the Free Trial Oliver or further information. Check which.

When the Oliver Speedster arrives, put it to every test. If you want to own it, send $4 after trial, then $4 per month. If you don't want it, ship it back at our expense. Free trial does not put you under the slightest obligation. Mail the coupon now. Become acquainted with the latest in typewriters.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
737 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Which?

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
737 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver No. 11 Typewriter for five days free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $65 as follows: $4 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. If I make cash settlement at end of trial period I am to deduct 10 per cent and remit to you $58.50. If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

My shipping point is.....

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," the Speedster catalog and further information.

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Occupation or Business.....

ADVENTURE
Oct. 30th, 1922

Published three times a month by The Ridgway Company at Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City. Yearly subscription $6.00 in advance; single copy 25 cents. Entered as second-class matter Oct. 1, 1910, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume 37
Number 3

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Make Your Savings Grow

New U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates offer the soundest investment conceivable. A direct obligation of the government. Risk is eliminated.

THE Government now offers, through the Treasury and Post Office Departments, a new and attractive system of savings. It is being welcomed everywhere by men and women who seek the opportunity to save a share of their earnings—and make it earn while it is being saved.

At present prices these new Treasury Savings Certificates will earn 4½ per cent a year, compounded semi-annually, if held to maturity. Each matures five years from date of issue, earning 25 per cent for the full period of investment. The certificates may be redeemed at any time before maturity at redemption prices which increase from month to month.

There are numerous advantages to this new savings system. It will pay you to familiarize yourself with them. For here is liberal interest yield, absolute safety, ready cash if you need to withdraw.

Easy for All

U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates are issued in denominations within the reach of all. You can now buy a $25 Certificate for $20, a $100 Certificate for $80 and a $1000 Certificate for $800.

If you save less than $20 per month, you can accumulate Postal Savings Stamps at 10c each, or, Treasury Savings Stamps at $1 each, both non-interest bearing. Or you can open an interest-bearing Postal Savings Account. Then you can convert such savings into a Treasury Savings Certificate when you accumulate $20.

U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates may be purchased at Post Offices, Federal Reserve Banks, banks and trust companies, or direct from the U. S. Government Savings System. There is no red tape, no formality.

Do not delay in becoming acquainted with this simpler, more profitable system of making your dollars grow. Make the money you work for, work for you. See how quickly it earns 25%.

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Treasury Savings Certificates offer a liberal rate of interest. Each dollar saved earns at present prices 25 per cent in 5 years, which is at the rate of 4½ per cent a year, compounded semi-annually. If withdrawn before maturity you receive interest at the rate of 3½ per cent, compounded semi-annually.

Safety

These Certificates are a direct obligation of your government, the soundest investment conceivable, backed by the strength of the Nation. Your principal and interest are absolutely safe. Certificates are registered in your name at time of purchase, protecting you against loss or theft.

Certain Value

The Certificates are not subject to market fluctuations and cannot depreciate in value. They are always worth what you paid for them plus the interest.

Payment on Demand

You can withdraw your money at any time, without waiting until maturity of the Certificates. This provides for any emergency.

Attractive Features

Some of the advantages are: Any individual can buy up to $5000 maturity value, of Treasury Savings Certificates of any one issue, and if desired can have them made payable to another person in case of death. The certificates are exempt from normal Federal Income Tax, and from state and local taxation (except estate and inheritance taxes). You can withdraw your money at any time with interest. The Government, however, cannot call them for payment before maturity.

These are but a few of the advantages. Become acquainted with this new and better way of saving, as thousands of other people are. Ask your postmaster for a descriptive circular or write direct to the U. S. Government Savings System, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. You'll surely want to adopt this new way of saving, once you appreciate its advantages.

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"I Knew You'd Make Good"

Back of every man who goes ahead in business and in life is the abiding, loyal love of some woman.

Sometimes it is a kindly, watchful, hopeful mother who is the inspiration of your desire to attain the kind of success that will make you worthy of her name and her faith.

Sometimes it is a sweetheart, a tender wisp of a girl who believes in you with all her heart, and for whose sake you determine to get somewhere, to be somebody, and to do the things worth while.

But most often of all it is a patient, devoted wife who keeps the priceless spark of ambition burning within you, and for whom you resolve that that dream of a better position and a larger salary must some day come true.

Once you feel that vital inspiration to get ahead—once you make up your mind that you are going to earn more money because of what it will mean to your mother, your sweetheart or your wife—you have made a splendid start in the race for Success. But how far you go and what laurels you win depend not alone on courage, or determination, or even upon natural ability, but on training!

As Hamilton Wright Mabie says: "This is the age of the trained man and the trained woman.

"There was a time in this country when opportunities were so great and there was so much to be done that any man or any woman who had a good heart and a good character and a strong arm might achieve a certain degree of success.

"I am not saying that that time is entirely passed. But this I am saying to you, that if I were a young man or a young woman going out into the world today, I should not dare to go unless I had made myself absolute master of the thing I wanted to do.

"I tell you today that the tragedy of modern life is the tragedy of the half-educated, half-trained man or woman; it is the tragedy of the man or the woman who wants to do something and cannot do anything well."

EMPLOYERS everywhere are looking today for trained men. In every organization, in good times and bad, the trained man is the first to be hired, he is the best paid, he is the man the firm cannot afford to lose.

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Why not at least find out what the I. C. S. can do for you? It takes but a moment to tear out the coupon printed below, mark the work of your choice and mail. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. Yet that seemingly simple little act may be the means of changing your whole life. Do it—*now!*

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"Pedro vanished from the face of the earth. We gave up the chase for him. One day Chicken, a kid of eighteen, came back from the hills.

"'Get your horse,' he said. 'I know where Pedro is—Presidio County on the Rio Grande.'

"We left that night with four horses and fifty dollars. We rode six hundred miles. . . . Pedro came galloping up and into the corrals from the opposite side. He didn't see me. Like a flash I spurred in between the horses. They went wild and broke from the corral. Pedro turned, recognized me and shouted to the men. . . ."

"Through the Shadows with O. Henry"

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As *Life* so well expresses it—"This book is a corker. It reeks with train robbery, horrible prison cruelty, pathos, sentiment—about everything there is in human nature, and then some. It is true. Naturally Al Jennings has made the most of his theme. Thomas Osborne, who ought to know, says that his account of prison horrors is even more gentle than the reality.

"And there is O. Henry—guiltless of crime, and locked up in jail, as if by a stern taskmaster who said, 'Now, will you write?' And some of us wonder, if after all, it matters how much an individual—a finely sensitive soul—is made to suffer, if the final outcome is to be stories such as O. Henry wrote. It makes us feel more than ever that individuals, in the long run, do not count."

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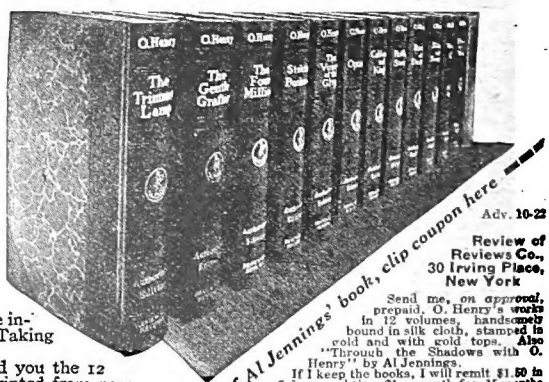
Out of the trials and struggles of his own life, O. Henry wrote these stories of the people. He was one of the disinherited—and he knew their problems.

He picked out with deft, yet gentle hand, the little hidden things we all strive to conceal, held them up to the light of day, let the sun shine on them, and then tucked them back again—warmed and heartened, or cleansed and sterilized.

You love his stories because you see yourself in them—your real hidden self which no one else ever sees. Other men write so that you read and sagely nod your head and say—"That is so. This man writes of people such as I know." But O. Henry writes, and you read, and with sudden laughter cry—"*This is me!*"



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Send me, *on approval*, prepaid, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, handsomely bound in silk cloth, stamped in gold and with gold tops. Also "Through the Shadows with O. Henry" by Al Jennings.

If I keep the books, I will remit $1.50 in 5 days, and then $1 a month for 15 months for the O. Henry set only, and keep the Jennings' volume FREE. Otherwise, I will, within 10 days, return both at your expense.

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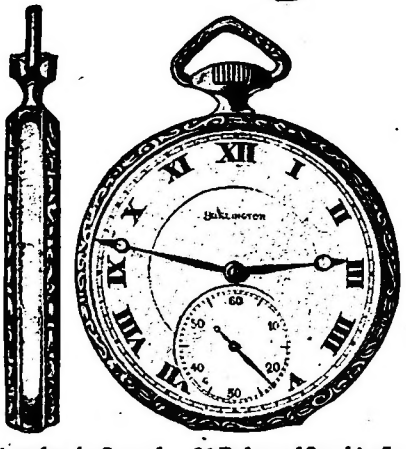

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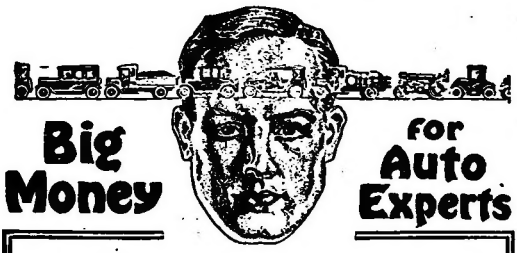

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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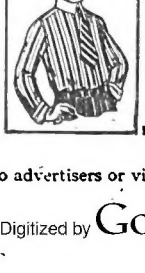

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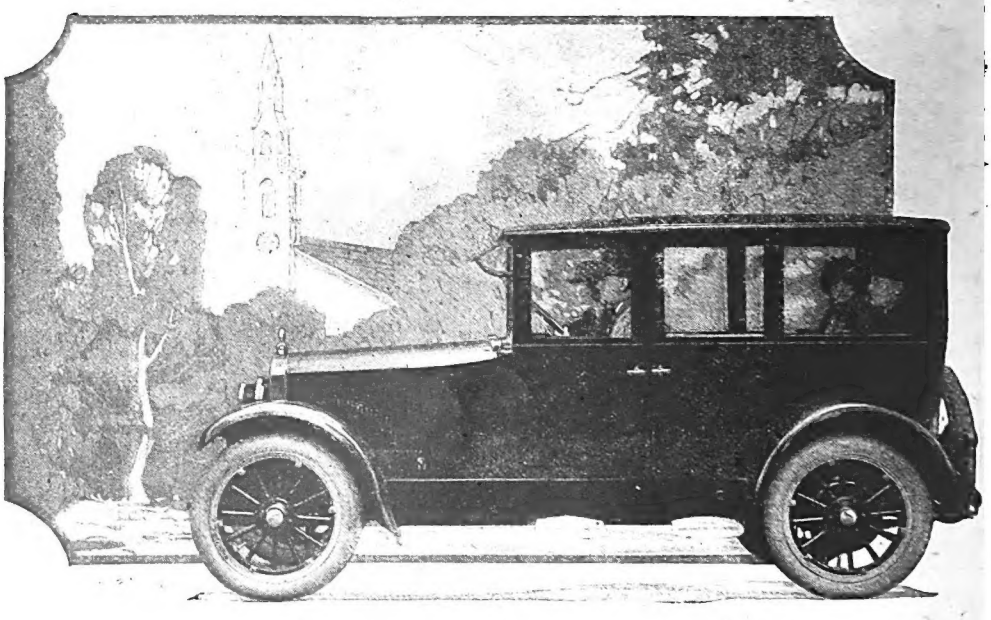

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A STRANGE man is the *Gray Mahatma*—one of the leaders of a plot to overthrow British rule in India. Savage beasts and poisonous insects are harmless in his presence; wireless, and other wonders of Western civilization are an old story to him. Opposing him are *Ramsden* and *Athelstane King*, while over all *Yasmini*—"and who dares disobey *her?*"—casts her net of intrigue. "THE GRAY MAHATMA," a complete novel by Talbot Mundy, in the next issue.

Other stories in the next issue are forecast on the last page of this one.

Don't forget the dates of issue for *Adventure*—the 10th, 20th and 30th of each month

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Oct. 30. 1922 Adventure Vol. 37. No. 3

THE ISLAND

A Complete Novel by J. Allan Dunn

The Further Adventures of the Barehanded Castaways

Author of "Barehanded Castaways," "Two Men—and a Boat," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE—"The Island" is a story complete in itself, but it deals with the same men who figured in "Barehanded Castaways" by the same author. There were many demands from readers for another story giving further adventures of these men in their fight to build up their island from the Stone Age to modern civilization and Mr. Dunn meets those demands in these pages. For the benefit of any who missed the first story, a very brief outline of "Barehanded Castaways" follows:

IT BEGAN with a hurricane, which had swept down upon the steamer, four days out from San Francisco, wrecking it, and leaving—so far as any one knew—but nine survivors cast up on an unknown island in the Pacific. They were a strange assortment of men: Professor Harland, a learned, kindly old fellow; Walker, a steward; Bowman, a young cable operator; Tully, a Civil Service clerk, also young; Malone, "a reckless wanderer of the Seven Seas;" Wolf, an oiler; a pugilist named Wallaby Brown; Tyrone O'Neill, a movie star, and last of all John Brett, a man whose personality and experience seemed to fit him into a natural leadership of the group, which he gradually assumed.

Without tools, without means of livelihood except what they could achieve by means of their own minds and empty hands, these nine endured hunger and toil, obliged by circumstance to start as primitive men, and slowly emerged triumphant in the struggle for existence. Their island was rich in animal and vegetable life, and as Crusoes they gradually established themselves, gathering and storing food and supplies, securing a shelter and making bearable an apparently hopeless situation. Not one of them knew what it would lead to nor when, if ever, rescue would come their way.

Their first precaution, after attending to their immediate needs, was to prepare a beacon on the highest point of the island so that they could quickly attract the attention of any ship which might pass that way. Next they set about building a bungalow and exploring. During one of their daily trips through the forest they were attacked by a herd of fierce peccaries. They soon found that there were plenty of other dangers to be reckoned with, and the most frightful of these was a pack of ferocious wild dogs.

Meanwhile, though help from the outside world seemed as uncertain as ever, they never abandoned the hope of returning eventually to civilization, and, with this objective in view, they began the construction of a catamaran, which was to be stanch enough to take them safely out to the ocean-steamer routes. The work proceeded slowly, and was held up from time to time by their hardships and the quarrels which began to break out with great frequency.

Eventually Wolf went berserk, fought with his companions and then left them to rove by himself

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and live like a beast. His insanity took the form of a campaign to harm the little colony, and in consequence Brett with three others started out to hunt the mad Wolf down in earnest. They were unsuccessful for a long while until one day Brown caught him on a high cliff. The struggle which followed, ended in Wolf's fall over the height. His body was later torn to pieces by the wild pigs, which found it below.

The work of the sea-raft now went forward rapidly and was almost complete when new trouble came with Malone's growing insubordination. John Brett settled the matter by undertaking to punish the rebel himself, and from the ensuing fist-fight issued a badly beaten-up winner.

The Hope was now quickly finished and got ready to sail. Strangely enough, Professor Harland, Brett and Malone had grown attached to their new-found land, and they therefore decided to remain on it while the rest departed, promising to return and bring with them news and comforts from their far-away homes. As the three men watched the small triangle of sail bearing their friends into the distance, they turned and looked at each other with an unasked question in their eyes. Then they went slowly back to their dwelling.

CHAPTER I

THE HAYSTACK

THE TRAMP freighter, *Argosy*, of Sydney, following the regulation sealane to Panama, poked her blunt bows over the intersecting lines of longitude and latitude ninety-five degrees west of Greenwich and six degrees south of the Line a little after four bells in the afternoon watch. She was making close to fourteen knots through the sluggish seas and acted as if she were sailing through blue oil. It was blisteringly hot; the sky was like an inverted bowl of blue porcelain, hard and unglazed, through a hole in the bottom of which there glared through the heat and glaze of hell. The rim of the sea was hazy. There was no wind save the disturbance of the superheated air by the steamer's motion. Such of it as was sucked down the ventilators gave no relief to the baking lungs in the engine-room. Off watch or on, every man aboard was wilted, bathed in sweat, scalded with prickly heat, taciturn and "on edge."

Five bells had just sounded when the lookout hailed the officer of the deck.

"Something on the port bow, sir! Looks like a bloomin' 'aystack."

To the officer, focusing binoculars on the object that loomed uncertainly in the light vapor trembling on the horizon, the man's comparison was apt. The more he looked at it the more it resembled a haystack, and his heat-wearied brain could think of nothing else that it might be. The nearest land was the Galapagos Islands, close to which their route would take them, but they were approximately four hundred miles northeast of the present position. The thing was absurd; it could not be a haystack.

Whatever it was it was not worth bothering about, not worth calling the old man from his attempted nap. The object was not moving and they would come close to it without changing the course. He put away the glasses and tried once more to get some consolation for the hellish weather out of tobacco that was dry and dusty as desert sand.

IF TIME and course had not been coincident, the catamaran *Hope* would never have been overhauled. The general set of the current was bearing it slowly westward. With their water supply exhausted three days before, with their food reduced to a few strips of sun-cured fish, hard as wood, nauseous to sight and smell and taste, there would have been no survivors of the five adventurers from The Isle of Nowhere.

Aboard the *Argosy* curiosity and speculation were tempered by the weather. After the officer had examined the object through his glasses and apparently lost interest in it, all others on deck sought once more the futile shade of awnings and forgot it, with the exception of the lookout, whose duty, perfunctory as it was, mechanically included the horizon ahead and naturally gravitated toward the only thing that had disturbed the monotony of the trip for days. Before the officer on the bridge again thought of the "haystack" the lookout hailed once more, this time with excitement making his voice ring.

"On the port bow, sir! Close ahead! It's a canoe—wot's left of it," he added to himself.

The officer gave one brief look the second time, then went swiftly to the middle of the fore and aft gangway that joined the two bridges, leaning over and giving rapid orders.

"Wake up Captain Searles. Tell him there's a big double canoe just ahead of us with men lying on a platform. Some of them alive. I saw one move.

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"Stand by to lower number one boat. Call Mr. Hansen. The skipper may want him to go."

There was a bustle as the orders snapped out. The boat was ready with the davits outswung by the time the captain reached the after bridge, his scarlet face wet with perspiration and excitement. He took the glasses his first officer handed him without a word, used them and handed them back with a nod as he surveyed the deck preparations.

"Very good, Mr. Macey. Order her stopped, if you please. Mr. Hansen, take the boat and bring those poor devils off. Probably natives blown out of their course into the doldrums. May have been drifting about for weeks. Take some water with you, Hansen, but don't give 'em much of that. And nothing else."

The indicator shifted and engine-room bells jangled as the first officer brought the *Argosy* to half-speed, to slow, to stop. The freighter wallowed in the oily swell and the rescue boat, despite the heat, went dancing over the sea.

The catamaran was in sad shape. The outrigger had gone from one hull, which was so badly waterlogged that the platform sagged to one side. The jigger mast and sail were gone; the mainsail hung in strips of ragged matting. The house of stout wicker and grass thatch—the lookout's " 'aystack"—showed signs of wind and rain and sea. Three bodies lay on the platform exposed to the sun—although they were all face down. It seemed as if they had dragged themselves out to die in the open, or they might have sighted the steamer smudge when the *Argosy* was still hulldown below the horizon, and crawled out with their last strength in an attempt to signal her.

The boat came alongside; a quartermaster and a sailor sprang to the platform. The former immediately turned to the mate in charge of the boat.

"——! Mr. 'Ansen, they're white men! Five of 'em!"

It was the long-grown hair of Walker and Brown that first told the man to what race these five cadaverous, dessicated bodies belonged, that and the blue eyes of Brown as his companion turned the prizefighter on his back, marveling at the size of his frame and the lightness of the giant body, for all its wasting. Brown's eyes were wide open, facing fate in what must have seemed the last round, but they were sightless. It had been Brown who had moved in the field of the binoculars but now he lay as motionless as his companions.

"Unconscious, are they? Then get them into the boat and back to the ship fast as we can. I'd say they were gone, by the looks of them."

"They ain't stiff, sir. The big bloke's 'eart 's beatin' a bit."

"All right. Hurry. Chuck in their duds."

"There ain't nothing. 'Old on. 'Arf a mo'."

The quartermaster flung into the boat some leather breeches and sandals, some plaited hats and torn garments of papercloth. The boat returned at racing speed and the rescued men were tenderly placed in cabin bunks while the captain administered to them.

There was little that could be done to revive the sparks of life that examination showed to be faintly flickering in all of the men. Too harsh a fanning might well blow them out. What might be done the captain knew well how to do. The bodies were like withered stalks bereft of moisture. The pulses were intermittent. At times they seemed to have stopped altogether. A glass held before their lips showed the faintest moisture of drifting breath. Little by little nourishment was attempted, sips of brandy, cautious swallows of water, a spoonful of soup for Brown, who came first and closest to consciousness, giving them all a glance of comprehension and relief before he closed his sun-scorched eyes and slept.

It was twenty-four hours later before Brown was able to speak, to demand more food and briefly tell their story. Walker revived twelve hours later. Bowman and Tully lay like men who, having suffered death, refused the boon of life. It was not until the Gallapagos were dropped below the horizon that the captain decided they would recover. O'Neill came back to high fever and delirium, shouting of wild dogs and wild boars, of flaming forests and flying batteries of birds. The crew paused by his open port whenever they could find excuse, listening in half-credulous awe, carrying their news back to the forecastle, where, as in the cabin aft, the men aboard the *Argosy* found it hard to believe the tale.

"The big 'un—they s'y 'e 's 'Wallaby' Brown, the 'eavyweight—'e says as 'ow this O'Neill's a movie picture star. That's wot makes 'im rave so, I ses."

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"Well, it is Wallaby Brown. I see 'im fight in Melbourne, time 'e knocked out 'Wellington' Crim of Auckland. I recognized 'im. See 'is cauliflower ear? Brown says they all landed on this Island of Nowhere—a bloody good nyme for it, too—after the *Marama* goes down. There warn't supposed to be any survivors off of 'er. They lands on this Nowhere without a bloomin' thing and their boat smashed. No compass, no matches, no knife, nuthin'! Nine of 'em. They build 'em this canoe with matting sails and five of 'em takes a chance of hittin' the mainland. And comes bloody nigh missin' everything. 'Ere comes the funny part. On'y five of 'em leaves. The bloke they say was the main squeeze elects to stay on the island. And a perfessor of some kind and a bloke named Malone, who was an oiler, stays with 'im. Of their own choice, mind you. Plumb nutty. The ninth man fell over a cliff or something like that. This chap Walker—'e's a limey and 'e was a corporal in the Big Show—fought at Wipers—Walker's got money with 'im. Not 'is. The main guy's—name of Brett.

"Wot d'ye think they figgered on doin' wiv it? Buyin' tools and takin' 'em back to the three on the island! Or sendin' 'em. And they don't know where the bloody island is! No idea. They've bin nine weeks on that canoe of theirs, blown north and blown south and drifting back and forth along the line, keepin' tabs on nothin' but the days, with no more idea where they're goin' than where they come from. S'elp me!"

"Who tells you all this?"

"The stooard."

" 'E's the biggest liar this side of Frisco."

"Wot are we goin' to do with 'em?"

"Land 'em at Panama. That's day after termorrer. Three of 'em 'll 'ave to go inter 'ospittle; do all five of 'em good. Then they'll ship up to Frisco where they started from. Lucky beggars. They'll be subscriptions and noospaper talk with their pictures took. Ruddy 'eroes rescued from a watery grave, and not a word about us outside of the nyme of the ship and the Old Man."

THE forecastle gam on the freighter came pretty close to the truth. Brown and Walker enjoyed the convalescent ward of the hospital on the Isthmus while O'Neill and Tully and Bowman more slowly came back to normal. Then the five were shipped, at their own request, to San Francisco on a Pacific Coast combination passenger-cargo boat, following its leisurely itinerary northward with frequent stops off lazy red-roofed, white-walled, palm-begirt Central American and Mexican ports. In the main the trip suited them. Wallaby Brown was possessed with the desire to get back to his wife and family but he did not want to arrive without money. The news of their rescue had long since been wirelessed to the world, but the flutter had subsided until the quintet should arrive in San Francisco where, without doubt, they would claim for a day or two a portion of the front pages of the daily papers.

Satisfied that his return from the dead had been transmitted to his wife, Brown paid attention to a message received from a vaudeville manager, offering him a good weekly sum for a short engagement. But he did not close with it. Walker checked him.

"There'll be more offers when you git there, Brownie," said the ex-corporal. "Don't you go givin' yoreself aw'y to the first one. Look at O'Neill, 'e knows 'ow to play the gyme. This bloomin' hadventure of ours 'as set 'im up in bisness for fair. 'E can arsk wot 'e likes. 'Is other contract busted, autermatic, by a clause callin' for continuous work and so many pictures a year. They'll all be after 'im. 'E 's 'ad arf a 'undred cablegrams already, not to speak of letters. Bushel-barskets of 'em. And 'e ain't closed with any of 'em. 'E knows 'is book. 'E 's worth so much free publicity an' 'e furnishes 'em a whole lot of new stuff to write about. Lord, 'e'll be the Harem King w'en 'e lands. Look at 'im now. Would you ever think e'd 'elped to gut a pig and eat it bare'anded?"

O'Neill had got in touch with an agent who had gladly advanced him money. The film star had tried to be liberal enough with his advances but the rest did not avail themselves of his generosity. Already the conditions of civilization were reasserting themselves. Bowman was just an operative of the Cable Company and Tully a clerk in the Civil Service. Tacitly they were on leave until they reported. Then they would have to take up the details to which they were assigned or lose their jobs. And the loss of a job already began to loom large.

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The horror of the sea was strong upon both of them; both swore that, once back in the United States, they would stay on dry land for the rest of their life. The terror was very real. The shadow of it lay over even the placid days of their trip north when they had nothing to do but lounge on deck-chairs, read the meager library, gaze at the coastline and smoke. But, for all their asseverations, both felt fairly sure that they would be ordered off again, Tully to the Philippines, for which district he had originally applied for a post; and Bowman was bound by the exigencies of his profession, since submarine cables mean overseas appointments for subordinates.

On The Isle of Nowhere they had at least shared all things equally. They had there a fairly equal rating. But, of the five, Walker had been at least as good as any of them. Now, he was far below O'Neill, so far as the world they had reentered estimated.

Clad once again in silken raiment, from underwear to pongee beach-suit, smoking the best cigars available, a cooling drink on a stand beside him, a deferential steward quick to interpret his needs, O'Neill occupied the best of the bamboo deckchairs and read over his offers. He had no idea that he was widening a gap between himself and his fellow castaways. He was pleasant to all of them, despite the fact that Wallaby Brown was a pugilist just not good enough to beat the first division of fighters, Bowman and Tully a pair of commercial underlings and Walker a ship's steward out of a job—probably envying the chap aboard the *Mazatlan* his job and the tip that O'Neill would presently bestow upon him.

On The Isle of Nowhere, Walker, with his resourcefulness, his pluck, his capacity for work, would certainly have rated above O'Neill. This O'Neill never dreamed of. The Isle of Nowhere was—nowhere. The adventure, thank God, was over. It would serve as an excellent vehicle to make O'Neill a super-star at a super-salary. Then it was a thing to be relegated to the background except when he should unbend enough to yarn about it.

"Look at 'im," said Walker to Brown without rancor. " 'E 's a bloomin' peacock barskin' in the sun, showin' his fine feathers. The only bother e's got is that there ain't a girl or two aboard to goo an' coo at the great man. 'E'll myke up for it w'en 'e lands. Not that I'm blamin' 'im, but 'e showed signs of bein' a man back there wiv Brett an' the rest of us. Now 'e 's a peacock. If I 'ad that stooard's job I'd 'ave to wait on 'em."

"What price you, Walker?" Brown inquired. "You goin' to ship?"

Walker shook his head, his forehead wrinkling, his blue eyes in their sandy-lashed rims looking seaward.

"I've 'ad a taste of bein' my own boss," he said. "I don't like the other end of it. It's rum but, w'en I was on the island, I was crazy to get orf. Now I'm not so sure of it. Anyway, the larst thing I said to Brett was that if I got through I'd be back agen. I meant it deeper than I figgered at the time.

"It's different with you, Brown; you've got a 'ome; you've got a wife an' kiddies. I never 'ad a 'ome and I'm not strong on wimmin. They're allus meddlin'. Every woman 'as wot she calls 'er hideal of a man. It's a thousand to one shot there ain't any such man; if there was she's got about as much charnce of catchin' 'im. So she collars the one who looks best an' comes 'andiest an' starts in tryin' to make 'im over. If she catches you young she'll keep at you, push an' touch, an' 'ammer an' tongs all the time till she's spoiled wot there was of you an' you ain't anything like wot she expected to myke of yer. Both of yer disappointed. You ain't got any more individuality left than a beach-pebble.

"If you get on to my age without doublin' up, you know they ain't after you for anything but a bloomin' meal ticket. Malone 's a tough one but 'e 'ad the right idea. Wimmin is for your pleasure, says 'e. Tyke 'em where you find 'em and leave 'em where they lay."

"You didn't get the right sort of a woman," said Brown slowly, his eyes puzzled. "W'y, my missus——"

Walker checked him.

"I ain't sayin' there ain't the right sort, Brown. Likely you've been lucky. Likely I don't attract the right kind. I'm talkin' as I've found 'em. The biggest thing of all is to 'ave a pal. I've 'ad one or two—free, like myself—from hapron strings. I lost both of 'em at Wipers. And I'm a lonesome sort of a tyke without one. Tully an' Bowman are kids. O'Neill's a prancin' peacock. You're goin' 'ome. I'm goin' to figger on gittin' back to Brett with the things 'e wants. If I myke it, I stay there.

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"There's a real man for you—Brett. 'Arland's another an' Malone's got the makin's. Brett's 'ead an' shoulders over me but on the island we was just two men together. That's my lay. I'm goin' to see the lawyer chap 'e gave me the address of in San Francisco w'en 'e gave me the money. An' I'm figgerin' on makin' some small change myself out of the newspypers. I'm not goin' to spill all I know for nothing. I can't go into vodevil, like you, but I'm goin' to get busy just the samey, matey."

"I know there's a lot of chaps thinks the same way you do—about wimmen, I mean," said Brown. "I've allus got along prime with my missus. I'll lay she was mighty glad to 'ear I 'adn't gorn west. But she's funny. She wants me to be a farmer. An' me a prizefighter! She claims I can't keep it up for ever an'. she wants me to learn 'ow to raise mangel wurzels and turnips in the country. Dead set on it. Of course it 'ud be fine for the kiddies."

"Better myke up your mind to be a farmer, Brown. She's made it up for you. You can all come over to the island."

"I dunno," said Brown. "I dunno. Of course I can't go on fightin' for ever. I'm a pritty good slugger, I can make money, for a bit at 'ome. But I'm the beefy sort beefy and slow. I found that out in the States. You talk about the island. 'Ow are you goin' to find it again, I'd like to know?"

There Brown had put his finger on the prime problem. It bothered Walker, though he smothered it with his optimism. None on the raft had possessed any means or faculty of calculating their drift. They had tried to sail north of east; that was the best they could do, trusting that they must eventually strike the coast of North or South America, provided they remained afloat and alive long enough or that the adverse currents and winds—or no winds—did not do exactly what they finally executed; keep them drifting about in a comparatively limited area with the life draining slowly out of them.

Walker and Malone had preserved for a while some idea of testing their latitude along the lines first suggested by Brett, using the shadow of the deckhouse as a sort of clock. This was only practical on a calm sea and it availed them little. Sometimes the shadow shrank at noon to the width of Walker's hand. It was seldom wider than two when the narrowest measurement was recorded. They could only guess toward the last that they must be still south of the Equator.

Apparently they never raised the Big Dipper. If they ever sighted any portion of that constellation, wheeling above the horizon, they were unable to recognize it. Without full sight of the six superior stars so that they could separate the body of the dipper from the handle and use the pointers, the North Star to them was merely one of a glittering, mysterious host looking coldly down upon their blind progress.

The captain of the freighter showed them a physical chart of the Pacific Ocean compiled by the London Geographical Institute. He pointed out the Peruvian Cold Current swinging westward between the equator and the tenth south parallel. It was in the grip of this that the catamaran had been when the *Argosy* sighted them. There was the south equatorial current joining forces with the Peruvian but with a curious about face twirl north of the line, between a hundred and forty and a hundred and fifty west, where it slid along with the eastbound counter current. With the winds in the equatorial doldrums always uncertain, fading out in this neutral region of the trades, the captain thought that they had been the mouse in the catspaws of the divergent currents, now north of the line, now south with a belt approximating a thousand miles.

They had never sighted land and he doubted whether they had ever been farther east than the position in which he had marked them and which he gave them. How far west they had wandered in their nine weeks was merely speculation. His summing up was that they had been traveling somewhere within a region uncharted so far as any land was known, or even a reef; a region four thousand miles east and west and one thousand north and south, with Christmas and Fanning Isles at one far end of it and the Galapagos at the other. Somewhere within that area Captain Macey thought that the Isle of Nowhere was situated, though it seemed to the five that he always sprinkled grains of salt on their narrative.

"You chaps all tell the same yarn and never vary it," he said. "But it's beyond me."

Yet Walker never faltered in his determination to return. He had no positive

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campaign but he pinned much of his faith to Brett's lawyer friend.

"Look 'ere," he said to Brown. " 'Ow did it 'appen that the freighter comes along just in time, eh? Just in time to meet us. She was arf a day off her schedule through the shaft 'eatin' up, as it was. A few 'ours either way an' we'd 'ave stayed on that bleedin' catamaran turnin' to mummies until some day she turns turtle or we got washed orf in a storm. 'Ow do you account for that? I'm no miracle juggins, though I'd a good pal who saw the archers in the sky at Mons. I don't hang much on pulpit talk or a big god with whiskers worryin' about everything I'm doin'. But I'm tellin' you one thing, Brown. The coral hinsecks bring a hatoll up to tide level an', presto, along comes a coconut, current or no current. There's an island grows up an' along comes some one to live on it. It's all worked out like clockwork. Maybe Brett's meant to start big fings with our island!

"Orlright, maybe I'm a bit of the clockwork. So was the freighter. Wot I'm tryin' to git at is, if the freighter found us, I'm goin' to find the island. Yes, matey, if I 'ave to swim for it. S'elp me, Bobs!"

Brown was infected with his enthusiasm.

"By Jerry," he said, slapping his great hand affectionately on the other's shoulder. "By Jerry, chummie, you'll do it!

"You was talkin' about gettin' money out of the noospapers," he went on. "I don't know 'ow much they'll give you but you an' me are both broke. We ain't even got friends to go to like I 'eard Tully an' Bowman talkin' about. But I've got this offer. What say you 'andle it for me? I'm a poor dub at bisness. You be my manager an' we'll divvy on all that comes in?"

"You're a good pal, Brownie. I wish you warn't tied up an' we could trail together a bit. But that don't go. I'll see you're started right an' then I'll get busy. I'll make the papers pay my expenses. I've got a plan or two for you. Before you go in vodevil I'll fix up a benefit for you. We'll fix it with the Olympic Club. You box an exhibition with the best man 'andy. I'll be in yore corner. We'll 'ave Tully an' Bowman 'andin' up buckets an' bottles. If we can we'll git the Peacock to prance around. It 'ud tickle 'im if 'e don't fly down to Los Angeles right orf. An' you'll make a nice cleanup. Then go out on yore vodevil circuit with a benefit or two you can pull at the big places, like Sacramento, after yore turn's over. You'll land in Melbourne chinkin' quids in both pockets an' yore wallet stuffed with five pound notes. A whackin' benefit over there an' you buy the farm an' plant the old turnips. Wot?"

"Walker, the pattern goes clean through you. I only 'ope some time you'll come over Melbourne way an' make up yore mind to live with us."

"Sounds fine, matey, but it never worked yet. W'en it comes to man an' wife, two may not always be company but the third party's sure a noosance. There's the gong for grub, Brownie. S'y, d'you know wot tasted best to me—hever? A cupple of saveloys a bloke stakes me to one night w'en I was a kid, with my empty belly achin' like a bad tooth an' my bare feet on the pavement at Shaftesbury Avenoo, London? Them—an' the hoysters Brett brings to us round the point that first day. 'Member?"

"I sure do. Wonder what they're eatin' ternight, back on the island?"

"Ah, I wonder, matey. I wish I was there with 'em."

They looked across the table to where O'Neill luxuriously spreading his table napkin, chatted familiarly with the captain of the *Mazatlan* as between those who both sat in high places. Behind O'Neill the chief steward dodged. Walker looked at the man with a rising self contempt.

"Playin' flunky to a lot of folk that ain't a bit better than you are goes ag'en my gorge," he told himself. "Not me, not little Johnny Walker. I'm goin' back where there ain't no marsters, back to the island."

He ate his meal in silence and Wallaby Brown recognized the signs of an indomitable resolve in Walker's face.

The staterooms of the five opened off the same corridor. O'Neill, by virtue of his regained place in the sun, had one to himself. Walker and Brown paired off as did Tully and Bowman. In the middle of that night, as it seemed to Walker, he awakened with a shriek of despair ringing in his ears. He rolled out of the lower berth and switched on the light as Brown's legs were swung from the upper and Brown's eyes, surprized and worried, gazed down at him.

"Wot was it, matey?"

Neither stopped for an answer. The wailing note sounded again coming from the next stateroom, occupied by Tully and

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Bowman. They found a night steward in the corridor, outside the door. An electric lamp at either end of the passage gave light that showed the man's face blanched, his eyes bulging with fear.

"One of 'em's gone buggy an' cut the other's throat," he suggested.

"They don't lock the door," said Walker. "Try it."

But the night steward hung back and Walker turned the handle and found the inner bolt unsocketed. Just as he and Brown entered, the wail restarted, coming from the top bunk. Walker switched the light and simultaneously Bowman woke from sleep, dazed and staring at them as if they were ghosts. In the top bunk Tully thrashed and moaned in heartrending agony of nightmare.

"The sun and the sea! The sun and the sea! We're all of us dead and in hell, I tell you! All of us dead and in hell! Oh, God, why can't it rain?"

Walker stepped on the sideboard of the lower bunk and shook Tully out of the dream that was not so much a dream as the recollection of their tragedy upon the catamaran platform, a memory that the will could not disconnect but flickered through his subconscious brain. Tully gripped Walker's wrist with the strength of one demented and glared at him. His face shone with moisture; there were wide circles of sweat about his armpits; his eyes were those of a wild man.

"You? Where am I? Then we're saved. Thank God, we're saved!"

He burst into hysterical weeping. Through the port light sea and sky were graying toward dawn.

"Orl to bits, like shellshock," whispered Walker to the steward. "Got some bromide? Mix up a dose, will yer?"

They had a hard job to get Tully to swallow it. He complained that it was salt and the taste seemed to threaten a nervous collapse. But they coaxed him into taking it and soon he lay quiet.

"'Ow did you sleep through that?" Walker demanded of Bowman.

"Neuridia. I used to wake up in the night and think we were on the platform. Wake up out of a dream with my heart pounding. Then I couldn't go to sleep again. So I began taking this stuff. Tully won't touch it. He says he's afraid of any kind of drugs. But there's one thing he's more afraid of—and so am I. I'm not ashamed to confess it. It's the sea. One wreck and two trips like we've had are enough for one lifetime. You chaps can laugh at me if you want to but there'll be no third time in mine. I've made up my mind to it. If I can't get transferred to a home branch of the Civil Service I'll quit and start selling papers before you'll get me out on the water again. I wouldn't even take a job in Oakland. No ferries for me. Not even a rowboat. I'm through with any body of water bigger than a bathtub holds. Tully's the same. We talked it over before we went to sleep last night. I don't believe I'm a coward but I'll be mighty relieved when this boat docks at the old Embarcadero, San Francisco, just the same."

"We're due Monday morning," said the night steward. "And I'm with you. I think any guy that goes to sea when he can get a job on land is a sucker. And I ain't bin what you've bin through, at that."

CHAPTER II

THE LISTS

WHEN Brett started to compile the list of what he wanted sent back from the mainland by the adventurers of the *Hope*, he had in mind the possibilities of the failure of arrival but, so far as the loss of the catamaran entered into it, he vigorously set any such ideas aside. The question of relocating the island appeared the most difficult obstacle to overcome and the doubt as to whether any enterprize would undertake the delivery of goods to what was literally an Island of Nowhere.

There was the slim chance that the Government might send out a search party, a chance minimized by the decrease of the Navy appropriations and equipment and the howl that might arise in committee over the expense of such a wild-goose chase. Not only might the story of the five on the catamaran be discounted after their picking up, or their own unaided landing, but it might be felt that the three left on the island were not in distress and had, moreover, stayed there of their own free will and by deliberate choice. A ship of the United States Survey and Fish Commission, such as the *Albatross*, might be given general orders to keep an especial lookout for the island but unless

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her sounding and dredging operations actually brought her within proximity of the spot not much could be counted on in that direction.

Brett felt that an accurate description of the fauna and flora of the island, together with a map, as much of the geology as they could muster, together with weather observations, rough sidereal maps, the shadow width at noon with the length of the stick that cast it, might all diminish the radius of the area of search. And these he compiled painstakingly with feather brush and sepia ink on bark-paper.

Their united geography of the Pacific Ocean was hazy. Brett was inclined to fancy that they might lie somewhere about midway between the Galapagos and the Marquesas but this was all guesswork and hardly to be taken seriously.

One thought came to him. He knew, in his capacity as editor and former newspaperman, that from time to time islands and reefs were reported by incoming vessels to the Hydrographic Survey and that the Hydrographic Office, which he surmised was a bureau of the Navy Department, did, as opportunity offered, endeavor to verify these reports. But only when the position or approximate position was known.

He fancied that most of these reports bore little actual value to oceanological work. That they were usually turned in by vessels off the regular lanes, traders or whalers; that the positions were often none too accurate, the reports themselves written up in the log as given by a lookout who might well possess more imagination then eyesight, who liked to provide a topic of conversation in a monotonous voyage or who saw the object during hours of low visibility. Cloud forms might be mistaken for a peak or local disturbances of the water for breakers over atoll reefs. He held a well-based idea that such reports were not thought much of except when confirmed by others and that even when sought for few were ever run down and placed on the official charts. He retained a vivid recollection of a search for such an island, progress of which was reported in the press of the Pacific Coast at length and ended in nothing. Brett had spoken concerning it at the Bohemian Club with the Naval officer in charge and the officer had shrugged his shoulders and given it as his opinion that the reports of careless and often incompetent navigators were merely a nuisance.

"If four or five different ships, at different times and seasons, report such a matter," he had told Brett, "why, our files show it and provide a basis for endeavor at a suitable period.

"There are now certain reefs and rocks, atolls and islands that you will find charted on the official maps with the note 'Reported in such and such a year.' Skippers are supposed to be generally on the lookout for these. Some have been looked up but none actually located, of course, or there would be no note beside their supposed position."

It was to this last statement that Brett attached considerable importance as a possible clew. If, for example, word was brought to him of a friend of his in Brett's own condition, one of the first things he would do would be to look up the charts and see if there were any reported islands within the area of possibility. Then he would secure the data on such reports from the Hydrographic Bureau and other available sources, trying to get them at firsthand if things seemed at all to tally. If they did—why there was something tangible to go upon.

Suppose there was on the chart such a reported island, its general descriptions tieing up with the manuscript and maps he had compiled. If the publishing house that issued the magazine of which Brett had been editor was informed of this, Brett believed it probable that they would charter a ship and endeavor to find the island. They might do so in any case.

It would be the rare opportunity that would appeal simultaneously to the business management, the advertising and circulation forces and to the editorial. It would be a great thing for the magazine that had allied itself in a large way with tales of endeavor and adventure. They would receive a great deal of interest attached to such an enterprise, aside from the sheer humanitarian and scientific end of it.

So Brett gave into Walker's care all the compilations with a letter to the head of the publishing house, besides a letter to his lawyer and personal friend. The latter would convert Brett's property and other securities into cash and would also bring his keen wits to bear on the problem.

Walker was given these communications ostensibly because he would be the one with the most time on his hands when the five

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reached the United States. Brown would be wanting to go home to his family. O'Neill, Brett was very sure, would hurry filmward and Tully and Bowman would report to their employers. Besides this, he considered Walker the most trustworthy.

All these things they had discussed in the evenings while the *Hope* was nearing completion. They all aided to put heart into the voyagers and, summed up, the chances of relocation of the Island of Nowhere looked quite bright on the surface.

But there were flies in the ointment, perceivable only by Brett.

He was far from sure that he wanted the island established on the map.

If such a thing happened, the next occurrence might well be the claiming of the island as United States territory. Perhaps as the territory of another nation. A British ship might pick up the catamaran or it might well land on South American shores and some republic seize the chance for annexation. Brett was vague as to the conditions of the post-war settlements. If the island was north of the equator it might come under the Japanese mandate, if south under British, Australian or French. If outside the treaty boundaries it might be considered as neutral or of "ownership unsettled" like the islands along the northern coast of British Borneo.

It would not be so bad if the United States should annex it as unknown land and so not connected with any mandates at all. Brett was one hundred per cent. patriotic. If they had brought a flag with them the Stars and Stripes would be now flying from the staff on Beacon Hill. But annexation might well mean the establishment of a supply station. He knew the value to the British Empire of the Bermudas and he was well aware of America's paucity of coaling and cable stations in the South Pacific compared to other nations.

Or it might merely mean colonization. Brett foresaw either way an ingression of all sorts and conditions of people, many of whom might be far from desirable citizens. Such an island might well be the resort of strange religious cults and of cranks who wanted to work out a new brand of socialism—plus a fairly comfortable climate and plus a fairly easy living to make their problem of equal existence simple.

At heart Brett was a socialist but he decried the unfortunate use and application of the word. To him every time a municipality gave free concerts or opened a free park or acquired any public service organization and reduced cost of service, real socialism was advanced. A government truly of the people, for the people and by the people held for Brett all the elements of true socialism and he hoped to see it gradually work out under the Constitution of the United States.

Meantime—and he acknowledged selfishness in this—the island was his island. He had elected to stay upon it because he wanted to develop it, to bring it out of wildness to a fair state of civilization. His could only be pioneer work, he clearly understood. Others must follow him. With only Malone he could do little compared with what might be done by the right kind of colonists under the right kind of leader. Professor Harland's decision to stay on the island Brett had backed strongly because he felt certain that the older man's vitality might not be able to endure the hardships he was sure the catamaran's crew must encounter before they won to safety. And Harland could not do much that called for brawn.

Without undue conceit Brett knew that, but for him, the castaways might well have perished within a few days of their landing—if the way they had been flung ashore like so much uprooted seaweed from the reef might be called a landing—or else they would have relapsed into utter barbarism. He organized and led. He had tasted the joy of executive power and ability successfully applied and it was very sweet to the ex-editor who had become his own man.

It was a laudable and quite natural ambition and Brett thrashed it out on all sides. The island was his child. Professor Harland had said—

"It is what a man does, what he creates and hands down to posterity that is one's patent of immortality. Nothing is wasted. What you have done here, on this island, Brett, what you will yet do, will not be wasted. Effort is power translated. It may change shape and form; it never is lost."

The island was Brett's child and he wanted to educate it himself, to see it grow to a healthy prime, to give it the benefits of his own failures and philosophies, to be its father. It was an obsession, coupled to his inherent love of the soil. For all man's talk of brotherhood and perfect equality,

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there is no man in whose brain there moves the leaven of creation but who longs for power. Again the lines of Defoe suggested themselves to Brett—

I am monarch of all I survey.

Brett would have liked Walker to remain with him. Walker was a man who, like himself, was unmarried, untied. The first great tug of manhood, the appeal of sex, had reached the peak for both of them; the second force, the desire for achievement, was upon them. Brett with his reading, his brain quickened by education, responded to this more closely than Walker, but he fancied that the ex-corporal had a good many similar reactions and he was quite sure that Walker was preeminently a man. Malone was sound too, at bottom, Brett believed. He was thankful to Malone for having—in their fight—introduced Brett to his own physical efficiency and in the strange affection of Malone for the professor Brett saw a wide streak of real humanity long mired and choked but nevertheless capable of sprouting and growing to a good head of grain.

With Tully and Bowman and O'Neill it was different. All had youth and O'Neill had the adulation of the opposite sex. To them the island was a horror, a prison. Wallaby Brown he would also have gladly chosen, but he knew the prizefighter's ties of family.

All in all he was satisfied with things as they were. He was conscious of a certain pettiness when he felt twinges of jealousy in making out the supplies that his money might bring for the betterment of the island. Jealous for his homemade, impractical tools as against modern ax and saw and chisel! This made him laugh and cleared his brain of a good many vapors from the stewing of the problems. He would accept what the gods brought him. If it was decreed that they three should live on alone they would do what they could and leave something to a posterity, that might not be blood of their blood yet should find themselves the heirs of effort.

Harland, in the due course of nature, would die first and they would bury him; then Malone and he might live on to a ripe old age, hermits of the sea but hermits who did something better than twiddle their thumbs and mumble phrases of ancient philosophy.

If it was decreed that the *Hope* should win to land and the island should be put in communication with the world, Brett would do what he could with new materials and men, if any elected to stay and work with him. The racial urge of the Nordic man to discover, to express himself upon the remote places, waxed strong in Brett. And he made his list while Malone made his, which consisted of one word sprawled on a scrap of barkpaper—"terbacker."

And Professor Harland made his. It was not much longer.

"I have not much to spend," he said. "Nor do I need much. We have demonstrated upon how little a man may thrive. My daughter has by this time inherited what little I was able to leave."

Nor would he consent to borrow from Brett, though the latter insisted that his money could have none but community value. Brett had made no will, had no immediate relations, and he did not think it possible that his possessions would have been disposed of—could have been under California State law, though it appeared certain that the steamer must have been rated as lost and they as dead. He wondered whether there had been any other survivors.

He had his eleven hundred dollars in cash and he had a small ranch in Sonoma County that might be counted upon for seven or eight thousand more, at the least. Also there were his personal belongings in his rooms where he had left a friend until he was established in his new charge, when he would have sent for them. Among these possessions was one he promptly set down at the head of his own list—"The Encyclopedia Britannica."

He chuckled to see it first on Harland's. Part of his money he set aside for Walker's personal expenses though the latter's pride was going to forbid him using it. With close to ten thousand dollars they could afford to be almost extravagant. Brett added a few items to Malone's meager inventory of his desires and also to Harland's. He did not go into details but left much of the purchasing to Alec Darragh, his lawyer friend, who was by way of being an amateur adventurer and explorer, used to camp outfits. He figured also that if the publishing house took interest enough to send an expedition they would include generous supplies. But that was doubtful; moreover he

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did not want to be too heavily beholden to anybody when he had sufficient of his own means to supply his own child.

"Encyclopedia Britannica."
Medicines. (For tropical and sub tropical use. See Darrach.)
Tool chest in duplicate.
Axes.
Hatchets.
Double-handled lumberman's saws.
Rip saws.
Bucksaws
Kitchen saw.
Keyhole saw.
Hack saw.
Spades.
Shovels.
Pickaxes.
Pitchforks, steel crowbar and wedges.
Hoes.
Rakes.
Small plow.
Grindstone.
Small harrow.
Knives for kitchen and butchering.
Kitchen utensils.
Set of dishes.
Nails, screws, hinges, assorted.
Cobbler's outfit.
Needles, pins, safety pins.
Brushes, combs, tooth-brushes, soap, tooth-paste.
Shoes.
Leather and composition soles.
Fishing tackle.
Rifles, pistols and shotguns.
Ammunition.
Dog collars and chains.
Razors and razor blades, hair clippers.
Wire mosquito netting.
Clocks and cheap but reliable watches.
Glass, glass cutter, putty.
Set of instruments for map-making.
Lamps, wicks.
Kerosene.
Compass.
Canteens.
Atlas and charts of South Pacific.
Typewriter.
Ribbons.
Three in One Oil.
Paper. (Plenty of paper.)
Pencils.
Ink.
Pens.
Pipes.
Matches.
Rough clothing, including slickers, rubber boots, waterproof hats, sweaters and caps.
Camera and films.
Canned goods, soups, fruit.
Dried fruits.
Flour.
Tea and coffee. Coffee powdered.
Sugar.
Seeds and plants (see Darrach.)
Books.
Canvas tents.

Brett made a separate list of the books he wanted to be delivered, together with his typewriter, by the man who had his rooms and the use of the things. He was conscious that there were shortcomings in the list. Purposely he had cut down the food possibilities. Necessity would make them cultivate the island's resources.

After consideration he added a small boat with mast, oars and sail. What he wanted was really a launch capable of being sailed but he foresaw trouble in gasoline supply. In his heart he wanted to evolve a plan by which, after these supplies arrived—if they ever did—the island might be left to itself for considerable periods. He hoped he had a book to write, there was the consideration of Professor Harland's pet life work, the translation of the "Aeneid" into hexameters and its giving to the world to be considered, but he did not anticipate any regular ferry system would be set up. It was quite probable that this island of which he thought so much might be entirely ignored by a busy world trying to reconstruct broken barriers, smashed ideals and devitalized communities. There must be plenty of lonely isles in the Pacific where traders and planters lived with calls coming at long intervals. The Island of Nowhere might very well be left to work out its own salvation.

He added ropes of varying dimensions, also steel wire and cables. Extra canvas, a drum or so of crude oil, a barrel of tar.

There he stopped. He foresaw indefinite prolongation and amendment and all he wanted was necessities. He had no way of getting at values. Then he added an open memo to Darrach giving him free hand to add such things as he might consider suitable. There was no use in having any money left over.

Lastly written, though placed as the first item, supplanting the encyclopedia, Brett set down—

Three good-sized American flags.

If this was his island he accepted it as a charge under his citizenship.

Harland's list ran—

Socks.
Handkerchiefs.
Darning thread and needles.
Bachelor's buttons.
Suspenders.
"Encyclopedia Britannica."
Ink, pens, pen-points.
Pencils. Rubber. Pen-knife.

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Vergil's "Aeneid" in original Latin
Vergil's "Aeneid"—Harland translation.
Chessmen and chessboard.
Complete Shakespeare.
Bible.
Paper, paper, paper.

The Vergils were to be obtained from Harland's publishers. Brett added a book on chess problems, another on whist, some decks of cards and a number of books that he found out were favorites with the professor, including classics. While writing these he put down some for general use such as a book on navigation, on astronomy with sidereal charts of the southern hemisphere, and a series of practical agriculture and horticulture. Professor Harland believed that there were sufficient royalties at his publishers to make his purchases.

"If I come to life it may destroy the sale," he said whimsically. "Though there is no great call for the classics yet awhile in America. But it will come."

WHILE O'Neill conned his contract offers the evening before the five survivors were to land at San Francisco, Walker went over Brett's lists with his letters of introduction and general instructions.

"I've a hunch," he told himself as he conned over the none too legible writings, saved from the catamaran, the barkpaper sorely wrinkled, shrunken or stretched; and reduced all, save the letters, to a more practical condition—keeping the originals for the intrinsic value of their evidence. "I've a hunch that Brett figgers this stuff'll never be landed. I've got a hunch they will, an' me wiv 'em. What else would I do wiv his money?"

He completed his work, put away the papers and went out on deck, stretching himself. The night was clear and crisp, the sky filled with stars. Walker looked up at them and picked out the Dipper, or as he styled it, The Great Bear. He sighted along the pointers to the north star and then turned and gazed back over the heaving expanse, humming as his thoughts fled over the curve of the world to where the sea broke on the shores of the Island of Nowhere.

"There's my Tipperary," he muttered. " 'Way down south an' out at sea. An' there's Brett, 'oo ain't above treatin' me as 'is pal. That's wot we are—pals. The finest thing in life. 'Ere's lookin' at yer, pal. I'm comin' back."

His eyes were moist in the starlight, but it was not the moisture that accepts obstacles.

CHAPTER III

PUBLICITY MEN

THE *Mazatlan* docked on Monday morning, early enough for the staff of the afternoon papers, who saw in her arrival the one bright gleam of Monday's deadly dulness, to besiege and board the steamer with the zest of a bunch of Y. D's. interviewing Boche dugouts. The dugouts were the staterooms of the five castaways, where they were forced, in sheer self-defence, to retreat, pursued by the reporters, special writers, waterfrontmen, cameramen and movie operators, all of whom swarmed to the spot like vultures for a meal.

O'Neill was in his element. He drew the camera fire from the other four while he talked dramatically of his past perils, registering intense grief—that was not all feigned but merely hectic—at the death of his fellow actors who had been lost. He waxed eloquent as to his future and through it all he talked O'Neill, O'Neill, O'Neill!

"There is nothing settled, chaps," he said. "I have had many offers. My old contract is of course invalid and I have not yet determined just what I shall do next. A South Sea story? I suppose so, if the public demands it, though I am fed up on the South Seas."

In the welcome to the present there was comparatively little said of the three who remained behind. Walker gathered a general opinion among the men of the press that Brett, Harland and Malone had dodged the catamaran trip from fear and his eyes snapped.

"Brett was the man of all of us!" he declared. "We'd 'ave perished for fair the first go orf it 'it 'adn't been for 'im. We was all on the beach, like a lot of stranded starfish, an' Brett swims round the point an' to —— with the sharks! He finds us water an' he finds us grub. He mykes fire for us without a bloomin' think to myke it with, an' he builds a raft to git us to a safe plyce. The rest of us was a lot of blighters beside 'im."

There was none too much time for the first editions but a special man, scenting a

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story chuck full of human interest, glued himself on to Walker with the result that one paper at least saw Brett vindicated, and Walker felt better.

In the early afternoon O'Neill took train for Los Angeles. Tully and Bowman had disappeared. They were both Easterners born, but they had lived in San Francisco before they sailed and they had friends who wanted them for a renuion. Wallaby Brown had been rescued by Walker from signing up prematurely with a vaudeville agent and the two finally found themselves together sharing a comfortable room in a Kearney Street hotel, where the morning dailies men ferreted them out once more. One of these mentioned the sending out of a relief ship as a possibility and Walker spoke for Brett. But first he drove a bargain for the price of his talking.

" 'E don't want no relief. 'E's runnin' things an' the three of 'em is doin' fine. An' 'e don't want no excursion boat full of blighters chasin' down there."

The reporter laughed.

"Not much chance of that. Anyway, you've no idea of the position. But the thing was talked over when the wireless came that you had been picked up. It's really up to the Government to hunt for the island if they think it's worthwhile and they have said that the data was too meager for them to go to the expense unless you could furnish more. They'll probably be after you in a day or so or they may not, after they see in the papers that you have nothing definite in the way of figures. It is my own paper that might tackle it for advertising purposes. Start a subscription and get some one to head the expedition."

"Aw, t' —— with it!"

Walker had imbibed Brett's ideas as to a descent of strangers on the island. It was theirs—he could call it theirs as soon as he rejoined. Brett wanted his magazine to have the first chance and he had believed he could prevail upon his old firm to refrain from publishing the longitude and latitude in their account of the expedition should it be successful. Photographs and movie films would demonstrate the truth of the story,the fact that those living there wanted it kept a secret would enhance the suspense, the mystery, the human interest of the story. Cleverly handled, the reservation would make the tale as it would be printed in the pages of the magazine more unusual and gripping. If the magazine wanted the opportunity it was only natural Brett should want them to have first choice at it.

Walker saw the points clearly enough.

"I'm on," he had told Brett. "I'll tell 'em wot you feel about it. First we know, there 'd be a lot of crazy cranks chasin' down, arf of 'em females! You know wot 'appened w'en Eve hentered Paradise. Hinside of a week Adam got chucked out on 'is ear."

Now Walker acted as Brett's watchdog. He switched the subject to Wallaby Brown.

"You can work orf yore relief on 'im," he suggested. "Wallaby's flat, stoney broke. wife an' kids 'as only just found out 'e's alive. 'E 'ad a nice stake w'en 'e left San Francisco and 'e don't want to go 'ome busted. W'y don't you give 'im a benefit at one of yore clubs? 'E'd be a big drorin' card."

"That's not a bad idea," said one of the scribes. "I'll put it up to Timms. He's our sporting editor. You chaps do the same. It'll be a go. But how about you, Walker?"

Walker wrinkled his forehead and laughed.

"Me? I'm fat. The noospapers are payin' me."

THE plans for the boxing benefit were in full swing in the next morning's sporting pages. Wallaby was busy with old acquaintances. The afternoon sheets continued the good work for the prizefighter while, with the inconsistency of what is known as "news," the arrival of the five was dropped and promptly forgotten on the news sheets by reason of a new murder and a threatened divorce. O'Neill, down South, had the theatrical pages and the Sunday supplement in which to magnify his personality, but as ordinary citizens who had gone through the strangest of experiences the five castaways were lost to the public eye, Walker's brief source of revenue gone.

He paid his visit to the offices of the publishing house. He had called up Darrach, the lawyer, and received a cordial invitation to dinner at the latter's club. So that could wait. Armed with his "portfolio," Walker, in cheap blue serge, insignificant to the man-in-the-street but with the fire of a zealot burning in his eyes, went into the conference that was hastily called between editor and business manager

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as soon as Walker had made himself known to the man who had taken Brett's place.

Walker commenced to talk, starting at the moment when they had got clear from the foundering steamship. He talked for two hours. Luncheon was sent in and Walker spoke for two hours more before he displayed his documents.

The business manager handed round the cigars and sent a request to the president of the company to come to the private office, also the circulation and advertising managers. Walker, smoking gratefully—the cigar was better than anything aboard the *Mazatlan*—listened with admiration while the business manager outlined the story and wound up with the suggestion that an expedition be formed.

"I am inclined to endorse it," he said. "It seems to me that Brett, in this letter, and by word of Mr. Walker here, outlines the chances of our finding him very clearly. We should feel bound to respect his reservation about the island's position. That should not detract from the story?" He wheeled toward the editor. The latter shook his head, his lips pursing.

"I think not. It depends upon the way it is handled."

"How about boosting circulation?"

"A bull's-eye!" said the head of that department enthusiastically.

"And therefore advertising?"

"As the one grows the other climbs."

The business manager turned toward the president of the company.

"Then that puts it up to the head of the house," he said. "It means that the house must advance a considerable sum which, however, I feel confident will be repaid with good interest by the proceeds from increased prestige with our readers, circulation and advertising."

The president smiled and slightly bowed his head. Walker had been inclined to think him somewhat of a figurehead so far as the corporation was concerned. He had not spoken but had listened attentively. He was a man about forty, not yet gray or thin at the temples, of medium size, of no especial feature to the casual glance, somewhat tanned and with an air of out-of-doors about him—a man addicted to sports, Walker imagined him, with the light bronze of the golf links, healthy and vigorous but with no especial personality, with his money to thank for his position.

The moment he began to speak Walker changed his mind. Speaking exhibited a determined jaw, demonstrated a voice in which virility was manifest and lighted up a pair of gray eyes that almost literally illumined his conversation. Here was no figurehead, rather a man who might stand by as long as his officers handled the ship but could take the helm in times of stress and give terse, valuable orders. Walker knew a man when he saw one but the president of the Westward Publishing Company had a placidity for average situations that masked his real individuality as with a screen. He spoke incisively.

"I think all of you know, I think Brett may have remembered, that I have a yacht in which I have long promised myself longer cruises than those on the program of the Corinthian Yacht Club. So far, San Diego had been our furthest objective. But the *Seafarer* is quite deepseaworthy. Aside from her auxiliary engines, she is well capable of making the trip to Tahiti that I have been planning on since before the War. Strikes and rumors of strikes since the Armistice have kept me from taking a vacation. At present we are holding a little commercial armistice of our own. I could get away.

"But, there is one matter we have not gone into fully enough. I can see no especial difficulty in the way of keeping to ourselves—provided we find it—the position of Brett's Island. It can still remain the Island of Nowhere so far as we and the maps are concerned."

He paused and touched a bell. A clerk appeared.

"I wish you would send down to Crocker & Company," said the president, "and get this map—you had better make a note of it—Great Circle Sailing Chart of the Southern Pacific Ocean. It is a Hydrographic Office map and we want the latest edition. Bring it in as soon as it arrives."

"Yes, sir."

"This matter," continued the president, "refers to Professor Harland. It happens that I know the professor fairly well and have always esteemed him highly. He was the honorary librarian at one of my clubs. He was on his way to visit his daughter who lives on a plantation near Hilo, on Hawaii.

"If we should find the island and the magazine should so publish discovery—as it will, I imagine, publish the facts of our

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starting out, if we undertake it—and if we reserve the location, I do not feel that we should have any right in withholding it from Professor Harland's daughter, who might naturally be expected to demand it. Of course, she has known of the safety of her father since the first wireless was received carrying that news. That wireless was caught in Hawaii, published in the Honolulu papers. I have on my desk a wireless message from her asking me for further news as it may come in. What is it, Mr. Walker?"

"The professor and Mr. Brett talked over that, sir. I 'ad a letter from the professor to 'is daughter which I mailed yestiddy. I don't know wot was in it except that 'e told us gen'r'lly that 'e told 'er 'e was 'appy where 'e was and that if Providence chose to bring them in touch with the world their visit was only postponed. Just about that, sir."

"Ah! Well I imagine we could take that risk. I could certainly call at Hawaii on my way down. There is a fair anchorage in Hilo Bay, they tell me. And I can offer to carry any message from Professor Harland's daughter down to him in the hope that we shall find him. Do I understand, Mr. Walker, that you want to go back to the island?"

"Go back there and stay there; yes, sir!"

"Humph." The president surveyed Walker keenly. "I'm not so sure but you are a wise man," he said. "I can well understand Brett. He was somewhat of a mystic, though he could be practical enough when the stress came. But he held many ideas on sociology. That a student of that science should want to immure himself on a lonely island might seem paradoxical to some, but I can see where he is driving. I believe he is going to try and turn a theory into practise. He once told me that the world was too full of whiners and that one of the big troubles was that too many people, particularly those entering America as immigrants, were staying in the cities rather than following in the footsteps of the pioneers. Brett has a back-to-the-soil streak that may hold a basic truth for the proper evolution of a brotherhood of man.

"It is his idea that the world holds a vast acreage for pioneer development, that if a proper mean could be established between the highly specialized money maker and the farmer who thinks only in terms of cows, milk and fertilizer, we should all be happier. Not to upset present conditions so much as to turn the trend of emigration toward the open country.

"There's Utopia for you, or rather we should rename Brett's island Utopia, to be purely academic. I think that Brett intends to demonstrate—that he has already largely demonstrated according to Mr. Walker's story of their life down there—the practical proof that a man can overcome many obstacles, that a farmer may be combined with a scholar. True utilitarianism and hence true equality of brain and brawn, capital and labor. I wonder? But Brett, proving to himself at least that he can stay in the Stone Age and live a well balanced life, will, if I am not greatly mistaken, put in his spare time setting down his philosophies in book form. He's got one ideal companion in Harland. Malone, I imagine is a cross between a white *Man Friday* and a *Caliban*. Eh, Walker?"

Walker vaguely remembered the name *Caliban*. But he had digested the gist of what the president had said.

"Malone ain't 'arf bad," he said. "Not since Brett licked 'im. And I'll s'y you've got Brett down pritty pat."

"Brett licked him? How?"

For five minutes Walker entertained his audience with an account of the battle between Brett and Malone.

"Wallaby Brown trained Brett," ended Walker. "'E used to s'y Brett was like Fitzsimmons. Long legs and a hawful wallop."

"There's the brawn end of it, there's your true utilitarian," said the president with a smile. "Can write an essay, raise a crop and defend his own principles. If we all averaged up to Brett the future age would be one of universal aristocracy rather than a universal proletariat. Why not? Though I rather like Malone, at that. And this chap, Brown. You must bring him to see me, Walker. He won't go back?"

"'E ain't free. 'E's married."

Walker caught an answering glint of humor in the gray eyes of the president. Then the clerk reentered with the map. The president unrolled the stiff sheet on the flat top of the desk and weighted it down.

"I've got one of these aboard," he said. "Use it to study navigation. And it seems to me I remember—ah!"

He covered a portion of the chart with his hand.

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"What was the position in which you were picked up on the catamaran, Walker? Do you recollect?"

"I remember." Walker answered a bit grimly. "Ninety-four-fifty-seven west. Five-fifty-six south."

"Approximately here." The president touched the map with a pencil point, still covering up with his other hand. "Now then, Brett's suggestion about previously reported islands whose positions have not been determined struck me as particularly practical, in connection with the measurement of the sun shadow at noon. If he could have determined north and south and given us the degree of that shadow and the dates of observation, we could have come pretty close to working out position. As it is—" he removed his hand—"I thought remembered that on this chart there was an island shown as reported in 1906. Here it is, a small circle at one hundred and nine west and eleven south. Again approximately. There are no compass dividers in the office.

"I have always been interested in these 'reported' spots of the sea. While the area between the Marquesas and the Galapagos looks like a sea desert on the map a great many routes cross it. Not all of these are used nowadays but they are laid out and have undoubtedly all been traversed more or less closely one time and another. Tahiti to Acapulco. Tahiti to Salina Cruz, Suva to Panama, Tahiti to Panama, Apia and Tahiti to Guayaquil. Honolulu to Guayaquil and Callao, Rapa, Sydney and Auckland to Panama. Routes that the steamers follow with more exactitude than sailing vessels. A wide-toothed comb for a fine search, but from the fact that this land is marked reported on this hydrographic chart it is pretty certain that more than one vessel saw or thought they saw it.

"In all probability they did not land. One may have, for water or wood. Probably not. When sighted, the vessel was off its regular course by drift or contrary wind, in a hurry to get back on course again. The weather may have been misty, the time twilight, even night with a moon or the stars showing the loom of land. Perhaps only the sound of breakers from which they hurriedly worked off. It may have been variously described as reef, rock, atoll, island. We shall see. I shall wire a friend at Washington who can get at the records.

"If there is anything in these reports that suggests an island such as this described by Mr. Brett—even remotely suggests it—and if these sun shadows tie up with the position indicated, I shall put the *Seafarer* into commission and start for this spot with a well-founded belief that there lies your Island of Nowhere."

He nodded his head at them, standing erect, with his shining eyes and confident mien. They caught enthusiasm from him and fused it with their own, giving him the applause of clapping hands. He checked them, a palm in midair.

"As a matter of fact, I shall take up the search in any event. It will be a part of my trip to Tahiti. As I have a nasty streak of obstinacy—no doubt some of you have called it stubborness at times—I shall not give up in a hurry. Mr. Walker, you will have dinner with me tonight?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but I 'ave a date wiv Mr. Alexander Darrach. 'E's Mr. Brett's lawyer. I've got a letter to 'im from Brett about business."

"Humph! Alec Darrach! "

There was a distinct gleam of amusement in the eyes of the president of the Westward Publishing Company and Walker surmised that he knew Darrach but reserved making any remark that might color Walker's meeting or opinion of the lawyer.

"Then we'll make it tomorrow. I'm wiring Washington immediately. Good day, gentlemen."

He left the room. Walker could see the heads of departments were eager to get into consultation and he figured that he would be a brake on the wheel of progress. He had time to have a talk with Wallaby, if the latter had got back to the hotel, before he went to Darrach's. They gave him a cordial greeting, promising him to keep in the safe the original documents he had brought. The advertising manager had a special word for him.

"I envy you, Walker, going down there. If I had your guts, I'd go with you." Walker looked him in the eyes.

"I don't believe that's the trouble," he answered. "I've a notion you've got the guts orl right."

"Perhaps. I hope so. We'll put it another way. I've got responsibilities. And I've got a wife. Marriage and adventuring don't go together, Walker. I suppose you've found that out."

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"Righto. Is yore president married? 'E seems the right sort."

"Married to responsibilities, too, Walker. He is the right sort and, if he quit his job here, we might all be out of one, sooner or later. Glad to have met you. We'll all see plenty of you before you sail."

Walker went out into Market Street and found himself walking ferryward tingling with exultation. The thing had been pulled off without trouble after all, just as they wished it. He decided not to tell Brown anything definite about it. Brown was sound enough but he was easy picking for reporters, and the kind of newspapermen he was now associating with were especially friendly. The news that the *Seafarer* was going down to try to find the Island of Nowhere would soon be in the papers, that was a part of the profit accruing to the magazine for its enterprise, but there was no necessity for saying that there was any definite idea concerning position. The magazine folk would keep that quiet and so would Walker, he resolved.

In his mind's eye, reflecting what had been in Brett's, Walker could see a crowd of undesirables clamoring for a passage on the *Seafarer*, once it was known she had a real objective, or chartering another ship and trailing her. It was almost an obsession with Walker, a daymare.

"A lot of bloomin' fakirs callin' 'emselves Children of Nature," he muttered. "I know the sort. Cranks that ain't hallowed to carry on the w'y they want to up 'ere. Mostly wimmen—old maids. ——"

He gave an involuntary shudder as he turned north into Kearney Street and so to their hotel, where he found Wallaby Brown with a beaming countenance.

"It's all fixed, thanks to you, matey," he cried as Walker came into the room. "Benefit set for termorrer week. Jeffreys is goin' to show up. He'll referee. There's a chance Dempsey may be 'ere. If he is he'll line up like a good sport. I may not have to go on vodeville after all. I've been thinking I could do that as well at 'ome."

"Good for you, Brownie. Listen, there's a steamer sailin' for Australyer termorrer. You sit down an' write the missus the glad news."

A few minutes later Wallaby, tongue in the corner of his mouth in a way he would never have approved for ring maneuvers, was laboriously struggling with his epistle. He looked up when Walker started to leave the room, en route for Darrach and dinner.

"I'm tellin' the missus about you, matey," said Brown. "Shall I send 'er yore best?"

Walker hesitated, grinned.

"It's honly the unprotected females that worry me," he said. "Give 'er my love, if yer wanter."

CHAPTER IV

UTOPIA?

THE first days, especially the evenings and the mealtimes, were lonely ones for the three men after the catamaran *Hope* sailed from the Island of Nowhere. If they did not discuss the absence of the five who had been so close with them in misfortune, each would sit silent, pondering over the possibility of what might have happened, missing, to a far greater extent than they could have anticipated, the cheery qualities of the quintet. Time slowly dissolved the loss and new activities held them.

With Malone it was distemper with his puppies through which he carefully nursed them. After that he could hardly move without them following him, eager to keep within nose-distance of the man to whom they gave worshipful gratitude. Brett and Harland played checkers in their spare time and Harland started laboriously to carve out a set of chessmen from soft bone. He intended to stain one army with cuttlefish ink and leave the other plain.

The professor occupied himself with lighter duties through the day and took over the charge of the cooking. The hot spring disclosed its hottest jet of steam, and by Malone and Brett tearing down some of the brittle rock formation they evolved a steaming oven for Harland that saved him much toil, and he produced delicious dishes. In his spare time he often worked over his precious translation but Brett would frequently see him gazing out across Turtle Bay, striving patiently and pathetically to recall it, either in the original or his translation, half-content at last to build up such fragments as came to him.

Brett had his plan for a book and—as the president of the Westward Publishing Company had surmised—it was to be treatise on sociology; but his work for the improvement of his island marched hand in hand with his theories, filling his days with

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vigorous toil and much of his leisure with schemes how best to achieve the problem in hand, of irrigation, drainage, transplanting.

The work involved for even the slightest feat of agriculture was tremendous and its accomplishment strenuous with their primitive tools. The man of the Stone Age had been content with his environment, knowing no better. Brett could not help but see the things that might be done with modern equipment, could not help but occasionally dream a dream of such visions as might be fulfilled by the return of Walker and adequate tools.

His body only was in the Age of Stone, his brain still belonged to the Age of Steel. There was the crevasse into which Wolf had been flung by Brown and which Tully had named on his map Death Gulch. It would not be hard to dam and divert Clear Creek at the head of one of its sharp turns, not very far from its source but where, owing to springs, it already had a good head of water. This diverted current, plunging into the gorge, could furnish power translated from the fall through waterwheels into mechanical energy which, when converted into electrical energy by a dynamo and generator, meant power, light and heat. The gorge itself, easily enough dammed at its lower outlet, would form a lake and provide for yet another fall, another dynamo.

The swamp might then be drained and properly irrigated, rice cultivated with numerous other crops and the mosquito problem largely controlled. The trouble was that Brett thought in terms of the twentieth century and had merely the implements of paleolithic man to work with. The energy expressed by his active brain was bound to chafe against his limitations as steam will shake the vessel in which it is generated.

Labor was his safety valve. As his hands calloused, his muscles enlarged and hardened, he found himself doing things with effortless ease that once he would have marveled seeing any man perform. His development was far greater than that of Malone. The ex-oiler was muscle-bound; Brett changed his occupations to keep himself lithe.

He kept up his boxing, with Malone as sparring partner, and he taught Malone all he knew about swimming, though Malone could never hope to compete with Brett's almost inherent powers of natation. Once, when they had swum far out into Turtle Bay and, after a period of backfloating, had fought back against the push of the ebb to lie luxuriously on the beach Malone, getting back his breath later, poised himself on one elbow and looked with admiration at Brett's naked body as Brett lay relaxed, his deep chest rising and falling.

"Faith, you must have been born in a submarine! You c'ud have swum rings round me and you've never a puff in ye. I'm tellin' you one, thing, Brett? I'm mighty glad I had me scrap with ye when I did, an' not this afternoon. Sure you'd have murthered me. You c'ud lick Brown one-handed. You used to be a bit skinny in the legs but it 'ud be hard to pick a fault in ye now."

"Simple diet and plenty of exercise, Malone. No alcohol and no tobacco."

"Wurra, never mention that word terbacker to me, if ye've any use for me at all. I've tried ivery twig, bark, grass, herb an' leaf in the island and divle a smoke can I get from one of thim."

They both laughed. Malone, if he had not changed much physically, was a different man mentally. Of comparatively simple reactions, he reflected his surroundings. His affection for the professor, his love for the helpless puppies he had brought up, the stimulus of Brett's urgent personality, backed by that peculiar friendship that finds its bond after mutual measuring of strength, all tended to influence Malone. That he had attacks of animal appetite was evident but at such times he would go off with his three dogs and come back grinning with some special contribution to the larder that he made an excuse for his absence.

To Malone fell the duties of hunter and butcher, which he asked for. When they needed meat he prepared the pitfall by the yam patches, killed and cut up and cleaned the unfortunate porkers who fell into the traps.

The wild dogs never bothered them. Perhaps they remembered the previous encounter; more probably they did not like the comparatively open country about Turtle Bay. Sometimes in the dark, silent night, the deep baying of the hunting pack was heard in their little bungalow beneath the shade trees on the beach margin at the foot of Mount Brett, fading away as the savage hounds swept on the trail of the wild hogs.

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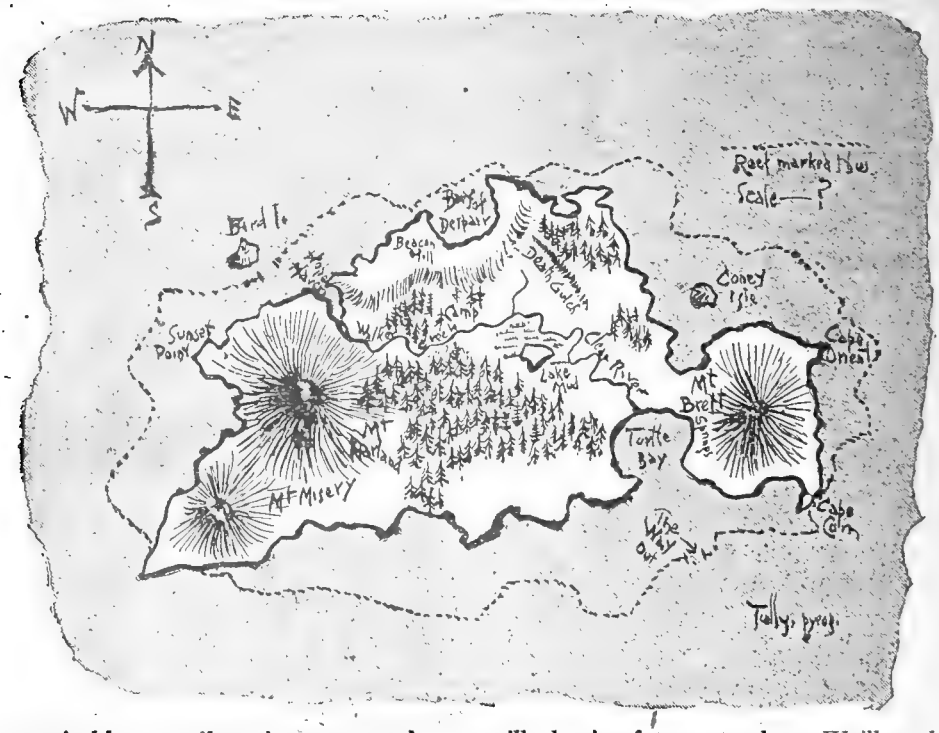
Some day, Brett determined, the dog pack must be either exterminated or brought within bounds. So with the hogs. The best specimens of these he occasionally set aside for domestication. He and Malone built them sties pending the time when they could



get a suitable young boar in a trap, and out of it, without injury. The resultant litters could be easily tamed, the best selected and gradually, a new herd built up. It was Malone who knew most about the qualities of a pig. Brett confessed himself at sea how to discriminate.

"Sure," said Malone, " 't is aisy. Didn't I tind the pigs in our own cabin in the ould country, before I ever came to Ameriky. Fine pets they were too, an' clane in their habits as a cat. The one trouble wid 'em was we hated to kill thim afther they'd lived wid us that close. Almost bedfellows. We had names for 'em all. I mind one called Kitty wid a fine sleek body an' a curly tail, wid an eye on her like the Widdy Malone, saucy an' lookin' out for the titbits. There was one called Dinny that looked for all the worl' like Dinny McKeown the blacksmith.

"The ones we'll keep'll be fed by hand so we'll chuck out the long-noses that have bin developed from rootin' deep for their grub. We'll pick the shortest an' the thickest an' the firmest, those that are short-coupled an' have plinty of bone an' good hams. They've run wild an' their flesh is nigh as tough as their hides but we'll breed 'em an' feed 'em till they're fat an tender. We'll make a new breed of 'em that 'ud do credit to any fair, lave it to me. A pig and an' Irishman are natcheral affinities."

So to Malone's other duties was added that of pig breeder. All such occupations mitigated against the dulness that had once overtaken them. While progress was hampered by their clumsy tools, they made some improvements. Working on old, sluggish memories, Brett evolved a plan for felling trees. There was driftwood enough by sea and stream for firewood but for carpentry they were often forced to select trees rather for their facility in bringing down with lone and arduous hacking than by true choice of their utility. Now Brett determined on leveling them by smoldering.

The trick was to make them burn horizontally. This he accomplished by daubing on plenty of wet clay above the line of slow fire. Against the bole of the chosen tree he piled several logs of medium size that he

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had got to a good condition of live char—or smoldering—a condition they imparted to the upright tree. With live flame eliminated it was astonishing how small a part of the standing tree was wasted. Clay checked the burning from climbing as it sank in. Yet it was almost pitiful to contemplate how much more expeditiously he and Malone, with ax and wedge and lumberman's saw, might have felled them. And planks were almost beyond attempting.

They used sheets of bark to roof the pigsties, splitting the sheets with obsidian knives, stripping them off and leaving them to dry, with weights to prevent warping. These they laid shingle-fashion under a lattice of logs tied in place with sinnet. For their own housing Brett perferred the grass roof they had already evolved. It shed rain perfectly and it was cool. They had found—Harland was the actual discoverer—a wide bladed grass almost twelve feet long that was admirable for thatching purposes.

After many experiments Brett decided upon a lime cement or mortar for flooring-in house, storage sheds and sties. They made clay bricks after Tully's latest recipe, mixed with chopped grass for binding. Then they built a beehive shaped kiln in which they stowed alternate layers of dried driftwood and coral lumps. The fire well started, the kiln was topped and thirty-six hours later the burned coral was well soaked with seawater while it was still hot, to slake the lime. The final result was a quantity of excellent lime with the logs burned clean away to ash. This lime and sand in the proportions of two to one, mixed with water to a stiff paste and then well tamped down with wooden rammers, gave floors close to concrete in appearance and wear.

Brett looked ahead anxiously to the rainy season, if there was to be one. It could not be far off. The storms they had already experienced, with the resultant masses of timber left on the river-banks and in the gorge, gave them an estimate of how severe the downfall might be. How continuous, he could not guess. Seasons along the line were, he fancied, freaky, intermittent. By this time he had decided that they were south of the equator. His sunlight shadow always swung north of his marking stick, for one thing; the other and, more important, was the fact that the time of the sun's rising, as registered by Harland's clepsydra—achieved from a clay cylinder, gauged with tiny inserts of white stone on the inside—varied, so far as Brett could judge, only a very few minutes during all the time since the professor had perfected it. If they had been directly on the equinoctial line it would have been nil, an exact division of day and night.

But it seemed certain that there would be intervals of dreary time ahead when indoor living must be enforced, when no planting could go on and when they must live to a large degree upon storage, aside from some fruits that Brett supposed might be expected under all weather conditions.

To that end they smoked hams and gathered yams, they winnowed wild rice and dried fish in the sun—though fish might be forthcoming through the rains. Sugar from the wild sorghum was not a success; they were not chemists enough to compass even a palatable syrup that would not sour within forty-eight hours in that climate. Sugar they craved—sugar and tobacco; and for Brett and Harland, books.

There were times when the immensity of space about them, the seas that came rolling in across leagues of lonely ocean, the great stars burning in the void, the everlasting drone of the reef, weighed heavily upon them all, Malone, as well as the more sensitive Brett and Harland. Sometimes Brett wondered whether Malone's spirit was not more responsive to elemental suggestions, lacking the stored brain to offset moods induced by the pressure of Nature.

"You fool, you dust-mote, you scurrying ant upon an insignificant fragment spinning in the web of the sun, what do you think your utmost achievements amount to? The three of you, toiling on, unknown even to your fellow ants, thinking you make for Progression. Ha, ha!"

These suggestions would obtrude themselves so forcibly upon Brett that they often seemed to have actually been shouted aloud—far off, wind-borne echoes of a giant's voice. He discovered what many others have done before him, that it is not good for man to live alone, and, though there were three of them, theirs were minds with different trends of thought. They were companionable enough once they met on a common ground of work or entertainment; they could be elastic toward each other's likes or dislikes; but the fact

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remained that in their egos they were widely apart.

Harland, for example, had more common ties with Brett than had Malone with either of them, yet he was an older man who had no unsatisfied ambitions. His revising of the Aeneid was only the repolishing of an old idea. It was doubtful whether Malone possessed any ambitions that were not material and personal. There were times when Brett felt infinitely alone and needed the bolstering of a kindred spirit. But such moments grew farther apart and briefer, for he fought off every suggestion of depression the moment it manifested itself. When such a mood came it was almost certain to be at the end of a day when, for some reason, he had been unable to accomplish anything. Rather, unable to work. Effort, he discovered, produced a distinct physical and mental well-being. Once in a while he talked things out with Harland.

"It takes age to appreciate philosophy or to acquire it," said the professor. "It is, I suppose, natural to accept the inevitable as one's blood thins and vigor decreases. Perhaps the secretions that stimulate certain portions of the brain lose their potency also. Not that I feel I am becoming feeble-minded, but I find that I have largely lost resentments and experience has distilled for me a conviction that no effort is ever lost and that all things work to one better end. When I realize that these conclusions of my own coincide with the philosophies set down by Epictetus and his like, they are confirmed. But maturity—achieving maturity—and youth is ever hampered with resentments and with doubts. I believe that you are working out a fine thing, a definite destiny, Brett, on this island. You may say chance flung you here but you stayed of your own deliberate will. You have set reason to work and reason never yet retrograded."

"It seems pretty helpless now and then," said Brett. "Malone and I can make storehouses far more easily than we can raise crops to put in 'em. With our pickup, makeshift tools, it takes so long to prepare half an acre that the planting season is over before we are ready to put in the seed. It's a rum thing, too, that all the ornamental but comparatively useless things will stand transplanting and thrive without special attention—look at the flowers all round the bungalow—but the edible things seem to refuse to come under man's dominion. All except the yams—they grow overnight in any old soil."

He was selecting rice seed, sprouting from chosen heads. The most vigorous samples he expected to please in a seedbed and later transplant to irrigated plots. Eventually he hoped, like another Burbank, to gain fair-sized grains by constant selection of the fittest.

"My idea," he said, while Malone, playing with his puppies, teaching them tricks of fetch and carry, listened intermittently with open mouth, "my main idea was to make an object lesson of this island.

"If I can show that a good start may be made without any facilities, carry on that way until we are rediscovered and then expand with the acquisition of tools and seeds and book-knowledge that we lack ourselves; if I can do these things as an inexperienced agriculturist, an inexperienced laborer, write about it convincingly with the island as its best demonstration, the example may be worth while."

"Crandall told me once that you were an Utopian, Brett."

"Crandall. Did you know Crandall, the owner of the *Westward Magazine* and Publishing Company? You never mentioned that before."

"It didn't occur to me. The lapses of age. I held a semi-official position as librarian to his club. I think I have seen you there more than once. Crandall and I had several talks together. Some about your law of latitudes."

"I have no patent on it," laughed Brett.

"Crandall believes in it but he thinks that race solutions do not necessarily have to be wrought out by conquest. He is inclined to believe the inferior races at present inhabiting such desirable lands as the tropics—desirable from their apparent and possible resources—will pass as the poles shift, the axis of the world changes, the sun's path alters and produces new climatic zones. Some day, he thinks, these tropics will become semi-tropic, ultimately temperate, their resources will come into play as those of the older world are exhausted. And the Nordic race will remain supreme. That's Crandall's theory.

"And he calls me Utopian! An optimist! I hope I am. There's too much —— pessimism going on. The modern school of writers are chock full of it—oozing with it.

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Say we're on the edge of a horrible *dêbâcle*. And there are a lot of newblood citizens—our immigrants—our future Americans, who are dissatisfied with their conditions because they have stuck in the cities instead of living full lives in the open, who are yelping the same note, the same whining key. That's what I want to offset, if I can show them a way out."

"A lot of us subscribe to your end, Brett. To present an experiment you've got to come to a place like this where there are no politics or policemen, no inheriting capitalists, no gold basis. I agree with you. So, I think, would Crandall."

"He never wanted any of it in the magazine. Maybe I can get it through now. The story will have the human element, you see, the spice of adventure. Not that I am blaming Crandall. You've got to give the public what it wants though you can discriminate between healthy and sick appetites. Lord, Harland, I'm maundering. How one inflates one's own importance! Talking of Utopias and examples and I can't fix up a decent harrow. Look what I've done to the representative of the great general public—Malone—he's asleep."

"I've an idea you'll always have to show them, not talk to them," said Harland.

"Who says I'm asleep?" protested Malone indignantly. "Faith, I'll admit you're usin' words that were out of my schoolbooks. But I'm no dummy an' I'm tellin' ye you said a mouthful, Brett. There's no one can be contínted till he's happy, an' how the divvle can a man be happy when the first thing he must do after he gits body-hair is to look for a job, enny —— job, the first job that offers that'll keep the skin of his belly stretched, shoes to his feet an' clothes on his back? 'Tis one man out of ten thousand gits to work at what he wants."

"Some one has to do the oiling, Malone," Harland suggested.

"Let them that likes ut, take ut."

"What's your job by preference, Malone?" asked Brett.

"Job, is ut? To work for no man, that's my idea of a job. I'm willin' to work. What does a man have strength for? An', for my fav'rite work, what better than raisin' pigs an' pertaties, wid no taxes or rint."

Malone called to his pups and took them outside for a good-night run. He was grinning as he departed.

"Nevertheless," said Harland, "there's the fly in your Utopian ointment, Brett. We can't all work at what we'd like, and a lot of the most disagreeable jobs that must be done call for experts. Expert labor and expert opinion come only from constant application."

"All right," said Brett good-humoredly. "We'll admit your fly. It won't spoil the ointment."

Malone returned, leaving the dogs outside, bringing in a fresh supply of wood. Brett's chimney-making, using his lime cement for mortar and lava fragments for his stones, had turned out most successful. There were many nights when the use of the fire-place in the bungalow brought discomfort from the unnecessary heat, but this was offset by the light and the companionable comfort that fire always gives to men in the solitudes.

The lighting problem was a vexed one. They were still in the Stone Age there, dependent on burning wood. Torches were a nuisance. On the other hand the fire-place consumed fuel too recklessly. Malone put down his burden, put a stick or two on to burn and went out again, whistling his call. They heard the sharp, staccato bark of the dogs, racing in to meet him. They seemed to have matured a new note to greet their master.

"I wish we could get hold of a seal or two," said Brett. "Or run across a stranded whale. We need their oil badly. If we get any long stretch of gloomy days we'll be up against it for first class illumination. I've tried making dip candles, but pigs' fat will not make tallow and pigs' grease stinks abominably in connection with any kind of a wick."

"How about candlenuts? I remember burning Brazil nuts when I was a youngster. Might there not be similar nuts on the island?"

"There might. I've been looking for them. I wouldn't know a Brazil nut tree if I saw one. But I'm going to try all the varieties of nuts I can find. It doesn't seem to be the season yet for most of them to have ripened. How limited we are, Harland, and how mighty superficial the knowledge we pride ourselves upon as twentieth century. It bears, or mine does, the same respect to real knowledge as an incomplete index to an encyclopedia.

"Anyway, there are seals about and I'm going to try and get hold of 'em. As a

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hunter after them in their own element I'd be a joke; I'll have to try and discover some beach where they haul out, cut 'em off and club 'em. It won't be either sporting or pretty but we need oil. I've tried to do some writing after dark by fire-light and it's unsatisfactory."

"I have found it so," said the professor, "but I have more time days than you have. I have been thinking how fortunate I am in having retained good eyesight. Suppose any of us were badly afflicted in that way and had lost our glasses coming ashore or broken or lost them since. What could we do?"

"Near-sighted people were at a discount in the Stone Age, I imagine," said Brett. "You are apter to think of blessings than I am."

"To tell you the absolute truth, Brett, my gratitude came from the discovery that, while I see clearly enough, my sight is not quite what it used to be. It can hardly be expected. My point of focus for writing has changed. My range of vision is a little circumscribed. It was noticing these things that made me thankful in comparison with how infinitely worse they might have been."

"I see," answered Brett quietly.

He had not noticed any signs of short-sightedness in Harland, but he set that down to selfishness and engrossment in his own affairs. Harland might not be a stimulant for him but he was undoubtedly a tonic.

There was a whole lot for them to be thankful for. If there should occur any accidents calling for surgery, any serious sicknesses, they had practically no means of coping with the trouble. So far they had kept their health—sanitation and balanced diet undoubtedly had something to do with this. They had been more than lucky. The worst thing they had physically to contend with were the sand flies, the tiny black specks, hardly discernible singly, that came in battalions at dusk and were worse than mosquitoes in annoyance, except that they did not seem to produce feverish symptoms. But even these had their off days.

Mosquitoes on the present site, free from mangrove swamps and with the prevailing wind from the sea and against the inland marshes, were scarce. There was a green-headed marsh fly that could bite and bring blood, but they could be avoided, and some day the draining of the marsh and the control of all still water would eliminate all that.

In various localities ants were a plague, white, gray, red and black, but so far they had not attacked the bungalow except by dribbles. Brett had a vague fear that these few might be scouts and that ultimately, having smelled out the land, they might bring others to raid supplies. But there was no use looking ahead for trouble. There were big spiders on the island but seemingly none that were vicious or poisonous. They had encountered no scorpions or centipedes, they had seen no snakes.

The most insidious thing was the slow advance of old age. Brett and Malone were still well in their prime but the mold of time was beginning to show, little by little, upon Harland. Harland seemed content, Brett, whenever he permitted himself to dwell upon it, resented bitterly the fact that every day he inevitably advanced in years toward the time of decreased abilities. It was not that he craved an eternal maturity—youth having long since departed—but, having found the thing he wanted to do, he hated to see his endeavors limited.

There was nothing unnatural about his desire to retain full force, though he recognized it as an impotent wish and one that, not being able to help progress, must infallibly retard it. Whenever it arose he trampled on it, realizing that as the decades passed there would be physiological and psychological changes within him that would compensate by an increasing philosophy or indifference. Harland had it; it should come to Brett. Meanwhile there were moments when he was glad there was no clock on the island to tick off the flying seconds with an infernal reminder of one less, with the inexorable revolution of the wheels.

At the very outset he had been so proud of their petty achievements, their temporary throttling of adverse fate, that his horizon had been limited by their daily accomplishments. He had not been able to see the wood for the trees. Like the incompetent executive, he had wanted to put the stamps on all the envelopes to be sure his letters were mailed. It was his island, his cleverness, his experiment.

Now the possibility of the *Hope* getting through and sending back implements and books kept him in a feverish uncertainty. It made it hard to plug ahead with limited

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capacities when Fortune had been coaxed to give them better equipment and might at any moment respond. It was a good deal like setting out upon a long journey afoot when, if one waited, a powered car might come along and annihilate the time spent in weary plodding, sweeping one on to the goal in ease. With these hopes of success came the prospects of colonization, of the full development of Utopia. Unconsciously that word was supplanting Tully's "Isle of Nowhere."

He was almost glad of the probability of enforced idleness in a rainy time. If communications were going to be established, those who made them would not wait for seasons, or even think of them. If when the rainy time, the inevitable resting time for the vegetation, was over, no ship had arrived, no tools, no books, then Brett could tackle his job with his primitive tools, doing the best he could, writing his book and trying to practise his theories without prospect of recognition or appreciation from his own generation. Whimsically he saw himself, bent, bald, graybearded, stowing away his bark-paper manuscript in a monument sealed with lime cement. Some day it would be discovered, perhaps long after all traces of his efforts in agriculture and horticulture had retrograded. Still, even then, it might teach its lesson, that man could conquer environment, obtain a living with content and hold his mind serene and active. Most hermits, he reflected, seem to have been inclined to physical and mental laziness. He would be different.

Yet for all this attempted equanimity, hope was quick within him and leavened most of his hours, waking or sleeping. There was a signal always flying on a tall staff he and Malone had reared on the bare summit of Mount Brett, another high on the slopes of Mount Misery and one on Beacon Hill; trees, laboriously shorn of their boughs, propped in bases of piled up rocks, the banners sections of the professor's toughest bark-cloth. Near to each pole they had dragged up fuel for beacons in case a sail was sighted. Such signals would be seen further than the flags but they would draw attention to the latter.

In case they might be mistaken and ignored for volcanic vapors Brett planned to control their smokes by dampening the wood and blanketing the smudge so as to suggest some sort of code. None of the three of them knew anything of signal alphabets and Brett mentally kicked himself for not having had the forethought to learn Morse from Bowman, or at least have set down the symbols.

But he had another resource. He had set aside certain slightly concave and highly burnished pieces of obsidian with which he had found he could throw sun reflections, and the largest of these fragments lay handy by the beacons. Smaller ones all three of them carried constantly for long distance communication and they worked out a simple signal system of their own.

CHAPTER V

Tridacna Gigas

THE next morning Brett started out to hunt for seals. He decided to work around Turtle Bay and then explore the shore westward toward Mount Misery. He carried with him one of Malone's pet clubs, a double wedge of obsidian bound into a cleft stick with strips of doghide, the head held as rigidly as ever steel bolts might have grasped it.

These rawhide strips were a great comfort to Brett. He remembered the old missions of California, how he had seen, in the ruins at Lompoc, the ancient rafters securely held after nearly a century of neglect by the thongs of cattleskin. In the Mission Dolores, San Francisco, these same junctions of mortised wood and hide had held true, even through the earthquake. Put on green, they shrunk as they dried and gripped for all time. The club was nicely balanced, Brett could strike a prodigious blow with it without conscious exertion and he liked to carry it. Just as he liked the play of his island-developed muscles and the sense of excess vitality that would carry him through the day with unbroken wind and lack of aching fatigue.

In its way the club was a scepter, a mark of domination. It was a silly thing, this sense of pleasure, childish; but he had learned that man's emotions—apart from his reasonings—were not very different from those of a child.

The dogs raced up to him—Malone had gone off without them—and Brett called them by name, "Pete," "Tim" and "Sheila," as Malone had titled them. They wanted to follow him but he sent them off

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reluctant, with placatory tails wagging and backward glances until Harland called to them from the back porch of the bungalow, flinging out scraps for their breakfast.

First Brett went over to a rock that had a plain and slanting face and chipped into it the record of another day. They had transferred to this the count that they had kept since landing on the island, reckoning back to the sinking of the *Marama*. That had been on the ninth of March; today was the twenty-seventh of September. Twenty-nine weeks, two hundred and three days, exclusive of the first tally and the last. It seemed more like six hundred.

Yet when Brett dropped the stone chisel and hammer kept handy by the rock he realized how little the actual date meant to them. It belonged to the outside world. On Utopia they could make their own almanac.

This, by outside count, should be a Friday. Back in America a few million people were ordering fish. To many, the day had great significance, a birthday, a marriage set, a deathday or the anniversary of sad or glad event. Some poor devil in a prison deathhouse had awfully watched this day come around, hoping against hope for a reprieve. To the three islanders, so far as Brett knew, so far as he could personally recall, it meant nothing except another day.

Birds that he had never seen before on the island were stalking along the marge of the lagoon, busy with every little heap of weed, poking away with long bills, stilting about on long legs, flying up and into the wind when he got close with a shrill *peewee* and an angling of dark slate and pale gray wings. Brett knew these; they were plover. In all probability they had come from California, his own State. It was known that birds tagged at San Francisco arrived in Honolulu; it was estimated that they had made the flight of twenty-one-hundred miles in less than twenty-four hours. How far and fast had these come? Not so fast nor so far as a modern aeroplane might travel but in enormous numbers and so easily as to mock at Brett, their superior vertebrate, even if the minds of his fellows had devised a flying-machine. Much good that did Brett. He only knew about aeroplanes, he could not make one.

These were not the only birds that had been arriving of late.

The woods were full of the cooing of ring-doves, for whom Malone was already devising limed twigs, having experimented with the sticky juice of several plants and trees. He was going to make pets of some of these, he explained, figuring that the young would be quite tame if he could get his captives to breed. Others were destined for the larder. It was a quaint compromise between appetite and friendliness toward animals, thought Brett, that could at once contemplate favored life and swift death for the same objects. Man was fearfully and wonderfully made concerning such things. Malone, rough as he was, might be squeamish about eating a bird that he had bred and named and taught to come to his finger, but its wild cousin he would cheerfully devour. In which he was little different from Brett or the professor.

Brett was acquiring a repugnance against killing anything. In case of necessity he squared himself to it—as with the object of his present excursion. He was well aware that his attempt to breed a superior race of pigs only destined them to the slaughter. There had been a time when he had seized every chance to go out with rod and gun, usually in company with his close crony Darrach, the lawyer—how Darrach would like this life and how he wished Darrach with them! He had considered it the height of sportsmanship to track a deer up-wind, to learn the haunt and habits of certain things of fin and fur and feather, to deceive sprig and teal and mallard with painted decoys and clever calling, to imitate a fly wherewith to cheat a trout into thinking its motion animate, to use the finest of gut leaders and waterproof braided line, the smallest of hooks, so as to give the fish a sporting chance.

Now he felt differently. He hadn't stopped eating meat but he no longer considered it sport to hunt it. In earlier days the gun's death had generally been a merciful one, not always. He had had his regrets when he had called and coaxed a mallard drake down to stool and then, blazing away, had had to wade deep and fast to keep the wounded bird from getting away to a lingering death. He had trailed weary miles after a wounded deer. He had mercifully tapped fish on the head when he got them at last out of the water. He had always inclined to think fish cold-blooded and without feeling until he considered that he had often deliberately choked the

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strength out of a trout by forcing it to swirling waters where its twisted gill filaments could not absorb the floating oxygen.

Now, on this island, he felt a kindly feeling toward all its inhabitants, even the wild dogs and the tusked boars. Necessity or protection alone might make him cruel. He did not wish to be a tyrant. All Nature, he knew, was a preying round of tragedies, but even as he went to kill seals—as mercifully as possible—he felt that he could understand the creed that avoided the death of any living thing. This, he told himself as he whistled back to the plover, was because man was the superior being and as such should be merciful.

He saw Malone wandering out toward the reef to look for oysters. Compared with the mangrove swamps of Hope Haven and Walker Creek, oysters were scarce around Turtle Bay, yet plenty of them could be obtained at low tide on the bare reef—rock oysters, small but palatable. It was nearing the last of the ebb and Malone carried a basket and a crude sort of tomahawk he had fashioned to knock the shellfish from their grips. Better ones were to be had by diving but the difference was not worth the time and labor. Malone caught sight of him and flashed a greeting from his obsidian heliograph—two long reflections of the sun as he held the incurved bit of volcanic glass in his hand. Brett returned the signal and strode on.

He found traces of turtle and he saw many varying aquariums in the larger rock-pools but he found no seals. He hardly expected to until he examined the rocky inlets off the southwestern cape where the reef met the shore on either side of the promontory and deep water came right up to the cliffs.

There were caves there, some that opened both on sea and land and spouted geysers of forced water when the tide was coming in. In some of these caves Brett thought he might find seals. He had a hazy idea that they were migratory like the doves and the plover but then, so were ducks, and there had been ducks in the marsh pools all through the Summer.

He wanted the oil and he nerved himself for the slaughter but in his heart, he hoped he was not going to find any seals. One of them had scared him out of his heartbeats the day they landed but he had long since forgiven it the offence though he had not forgotten the human aspect of the mammal as its head came out of the sea.

BRETT had left a catamaran drawn up among the bushes at the southwestern horn of Turtle Bay. He launched the light craft and got into it, paddling west down the length of the lagoon with the supple ease of a savage. He was considerably heavier than when he had arrived; all over his body was a sheath of developed muscles, the presence of many of which he had barely suspected in the old days. Nowadays he picked up things without turning toward them; he could flex over backward and reach articles without crooking his knees to a crouch. He could jump over gaps without thinking about them; leap and vault rocks, use his body in a hundred subconscious reactions where formerly thought would have meant hestitation and decision that the thing could not be done or that it was too difficult to risk.

He had brought the automatic mechanics of a powerful frame into full play. He did not know what it was to lose or regain his wind; his lungs expanded to full efficiency as he walked. He wore no hat. Brett, in his office days, had developed a tendency to thinning hair and there had been a very thin patch on the back of his head. It had vanished now. He had a thick thatch of sunburned hair that fell to his shoulders and a beard that would have covered the top button of his vest.

Malone looked upon his hirsute growth as an adornment, Harland accepted his. But it made Harland look venerable and dignified while both Malone and Brett, the latter decided, viewing himself in clear pools, looked like savages. Thick hair and beard were itchy; he longed for the touch of a razor blade on cheek and chin, the click of clippers or the snip of scissors in his locks. He had made tentative attempts with the edges of shells that seemed keen enough but pain made him give up his plans of vanity or cleanliness. The soap they made from hogs' fat was a poor emollient. It appeared possible to shorten the hair in jagged scallops by holding it a lock at a ime and doggedly sawing through it but he severance was as painful as shaving ınd Brett abandoned it.

Where once he had daubed his skin with mud to protect it against mosquito bites, now he wore only dogskin breeches and

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sandals. Ordinarily a mosquito did not seem to annoy him—it was possible that he did not attract them any more or perhaps his blood was inoculated against their virus. But no bite ever bothered him more than momentarily. Only the sand flies had power to send him to cover when they assembled in their swarms. His skin was brown as if it had been stained by walnut juice; his palms were calloused but his fingers had not become clumsy and he had kept his nails in decent shape with pumice.

The catamaran glided swiftly over the tideless lagoon. There was breeze enough to have sent him along but he preferred the paddle, using it without effort, glad of the exercise. As he went he watched the swarming fish over the living coral, the sponges and the strange sea bushes. There were great schools of them in blue and gold, tiger striped, flaming red, spotted in black and white, flattened, globular, lumpish and infinitely graceful, with gorgeous eels like animated yards of futuristic ribbon. Most of the larger fish, the preyers, had gone out with the tide and the remaining things seemed to be enjoying amicable holiday.

Still there were no seals. Once a great ray heaved itself out of the water where it was deepest, like a great kite, falling back with a tremendous flap and splash to where its mate swam on the surface in amorous play. He saw the backfin and upper body of a basking shark lying atop a partly submerged rock-platform in the sun. It was not a large one and it did not move as the catamaran passed on quietly between strokes.

Overhead, far up, flying south, was a flock of birds, too high for him to guess what they might be. They wheeled as he looked and came circling on down in long spirals, seemingly making for the forest of the middle island. They were going no farther. Probably there was no land for hundreds of leagues. Yet they were a link with the old world where life was teeming with love and hate and all the wondrous traffic of human endeavor. Infinitely remote it all seemed. War might have broken out or the world nations have erased the eagles from their coats of arms and universally adopted the dove of peace. Brett wondered and did not greatly care. It was very peaceful where he was floating off his island, thrust up smoking from the sea no one could guess how long or short a time ago, trodden by no feet save his and his companions'.

He was not quite certain about this—the dogs and the hogs troubled this theory, though animals had been created and populated the earth long before man appeared. But for the while, gliding along, he seemed like a person in a fourth dimension where time nor space nor ambition counted.

Here on the island he was inclined to view life in the abstract and he found it fascinating though he was not positive it was entirely a healthy exercise for his mind. In the States, occupied by his editorship, surrounded by the atmosphere of his craft, he had considered himself a student of life in the mass and the individual, together with its concrete problems. On the island he had determined to work out his theory and to demonstrate it, of a solution, or partial solution, to the modern feeling of pessimism that he feared was permeating his own country, partly as a reaction from war, principally because the new material of citizenry—the immigrants—were not being educated up to their full opportunities of living in their new country.

Brett was an esential patriot. Patriotism to him meant love of country. It was, he considered, generally founded on the love of soil held by generations, fostered by the fact that one's forefathers had fought for it, shed their blood upon it, sacrificed for it in other ways, cemented very often by a universal religion.

He wanted to see a true patriotism evolved. This would not come about because America was merely a good and confortable place to live in, a land of good wages and easy laws. It must be established because it was the best country in which to live and breed and bring up one's children and their children's children. Brett's argument was that actual possession of the land, development of that land, inheritance of it, would bring about love of the land, would work for better health and greater true equality and, with material contentment, a grateful attitude toward the country that gave these things, a sentiment and gratitude that would be the basis of the needed patriotism.

There was plenty of land. The people should be shown. That he had solved the whole problem he did not flatter himself. There would be flies in the ointment but, as he had told Harland, he was after the

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ointment and he believed that he had had found at least one of its ingredients.

Now, floating between earth and sky on another element, theories became evanescent things. He was out of it all and for the time content. The lassitude was not of the body but the mind. He wondered idly whether his fits of indifference did not come from his exuberance of health.

He had been flung back to the Stone Age, why worry about the Age of Steel and Electricity? That was a dream. This Twentieth Century brain of his did not belong to his antediluvian body. It was a nuisance, like tight shoes to a savage.

If there was something else in him that could not be chemically analyzed, a soul that expressed wisdom, it had to function through the machinery of his materialistic body. At present it was lethargic; the current wires were short-circuited or the current was not secreting. His soul slumbered.

"I suppose," said Brett aloud, "it is because I was always enmeshed myself in the technique of my trade, that I never really thought before. And I am afraid that thought, unless it is focused, controlled and limited, is as dangerous as fire in the possession of a child, as radium in the hands of a layman. It keeps emanating and, unless it is put to some specific purpose, properly insulated, it destroys. Good God, I wonder if I am getting light-headed! I wonder if solitude like this always affects a chap this way. Selkirk must have had his days of delusion.

"I may not belong in the madding crowd but I'm an integral part of it, after all, and the mere distance that a plover laughs at twice a year doesn't sever me. It is not good for man to live alone.

"I think it is the eternal sameness of things that bothers one's balance. I suppose this same scene has been set for fifty thousand years. Man is the only creature that tries to monkey with the buzzsaw.

"Who the dickens are you talking to aloud, John Brett? You came out to get seals, to secure their blubber and so furnish the midnight oil. The proper study of mankind is man. You are suffering from a sea-change. Materialize. There are no delicate *Ariels* on Utopia. Over the reef with you. You have been maundering. And shut up talking aloud to yourself. That way lies *dementia praecox!*"

He had come to where the reef, stretching from Cape Corn to the southwestern unnamed cape in a barrier broken only by the entrance to Turtle Bay, out through which the *Hope* had sailed nearly seven weeks before, stopped his progress. The parapet of the coral wall averaged a quarter of a mile in width and now, with the tide at slack between ebb and flow, no surf broke over it. The surface was uneven, pitted with pools, fretted with narrow, aimless channels that Brett utilized for their short lengths, standing between the two light slim hulls of his catamaran when they failed him and lifting the craft clear of the coral.

His leather sandals protected him. His soles were fairly well hardened but one of the drawbacks to the island lay in the way a cut would ulcerate into a sore, however shallow the scratch from grass blade or sharp rock. It seemed as if the climate produced a superabundance of life pressing swiftly upon decay and always a little ahead. The air was full of germs that continually attacked all vitality and, though they fought a losing battle, made things very unpleasant.

A cut from living coral meant a place that would slough and refuse to heal until a long drawn battle between polyp germs and the protective phagocytes of his own system was won by the latter. So Brett walked circumspectly, with due regard for his ankles. The pools were full of brilliant life, marine growth and darting fishes, small squid, vermilion starfish, anemones that outdid the most gorgeous and mammoth chrysanthemums, clams that spouted at him, large and small, and rock oysters.

The sight of oysters made him glance backward. He could see Malone moving about, gathering the crop. Malone did not signal, if he saw him, and Brett, still chiding himself for his mooning, concentrated on his business. In the deep water outside the reef he coasted close to the shore that rose at an abrupt angle from the cobalt, transparent water, the upper slope of the extinct volcano they had named Mount Misery. He could see the dark shade of its base shelving down to unimagined fathoms.

Brett's acquaintance with seals included those he had seen from an audience at the Orpheum Theater in trained performances and the miscalled inhabitants of Seal Rocks off the San Francisco Cliff House, also confined in a tank outside the Sutro Baths. These he knew were sea-lions and he doubted

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whether they had much of an oil supply. Then there were spotted leopard-seals he had viewed on the reef rocks off Carmel, below Monterey.

He presumed that the oil-bearing seal was also the fur-bearing seal and that the oil lay in the blubber that was a protection against Arctic cold. He knew that Eskimo would, like the bears, lie in wait for seals beside their blowholes in the ice and were also able to slip up to them in their kayaks and harpoon them.

He couldn't do that in the catamaran. The Eskimo had finely pointed harpoons of bone or steel and they used bladders to stay the seal's diving. Brett was only the rankest of amateurs at sealing. White men, he had learned, either shot them with rifles at sea in pelagic sealing or visited their rookeries and clubbed them with bloody slaughter. A rookery was a breeding-place. If they bred north, would they haul out on these southern beaches? He believed his best bet was the water-caves.

He had once entered a sea-cave on the island of Santa Cruz, one of the Santa Barabara group, and two seals—they might have been sea-lions—had dived from an inner bench and he had seen them from the side of the launch, rushing away through the blue water below, scattering silver beads of air.

If he found these caves on the flanks of Mount Misery held attraction for seals, he might be able to cut one of them off and club it—a hard blow on the nose was supposed to settle the job—or he could lay plans for later visits. He began to think of weighted nets sunk at the cave mouth. He might capture a seal alive, in which case he would probably train it for a pet and forego the oil.

He unshipped his mast the better to enter the caves of which he saw the entrances beginning to show black at the water's edges, in semicircles and segments of circles. There were no arched openings. He supposed they were all gas-blows in the lava enlarged by the wash of the sea; some of them fumeroles, or spouters, at high tide, some of them impossible to enter except at this moment of the ebb.

He would have to be careful not to stay in too long. There was a rise and fall of several feet in the average Utopian tides. Even now there was an element of risk in entrance, owing to the long heave of the sea, hardly to be classed as separate billows, but which nevertheless might suddenly and powerfully compress the air against the roofs of the caverns where there was no upper outlet and have him gasping before they splintered his craft. It was always risky to go out alone, he realized. He had learned that lesson, years before, camping in the King's River region, when a turned ankle had brought him to cold and hungry exposure for forty-odd hours before Darrach had managed to trail him.

One thing Brett always held in dread and that was the fear of getting into the grip of an octopus. Ever since he had read of them as a child in the pages of Jules Verne, the slimy suckered brutes had fascinated him. He knew they bred large in these seas, that they might well live in caves, though the biggest of them, such as made food for the cachalot whales, must live a thousand fathoms deep. But the thought of these sea monstrosities, survivals from the age of plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus, always brought Brett a mental shudder.

In connection with a sea-cave, the repulsion was very strong. Caves always brought a sense of dread, Brett imagined. A sense of fear following one of fascination, the lure of the mysterious, the terror of infalling roof and walls, of loss of direction. He had always liked to explore caves, never failed to get from them the reaction of creeping horror. That, and the terror of the clutching sea monsters, were, he imagined, a bit of his Stone Age heritage that the centuries had been unable to slough off.

He assured himself of the enormous odds against such a happening, laughed aloud at himself in the bright sunlight as he paddled slowly along the flank of the mountain, selecting the largest cave-mouth.

Higher up, jets of vapor caught his eyes. Jets and two steady plumes. These could not be upflung spray with the sea at ebb and they were at least three hundred feet up the mountain. They must be steam-hot springs, or little geysers such as those at the foot of Mount Brett, back of the bungalow, where Professor Harland performed his fireless cookery.

He was surprized that they had not noticed these before. Their surveys of this part of the island had been only hurried and superficial, yet he thought they would have seen these. Later, he determined to visit them. He did not think them necessarily recent or take them as a suggestion

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that Mount Misery was awakening. It merely showed that the volcano was not quite dead. They did not die easily. There were the hot springs at the base of Mount Helena in California, on Mount Diablo, near the summit of Mount Shasta, extinct volcanos all, and there were steaming waters in a score of other places in the State.

He looked at the summit of the old crater, sharp cut against the sky. There were no vapors there.

He picked his cave and paddled in. It showed as a chamber of which the rock was porous lava, looking a good deal like pulled candy. There was light from the entrance, filling the place with a curious blue glow. And it was suddenly very quiet and mysterious in there. He had thought the day noiseless outside but now he seemed to have come into some secret place where silence prevailed by rite and ceremony. There were only peculiar little sucking sounds, like chuckles, as the water lipped at the porous, pitted rock. The cave seemed to go back a long way and Brett made out some sort of shelf at the end, a ledge that overhung the water. The roof was perhaps ten feet above the water-level.

As he stared, looking for a beach, or for a seal on the end ledge, he suddenly felt the water heave beneath him and the catamaran uplifted. At the same instant all light was shut off and, from the ledge, the vague form of a sea-beast flung itself into the water and came churning toward him—or so it seemed. He was caught in the horror of his impotence as the roller that had entered the cave compressed the air and rose, rose, charged with the pressure of the wide sea back of it. Brett neared the roof, gasping for air, instinctively putting up his arms to ward off being crushed, actually touching the rock.

The gush subsided suddenly. The canoe swooped down, bringing that sickening sensation of the diaphragm that a swift-dropping elevator gives.

Light came in again as the mouth of the cavern widened like an opening camera shutter and he saw the blessed sunlight on the lagoon. The sea-creature, whatever it had been, was gone. Brett stayed not upon the order of his going. For the moment panic had him and he stroked desperately until he was outside, like the fly that has felt the gummy horror of the spider's strand.

"I never did want seal-oil anyway," he assured himself with forced humor and a laugh, but there was clammy sweat on his forehead.

He told himself that he should have been more careful in choosing a cave of larger area, of great height. If he had used his intellect his nerves would have been spared a shock. The sea-beast might have been a seal more scared than he. He had become momentarily demoralized when he felt himself helpless on the tilt of that watery upheaval. Therefore he would go into other caves, with greater circumspection.

He selected his opening, gaged the ground swell, paddled through and backed water the moment he was inside, taking stock of the place. Sides towered up funnel-fashion and he could just make out a high rift. There was plenty of space for a wave to mount here and the general size of the chamber was not much less than that of the first one.

It was much lighter. There was an opening in the sea-wall that served as window. A sloping beach of shingle showed on three sides. Great masses of fucus were festooned on the walls, draped across the beaches. There was a shoal of fish that splintered the water into silvery streaks as they darted beneath the boat and went chasing round the walls of the basin. A swell came in and lifted him on its surge but this time he was prepared for it, and there was no compression, no sense of suffocation with the upper opening for relief. But they went so high that Brett could gaze out through this loophole before the water lowered. These caves would be nasty places to get caught in on a rising tide. He could see no seals but he paddled to the inner beach in the chance of finding a turtle. He knew nothing of their habits except that such a place seemed to be an ideal one for a turtle's lounge or a seal's boudoir.

THE catamaran came to rest on a flat surface of rock. Brett had thought it deeper in the uncertain light. He took the sennit painter and swung his foot over the low gunwale. There was another scurry of little fish and he gazed as if suddenly hypnotized.

There was sculpture on that underwater slab, crude glyphs that had been incised in the lava so deeply that the tides of countless generations had not sufficed to efface them.

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If they had always been under water? That thought came to him as he realized that the tide was now at ebb, or practically so, and that people, however savage, however rough their pictographs, made them as some sort of a record and would not be likely to choose a place that would be covered at low tide, entirely hidden most of the time.

There were figures of men with square bodies and triangular ones—perhaps a sex differentiation. There were concentric rings; there was a rayed circle. There was one figure that looked like a child's attempt to portray a dragon. But the chiseling of these figures had been far from a child's work. Brett had seen Indian petroglyphs that looked much like these in a land cave near San Miguel, California.

The record of travelers, the history of some important event—the message they flashed to Brett was that of humanity. Living men had done this thing, had achieved a little joint immortality, had told—out of the Stone Age—this modern man marooned on their island that others had lived and struggled with conditions, had conquered them, had loved and died.

They spoke to his spirit like an actual voice whispering out of the infinite vault of time.

He knew of the strange images of Easter Island, that there were picture-writings on other islands of the South Seas, there was nothing incredible about them, the strange, the fantastic thing was the shivering of his own fixed idea that the place had been uninhabited until they came as its virgin discoverers.

Nowhere had they found any trace of occupation. The bones, the dwellings of these picture-writers had long since disappeared but this rude attempt at perpetuation survived. Generations passing like grains in the hour-glass of Time.

The tablet seemed to try to convey a message to him; perhaps it was a boasting announcement of some successful raid or voyage, but Brett read into it, tracing the figures though the glaze of the shallow water, a certain grim mockery. These have passed; what remains of all their effort? What of their ambitions, their aspiration? They were not altogether savage.

"To you," they seemed to say, "who know of sending sound across great spaces by wireless telephone and amplifier, of guiding airships in the sky by radio control, these scratches in a rock seem pitiful. Yet a wide step upward from the brute. What of your theories of uplift, of the book you plan to write, to be printed, not in the rock, but on perishable paper? What will coming generations think of your puny efforts?"

An incoming swell lifted him and he paddled away from the walls. He resolved to come back at some other time and get a record of the rock glyphs, a drawing, if he could not manage to secure some sort of a cast, perhaps lift the ledge, or a part of it. It looked as if the island had subsided at some period, either through volcanic action or marine landslip, probably before the fires died down in the gorge of Mount Misery. He would have to tell Harland about these, bring him to see them. And there might be others in various caves. They might yet come across some old remains of temple or idol image on the island.

The tide was turning, beginning to rise; cave exploration grew risky. Brett coasted along until he reached where the reef jutted out from the mountain again to the west. There was a tiny gorge in the shore cliffs, a tree or two, some herbage and the promise of shade. Brett made a landing, ate the food he had brought with him and picked a few guavas. His never very deep enthusiasm in seal hunting had entirely evaporated. They were far from numerous and he decided it was wasting time to look for them. There were plenty of other jobs nearer home.

The breakers were beginning to flow over the reef and to chafe a little as the smooth water slid over the pot-holes and the broken terraces. It was an unusually calm day; there would be few breakers until high water. The long undulations mounted gradually as the tide was drawn shoreward, forced up the slope of the land and spilled on the coral barrier. One or two sharks were nosing about, waiting for high tide to give them free entry to the lagoon. Their backfins cut the water lazily; they did not even trouble to avoid the catamaran. Brett paddled within ten feet of one brute. He could have poked him with his paddle. It was a spotted beast, close to twenty feet long, a reef shark, to whom a man would furnish perhaps a full meal. He could see the pointed, wrinkled snout and the lateral gill clefts.

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Here was his oil. In the big fish's liver. They could use the skin for many things. First catch your shark, he told himself. It would mean stouter hook and line than they had; still, it might be done.

HE PADDLED on. The water was too high for him to try crossing the reef at Turtle Bay so he went round to the opening opposite the mouth of Clear River where the freshwater had discouraged the polyps and left a gate deep enough for the passage of a fair sized ship. As he went he looked for Malone. Idly, because Malone would long since have gathered his basket full of oysters and would be back looking after his pigs.

He could not see the Irishman and his gaze roved landward toward the trim little bungalow, lime-washed, decked with flowers and vines. It looked very homy, very comfortable. Back of it lifted Mount Brett. But even as there had been something unexpected on Mount Misery, there was another surprize forthcoming here. And it seemed as if there was a connection between the two events, though one was an appearance, the second the opposite. For the wreaths of vapor that always hovered above the hot springs were no longer visible. Harland's steam-kitchen had gone on strike or been suppressed, to break out at the far end of the island.

Brett rubbed his eyes. The thing gave him an unpleasant turn. He did not want suggestive disturbances of this sort occurring on Utopia. And then something happened that put the hot springs and the steam completely from his mind. Above the soft *swash* of the slowly rising surf on the reef he thought he heard a cry of distress.

It might have been the voice of a sea-bird scouting for surface fish; it was more of an impression than an actual noise and, if it had not been for a certain haunting quality that appealed to him as the sound of human trouble, he might have dismissed it. He looked seaward, along the reef. The cry came again and he saw three sun-flashes, repeated, the S. O. S. of their heliographic code. It meant that Malone was still on the coral and that he was in difficulty.

The thought of an octopus instantly projected itself and was dismissed. Malone was able to use his hands. Brett tossed aside conjecture and set himself to paddling at top speed, bending the tough wood in his swift and steady stroking, driving the catamaran at tremendous speed over the lagoon surface, inside the reef, his eyes straining to catch sight of Malone or of more flashes, his ears striving to distinguish location by another cry.

Then he saw him—he had paddled a full half a mile. Malone was midway on the reef. He seemed to be kneeling but his whole position was constrained, twisted awkwardly, as if he had broken a leg. While Brett watched, digging his paddle deep, speeding to the rescue, Malone fell over on all fours and a surge of broken water half-enveloped him. The tide was perhaps a foot and a half high. If Malone was trapped there in some way, he would be a drowned man inside of an hour.

Brett feared to take his craft over the reef. It was not a question of depth of water but of the rapidly augmenting turbulence with the rising of the tide and the piling up of the inevitable breakers. Calm day though it was, the wash and drag of the broken rollers would pound the catamaran to pieces in short order unless he was out of there within a few minutes. Equally to attempt to swim in such a turmoil would be suicide. Backwash would roll him, would suck the water clear of the pitted and channeled coral and the next wave would fling him, battered and slashed, ground against the jaws of the reef.

Opposite Malone, Brett tossed over his anchor of rock with its sennit cable, shot overboard himself and clubbed through the short distance before he could find footing and start to wade through the stiff rip that foamed and eddied about his calves, rising about his knees in an effervescence of hissing foam.

He could not see the channels, the basins underfoot. The reef was a wilderness of irregular terraces, cracked and split and pitted. It was not easy traveling when the tide was clear of it and now he could not see through the yeasty aeration of the swirling waters, hurrying to claim this no-man's land that lay between ocean and lagoon.

He dared not be reckless but the sight of Malone's face urged him to prodigious effort. The staring eyes did not seem to recognize help at hand; the Irishman's face was a pasty gray, wet with brine, drawn with fear and pain. His mouth was open

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and it moved, but no sound issued that reached Brett.

He was still on all-fours and he looked like a trapped animal. The seas mounted the slope of the outer reef-edge, lipped the coral, broke formation and came hurrying, rustling, foaming across the ledge, clutching at Malone, testing the strength of Brett's stance, warning them of cumulative wrath soon to be applied.

A hoarse groan came from Malone as Brett reached him, stooped, took him by the arm.

"No use, Brett. Get out of here. I'm done."

"Broken your leg?"

Brett tried to get Malone on his feet and the latter resisted, shaking his head.

"No," he said as the water subsided. "I'm caught. A —— shellfish got me by the ankle! Big as a house. I'm done."

He collapsed, half-dragging Brett down as he dropped again on hands and knees. Brett's jaws set grimly and his eyes filled with worry. Malone had been trapped by a giant clam. His brain flicked out a memory, the name of the mollusk, tales of divers caught and held till they were drowned—a comparatively speedy death, if a terrible one—only a minute or two of agonized realization before the tortured lungs were forced to admit the choking water. But Malone, here, chained to the rock by the muscles of *Tridacna Gigas*, muscles that were remorseless as the grip of a bulldog's jaws, that would hold even after the death and decomposition of the shell's inmate. It was a crashing horror.

They had seen these clams in the reef pools, lying with their valves a little apart, the orifices filled with iridescent jelly. They had poked sticks into them for fun and the lips had closed down inexorably upon the wood, mantle-muscles and dorsal hinge contracting instinctively, not to release until the slow senses of the invertebrate decided that the intruder held no nourishment.

Otherwise—Brett dared not guess at the awful process of assimilation that would take place. His brain still reeled, seeking solution, seeing none save crude amputation, hacking at the imprisoned limb with Malone's tomahawk. The club he had taken with him to kill seals was in the catamaran—of no use anyhow. The shell could not be smashed nor the anchorage of the mollusk broken from the rock. It was almost impossible to get at it. The tenacity of a rock oyster often resisted all efforts and some of the *tridacnas* weighed several hundred pounds.

The eyes of the two men met, faltered. Malone had read Brett's mind.

"I'd bleed to death if you cut my foot off," he half-whimpered in the interval between waves. "But—can't stand drowning! Got your knife?"

Brett's knife was a selected fragment of obsidian. It was the best tool they had. But to sever flesh and tendon and bone under the most favorable circumstances—it was not to be thought of. Neither had he brought it with him on the trip—only the club. He shook his head.

"I lost my ax," said Malone, his voice muffled with shouting and the dread horror of his situation. "Lost when I stepped in—*it*. Knew what it was before I looked down. Should have bin careful. Covered with weed, it was. Big as a house, Brett! For God's sake stay with me—don't leave me, Brett! Ah-h!"

A wave lifting higher than its forerunners tumbled on the sea-edge of the reef with a muffled boom, like the tolling of a great bell of doom. Its broken wash rushed here and there, laving the two men, tugging at them.

" 'Tis an awful death." Malone shivered, crossed himself. "You'll not leave me, Brett. I'm not scared to die, I'm not afraid of hell. I'm not askin' for any priest. I'm havin' my hell an' my purgatory right here. To wait—there may be sharks! Brett," his voice lifted to a shriek, "you've got to kill me. Kill me now, with something. A club! I can't stand this."

His face worked pitifully, tears streamed down his face already soaked with brine and he clutched Brett by his wrists, praying to him.

Brett looked about him at the bright day, the clear colors of land and sea, the cloudless day, the blue of the rising sea, mounting minute by minute, streaking and snaking ever higher over the reef. He had thought that they had conquered Nature, won her from her cruelties and all the time Nature had waited patiently, relentlessly, conscious of many traps, waiting for them to make a slip. Now her bright face laughed at their agonies.

He knelt, feeling for Malone's foot. The leg was swollen badly. It must be holding

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all the agony of a tourniquet. He touched the fluted valve lips, sensing the great size of the clam. Malone's despairing voice sounded in his ear.

"There's the prof. He's on the porch. I think he's lookin' this way. He must see us. But it wont do any good. This is a —— of a way to go, Brett! You'll stick as long as you can. He's coming."

Malone had dropped his flash-stone when he grasped for Brett. But no signal was now necessary. Harland had seen there was trouble of some sort and was hurrying down to the water where there was a little outrigged canoe. He was an indifferent waterman and the craft was a cranky one. He came across the lagoon, clumsily dipping his paddle, with little strength back of the strokes, seeming to crawl.

Between him and Brett's anchored catamaran there suddenly glided the fin of a shark. It was probably that of the spotted brute he had seen outside. Malone saw it also and shuddered. With pain and long endurance, with the frightful horror of his death staring him in the face, debilitating his manhood, Malone was losing all control.

Brett's imagination beat about his brain like a wild bird seeking egress from a cage. There must be some way out. Some way to save Malone! Not to discover it was criminal. But how? How?

The rise of tide would not be sufficient to drown Brett, if he was able to maintain a footing on the reef. The depth of water should not come above his chest, at best. But Malone was anchored. The *tridacna* was affixed to the rock at a plane angle of forty-five degrees. Malone could only stand at all with both knees bent, an insupportable attitude for any length of time. Could Brett hold his own stance and manage to keep Malone's head above water? He would have to try; that was the least that could be done.

He did not think the shark would risk a charge in four feet of water for fear of stranding. He had learned that sharks hated shallow water as the devil is reputed to abominate the blessed variety. The chief danger lay in the matter of the strength he would need to support Malone, the long wait until the tide turned.

Then he must wait until the end of the ebb before he could try to force the great valves apart, with the grisly alternative of some sort of amputation as a last resort before the tide should turn again, before nightfall.

The dynamo of his will, surcharging every ganglion battery, every connection, illuminating the searchlight of reason beneath which there swiftly passed in review all contextual suggestions from the inimitable filing-cabinet of the brain, flashed at last upon a possible solution, and Brett shifted from thought to action.

"We'll get you out of this, old chap," he said, and his voice was so confident that it brought back a spark of hope to Malone's dull eyes. "We'll have to fight it out a bit. I've got to leave you for a few minutes. Got to get in touch with Harland. He can't come any closer without getting in trouble. But I'll be back—let go of me and buck up for a bit, Malone. I'll be back and see you through. I swear it."

The swash of a wave covered Malone's buttocks and only his shoulders and head appeared above the surf as he crouched. He dragged at Brett in desperation and the latter saw plainly that he could never sustain Malone through hours of flood and ebb with the pounding of broken crests and vicious undertows battling against them every moment. His solution covered that—if it worked. He had to break Malone's hold to get away.

"Don't go, Brett. There's the shark!"

Brett knew all about the shark. He had been nerving himself to make the dash for his catamaran with the fin of the man-eater on patrol in front of him, between him and his moored craft. It might have never known the taste of human flesh but it seemed to Brett as if that would be no bar to a first attempt.

It had to be done. He called out to Harland, hovering uncertainly off the reef, yelling to him to strike the surface with his paddle, and he flung himself flat on the water, smashing it with his body, flailing it with his limbs, churning it into noisy froth in the crawl stroke while his flesh goose-pimpled and his best exertions seemed effortless. The fin had immediately disappeared but he had lively visions of the shark turning under him, opening its maw—up to the last moment when he clung to the catamaran's gunwale and kicked from the knees down, water-vaulting to safety.

For a few seconds he lay in the narrow bottom of the hull he had boarded, sobbing from effort and the weakness of over tested

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nerves. Then he sat up to find Harland paddling alongside.

"Malone's been trapped by a giant clam," he said. "We can't do a thing to release him until the last of the ebb. Got to keep his strength up and his head above water until that time. Have you got a rope and anchor rock in that canoe? Good! Give them to me.

"You paddle back and bring out some grub right away. Warm, if you can. Then get a lot of fuel, pitchy stuff, short pieces. I'll want them, with a flat stone and fire—not fire-stones, though you'd better bring them in case of emergency. Fill the other catamaran with fuel and tow it out when you come. Bring some of those long hardwood poles. We'll try levers, and some loose stones for wedges. I don't want any of these things until the ebb—except the food. I want that right away. Then fire, fuel, lots of pitchy knots, hardwood poles, stones for wedges, don't forget a flat stone for the fire itself; and more food. We'll be needing it by that time.

"I'm going to try to anchor the catamaran on the reef for a platform that Malone can cling to. It may last out. I'm going to stay out there and help him through. He's lost all his nerve, poor devil, and his leg must hurt him horribly, though I'm hoping its numb. Now you paddle off and get the grub and bring it up as close to the reef as you can. I'll get it somehow. We'll handle that when you get back and make it as soon as you can."

HARLAND paddled off, making good progress under the stress of the affair and Brett rested in the catamaran for a few moments, arranging the second hawser and anchor rock. Malone watched him. The waves were now breakers, drumming on the ledges, seething over the reef to the lagoon, their impulse continuing shoreward, aiding the professor's feverish stroking. A smothered yell came from Malone. A wave had overwhelmed him, knocking him flat, twisting his captive leg, half-drowning him before he humped up through the surf.

Brett drove the catamaran for the reef, fairly over it, close to Malone, and tossed out his anchor rock. He had temporarily joined the two ropes together so that he could pay off the full length when Harland got back and not have to swim the dangerous channel again. The shark was back in its old position, swimming back and forth in a measured beat that must have been inspired by some special desire and purpose. Brett did not feel like risking a second journey.

Malone clung to the outrigger and Brett assisted him to a better position between the two hulls of the catamaran, made of light logs that they had charred and chiseled out until they were mere shells. Malone got an elbow over either gunwale and Brett hauled short on the rock so that Malone might not be jerked against his ankle.

The device gave him confidence and Brett told him of his general plan. Harland had reached the shore. They saw him hurry up to the bungalow and come out again with a clay pot wrapped in green leaves and bark cloth. The catamaran bucked with the waves but the buoyant way it rode gave Brett encouragement. The trouble was that, owing to the position of the *tridacna*, Malone's position was cramped, the play of his body against the force of the water limited.

One good thing was that the warm, tropical water did not interfere with blood circulation. They did not have to fear cramps or flesh shrinkage for many hours of exposure. Brett asked Malone if his leg hurt him.

"Not now. It did for a while. Now it's sorter numb but there's a funny feelin' in my foot."

Brett called his attention to Harland's coming on. An idea had come out from the back of his mind that he could not dismiss, a question as to what the powerful gastric juices of the giant clam might be doing to the Irishman's foot.

"Here's Harland," he said. "I'm going to get the grub. Have to leave you a minute but I'll haul right back. Then I'll put out a second anchor. You'll get a ducking, maybe two, but you'll have a hot bellyful to make up for it."

The pot of savory fish chowder was transferred safely and Harland returned for the second time to get his fuel ready. Brett fed Malone from a clay dipper, took some himself, placed the pot in the bottom of the catamaran when they could eat no more and prepared for the siege, inhauling the rope, disengaging one portion, setting out two anchors.

After an hour, the catamaran shooting back and forth like a shuttle, Malone's face

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began to get gray. His leg was paining him with sharp twinges that shot up to his groin. It was impossible to avoid wrench after wrench and his strength was fast leaving him. Brett inhauled and recast his rocks, which continually dragged. This time one seemed to slip into some crevice where it caught and held. Then he went overboard and put an arm about Malone, one hand clinging to the outrigger poles that went clear across both hulls and served to bind them together.

The seas grew higher and fiercer, battering and buffeting them. They had no method of gaging time, save by the shadows in the gulches of Mount Brett. Once in a while they saw Harland hurrying down to the beach with an armload of fuel. Then Malone fainted and Brett had his dead weight to contend with. He was perpetually torn off his feet, stretched out like a piece of seaweed, grasping his solitary hold, striving to protect Malone from a sudden tug. The fear grew upon him that the acids of the *tridacna's* stomach might have poisoned Malone. Perhaps his foot—pulped by digestive fluid—might come off. That would free them—but . . . .

He realized that he was becoming semi-delirious, fighting in that shallow maelstrom that appeared to grow momentarily fiercer.

There was a jerk and the catamaran spun to one side. Brett caught a glimpse of a severed coir hawser. One anchor had gone, chafed off against the coral edge of the rift where it had lodged. And an outrigger was working free. He could no longer see the land; he was too dizzy. Spray smashed him in the face, filled his gasping mouth with water. It swirled about his armpits, about his neck when for a second his feet touched the reef. He was certain that Malone must be drowned. A voice repeated over and over to him that he was a fool, a fool, a fool! Self-preservation was the first and the best law of the primitive. Malone is dead! You are fighting for a corpse. Dead! Let go, you fool, climb in the catamaran before it goes to pieces and get ashore.

Doggedly he held on, blinded, weak as a drowning kitten. The afternoon shadows were lengthening, the sun was shifting, the tide was going down—it was going down.

He passed into lethargy, his conscious mind dulled but instinctively fighting the seas. The catamaran was torn from his hold, the second hawser parted. He fell flat on his face, an arm still about the limp body of Malone. His knees and shins were torn and bloody, his hands scraped, his palms split. He could not rise but remained on hands and knees while the sucking waters drained, drained, and left him stranded—the catamaran in the lagoon. The tide was almost down. Where was Harland?

The next wave barely reached his body that bridged the gushing water. Malone?

Malone was beside him, his sagging head on the saddle of Brett's body. The westering sun shone full upon them, warming. It was close to the end of the ebb.

There was Harland, coming out with a load of wood in tow.

The subsiding waters seemed to have lost all power, all desire to sweep them from the reef. They gurgled and slopped about them in yeasty runlets. Brett sat on the coral, his knees hunched, Malone's head in his lap. It was almost comfortable. The sun seemed to give him strength. And he had lasted through. Had it been worthwhile? He slipped a hand over Malone's heart. There was movement there. The Irishman was tough. He lived. But his leg was a horrible sight. It was puffed beyond shape and the color was blotchy purple.

Each wash and drain of water left more reef exposed. Harland made slow progress. He seemed to be making sure his fire did not go out. Brett saw him stop paddling to attend to it where it smoked and sparked on a flat stone. There were patches of the reef quite exposed now, entirely unreached by the wash. Pools began to show. He saw their two anchor rocks, one wedged, the other close by, where he could reach it. He drew it toward him and used its fairly flat surface for a pillow for Malone. The ripples could not reach him now.

He got up, staggering, and looked to where Malone's foot disappeared between the fluted edges of the great clam shells, between which there showed the prismatic jelly. The malignancy of the fiendish thing that had lain in wait and then clamped down upon the victim stung Brett to action, fetched up reserves of nerve force. They would fight and win.

IT WAS very calm now that evening was drawing on. The lagoon was like a millpond. The shark had gone out with the tide. Harland brought the two craft close up to the reef. He had

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brought another painter and rock and Brett placed the anchor while the professor threw out the long poles of hardwood and then blew at the fire on the flat stone. It was of porous lava and had not taken on much heat. They unloaded and took the fire over close to Malone.

"I've got some more fish soup," said Harland. "You look all in."

"Well, I'm not, yet. Look at that leg, will you? It takes my appetite but I'll tell you one thing, Harland, I'd give a year or so of life for one good drink of brandy just now. I need a quick, hard kick. I'll try the levers first. You keep that fire going."

The levers failed to budge the tremendous pressure. Brett judged the *tridacna* would have but a few automatic movements. The thing had no brain. Instinct made it open its valves when the system needed food, close them when something crossed the fringes of its mantel. Without entire assimilation, without satisfaction, the creature must know its prey was still incompletely trapped. What stimulus would make it open?

The memory of the oysters with which he had preserved their lives on the first day of landing had given him his idea. Fire! It would give the mollusk fearful inconvenience, if not actual pain. He imagined it was the hinge muscle that controlled the closing of the shells. That was impossible to reach. The valves were apart merely the thickness of the anklebone of Malone's foot. Prodding encountered resistent gristle, too tough for penetration.

He put the thin stones brought for wedges into the fire now burning fiercely. And he put in the ends of the poles.

First he began to pack the opening with bits of redhot ash that seared and hissed as they touched the flesh. As fast as a stone glowed he thrust it in. He poked with the burning ends of the hardwood poles. The professor feverishly assisted him. The great shells remained immobile but the smell of burning meat grew more and more distinct. They tried again with the poles as levers but without success, though they strained until the wood bent against the fulcrum of rock. The sun sank steadily, nearing the ridge of Mount Misery.

Brett packed more live coals between the bony lips. They hissed and steamed and sank. On top of them he added reheated slivers of obsidian. A sickening stench arose.

The top shell seemed to move, to lift. He leaped and caught Malone by the shoulders, shouting to the sweating Harland.

"Shove in the hot poles—far as you can. Put in all the fire!"

Harland had brought with him certain flat pieces of slaty stuff that they had fitted with primitive handles and used as scoop or shovel. He drew together the remainder of the fiery ash and spread it. Steam and stink came from the mollusk. The top shell distinctly quivered, parted from the lower with a sucking sigh. Brett tugged and Malone came free; his foot coming from the fringing mantle with a *plop* of released suction. Instantly, as though conscious that now the way was clear to clamp down against all enemies, the *tridacna* closed its shells as tightly as ever pistonhead was seated. The edge of a razorblade could not have been placed between the valves, no power short of a steam hammer could have disturbed the invertebrate mass ensconced between the underplate and the curving upper shell.

Malone's leg was a bad thing to look at. Where the shells had gripped him there was a deep depression, scarlet ringed against the puffed, purple flesh from ankle to crotch, the leaden color of the foot, about which the sandal was still fastened. With one quick glance of relief Brett determined that no process of digestion had worked its acids on the foot. It had not been intruded far enough to touch any digestive apparatus. The swelling was due to the constriction. There should be no blood-poisoning. Only a great deal of agony for Malone as circulation was restored.

Suddenly Brett felt nauseated, faint with the exhaustion of overexertion. He had set his mind upon the one possibility of opening the giant *tridacna* through fire and rigorously refused any suggestion of its failure. But the intimation had been there, knocking insistently on the back door of his resolution.

Now he had won out, reaction set in like the recoil of an exploded cannon. It was all he could do to aid Harland get Malone into the catamaran. Of the two the professor was far the stronger man for the time and he had risen magnificently to the occasion.

"You need food and sleep," he said to Brett. "You get both those and I'll attend to Malone. What he wants is hot and cold cloths. Circulation's impeded."

Brett nodded weakly.

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"Think you're right. Maybe if we can get him to the steam oven or the hot pool the sulfur will help. Can't do any harm.

"Steam's all vanished. That's why I didn't think about the long time Malone was on the reef or look for him. Either the fissure has closed or the volcanic fires of the island have died out altogether. Relief in one way but a nuisance in another. That steam and hot water were mighty convenient."

He spoke while gently chafing the leg of the still unconscious Malone. Brett kept paddling steadily though things had lost all perspective. He could not feel his paddle nor the weight of the water against the blade. Malone was indistinct. Harland seemed speaking from a long way off, out of a fog that distorted him.

Brett clung to realities as a man might cling to a rope over an abyss. What was Harland saying—that the steam had gone? Why, he knew that, but he had forgotten it. The steam hadn't actually gone; it had broken out on Mount Misery. But that wasn't worthwhile telling just now. It didn't matter. All that mattered was to get Malone ashore and then to lie down.

He had a bed with woven rawhide between the sides of the frame, a mattress of evergreen needles and sheets of barkcloth. Never had couch seemed so luxurious. He dug the paddle in. The fog of fatigue cleared a little and he could see they were close ashore; he could see the bungalow and wondered whether they would ever reach it.

Somehow they achieved it. Harland had Malone's feet. Brett supported him at the shoulders, treading on ground that billowed like the sea, with legs that weaved and weakened. Together they put Malone on a couch. Brett felt Harland's hand between his shoulders gently pressing, urging him to his bunk—to blessed oblivion, forgetful of food.

He woke in the middle of the night, shivering, knotted with cramps that sent him out of the bunk in agony, lifting on his toes, stretching his arms, rubbing biceps and quadriceps in an effort to get rid of the contortions.

Malone was lying in his bunk with his injured leg raised on a bundle, swathed in cloths. He appeared asleep or still unconscious. There were half a dozen pots about the fire and in the ashes. Harland sat dozing in a chair but sprang up at sight of Brett's writhing figure.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Cramps. All my muscles," gasped Brett.

"Lie down. I'll massage you."

He took Brett by the elbow, led him back to his bunk, where Brett collapsed. The prime pain had gone but he still shuddered from head to foot.

"A hot pack and a cold one, after I've kneaded you," said Harland.

Brett felt searching, probing, mercifully stabbing fingers that dexterously found each great exterior muscle and pressed and pinched and slapped. Ease began to come to him; the shuddering ceased. Harland talked to him in a soothing monotone.

"Malone's going to be all right. He spoke to me before he went to sleep. The swelling's going down already. I'll keep changing cloths on him."

"You better get to bed, yourself," said Brett drowsily.

"Not me. A man my age doesn't need sleep. And I'm lots stronger than I was ten years ago. More exercise and less reading. Heavens, Brett, I'm fit! I could run a mile any time. Turn over on your face. How's that? I haven't forgotten my Williams days. I was a track man—sprinter. *Eheu, fugaces . . . labuntur anni.* Remember any of your Horace, Brett? Now then, you're going to sleep—a long, deep sleep, in just a minute."

The professor's voice trailed away, even as Brett was trying to realize how he had underestimated Harland as man of action and emergency. Then he felt the ineffable comfort of hot swathes followed by the bliss of a cold pack wrapped all about him as his body was deftly rolled. Then perspiration breaking from every pore, serenity, sleep.

CLOSE to dawn he had a vision. He saw a naked savage, almost black of skin, with great protruding brows and a shallow skull-pan, asymmetrical of figure, bowed of leg and overlong of arm, his matted hair streaming far down his back in a plait. The man was kneeling in a dry cave, with light coming in from an entrance and a window fissure, filtering down from an overhead opening. Great ferns grew, banked high, a stream of water trickled and made its way through the

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sandy floor. Through the entrance Brett saw the blue-blue sea and heard its murmur, far below.

The man held a stone chisel in one hand and a stone mallet in the other, a rounded rock bound in a cleft stick. With his hammer he struck ponderous blows upon the chisel, scribing deep lines upon a flat-surfaced rock. Brett saw the flaking sparks fly at the impact.

The graver paused, wiped the sweat from his low brow, stretched his arms, showing the mighty muscles in his back crawling beneath the skin like snakes. He turned lithely at his hips and looked at Brett with a friendly grin of irregular, strong teeth.

He did not seem to speak yet Brett heard and understood him.

"We do the same thing, you and I. I at the far end of a chain, you by its latest links. But each thinks he has something to tell, a message. Each has an urge within him to set it down. I in stone and you upon cloth of bark. Perhaps my spirit is in you—and yours once dwelled in me, O my brother! I have written. It is now for you to do the same. Both on this island of the unknown seas. Effort is never loss. Have you not seen my writings! Shall not others see thine? And understand them, seeing these are the days when even little children make marks that are the same as words."

The dream was so vivid, so closely connected with actual happenings, that it brought Brett out of his sleep to see the day bright upon the window that they had paned with white barkcloth treated with pig fat. He felt a little languid but strong enough and free from stiffness. The lassitude departed with action, as he turned out.

Malone was sleeping with the cloths fallen back from his leg in the turn and chafe of sleep. The swelling was greatly reduced except about the ankle. There, where there had been a sunken furrow it was now enlarged where it had been clipped. But he rested easily.

In his own bunk Professor Harland slept like a child, one arm beneath his head, his chest rising and falling equably. Brett looked at him with a suddenly developed filial respect and affection. He had always admired and liked Harland—this was different—a man's love born of mutual unselfishness.

Harland had made him swallow a bowl of chowder before he had put on the packs but Brett was prodigiously hungry. The others, he hoped, would awaken the same way.

He went out of the bungalow softly and dived, naked, from a rock into the lagoon. Equatorial nights were cool; between midnight and sunrise the water had an invigorating temperature. He visited a fish-trap and found three good-sized pompano. These he scaled and dressed, whistling the while beneath his breath. He put on some rice to cook in furiously boiling salt water and set out some ripe guavas.

"A breakfast fit for three kings," he told himself. "It only lacks two things. What slaves of habit we are! But a cigaret and a cup of coffee right now—for all three of us. Phew!"

Unconsciously he looked seaward, where the *Hope* had dropped below the horizon. But there was nothing in sight but dipping gulls and the rose-pearl clouds of dawn.

CHAPTER VI

CRANDALL DECIDES

AFTER his first meeting with Alec Darrach at the latter's club, Walker had many others. Eventually he was usually asked to Darrach's quarters, a suite of rooms in an apartment-flat on Nob Hill, overlooking the bay to Tamalpais. There Darrach's comforts were presided over by a Japanese.

Walker had come up to dinner and afterward the two sat by a large, open window, looking through gaps between eucalyptus trees at the water and the moving lights upon it and the still ones beyond it. Both smoked pipes. Walker smoked almost incessantly, until his tongue and throat were sore. He explained that he was trying to make up for lost time although he felt guilty when he remembered the islanders.

He liked Darrach. They had found a good many things in common outside of Brett and the island, but Walker never felt that he could understand the lawyer.

Darrach seemed to be seeing a jest in all of life and it manifestations, including himself; but Walker, with the steward's instinct that had seldom failed him, set down this jester as a man worthwhile, a man who could purposefully wear a more sober costume than the cap and bells, if he cared.

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Darrach had two hobbies that he confessed to. A liking for the out-of-doors, for long trips into little known places—and the collection of ancient firearms. The walls of his dining-living room were covered with trophies: snaphaunce, flintlock, percussion, from the earliest examples of hand cannon to the latest word in automatics—with an especial flair for American and historical weapons. He believed he had authentic pearifles of Crockett and of Carson, pistols of Washington, dueling-weapons of Burr, a pistol of Andrew Jackson's, another of Lafitte's.

He showed all these to Walker, explaining the mechanisms and development, showing off the carvings of wood, the inlay of metal, the beauties of design, the dolphin triggers and the scrolled guards. And Walker had done his best to appreciate them.

"Queer sort of hobby, eh?" asked Darrach. "And a —— expensive one."

"Want to know wot I think about 'em? They're all by. Dead stuff. Interestin' to know 'ow they improved on 'em, but w'y worry with parst patterns. That's wot interests me." He pointed to a Luger. "To —— with the rest of 'em. Orlright for a kid to play with so long as you know they ain't loaded and 'e can't jam 'is fingers."

"Walker! You are a Goth! A Vandal! An iconoclast! A mere materialist."

"You're talkin' like a dikshunary. You're my 'ost and I tyke it you're not callin' me fightin' names. But, outside of the twentieth-century stuff you've got there, I wouldn't give you tuppence for the lot."

"Others would. But you've got the wrong point of view, Walker. Those are only the illustrations, the pictures to a great book of romance. I'm interested in the technique of the pictures, naturally, but the book's the main thing. I can fill the room any time with the shades of the chaps who've carried them in side and saddle holster, stuck in sash and belt, carried in velvet-lined case to the dueling-ground; a gallant array of fighters, adventurers, swashbucklers, highwaymen, pirates and pickaroons, buccaneers and soldiers and sailors, politicians, gentlemen of nice distinctions of honor, thieves, officers of the law—lord, what a picturesque mob!

"In what causes used? Lost or gained. This might have been handled by *D'Artagnan*, that found on Marston Moor. Primed and fired for love and glory, for gold, for patriotism, for murder, honor or revenge! Bonedust are the great majority of these men while their weapons outlast them. Can't you get the flavor of it all, Walker?"

"Flavor of bonedust. They're all gone. Folks are doin' the syme thing with modern weapons, ain't they? You've got all the 'ighwaymen you want 'oldin' up folks in broad daylight in the cities, robbin' banks single-'anded, swiping trucks full of silk, pinchin' the registered mails off trains an' ferryboats. They still shoot for love and honor, don't they? Still 'ave duels—only you carn't git away with 'em nowadays, they're apt to call it murder an' give you the chair. As for your romance—'ow about a chap spittin' away with a Lewis gun through 'is propeller-blades at 'arf a dozen 'Uns tryin' to down 'im. Wot?"

"I repeat you are a materialist, Walker, but there's a lot in what you say and I'm inclined to subscribe to it. Do you know what Brett wants me to do? Subscribe to his doctrines and go down to the island. I've a good mind to do it. A very good mind. I could take that snaphaunce that you affect to rate at a farthing a dozen and convert it into a Fordson tractor. I could sell the rest to men who would think me crazy to dispose of them and jump to take advantage of my lunacy, for enough to buy all sorts of things—a Delco outfit, a wireless plant.

"It's Brett's idea that our civilization is too civic, if you get what I mean. We have deepened the convolutions of our brain so that they conceive great inventions but we have lost sight of the human impulses, denying our instincts full development, using the great inventions as juggernauts rather than tractors. They should be our servants and they have become our masters. Too many live in cities and split the breed. Brett's going to make an example of the island. Show the road for social equality."

"Brett ain't a socialist."

"God forbid! That word has as much true relation to the inner meaning of socialist as if you called a strawberry an onion. Brett would suggest fellowship as the ideal fulcrum. He wants to do away with the chips in the game of Life and just play it for the sake of the game. There won't be any kitty or any pots but all will have a pleasant time and refreshments will be served. Get me?"

"Most of it."

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"Now, I'm not sure that I agree with Brett. His example may be a fizzle. But you've got to make a lot of examples before you get the answer to the problem and they've got to be figured out before you know whether they're right or wrong. But I think I'll go in with him. It's about time I did something. It'll be a relief to have a definite aim in life."

"Do you mean you'll go back with Mr. Crandall, if he goes?"

"And if he'll take me. And avoid the mister, Walker. In Utopia—I bet you that Brett names the island Utopia, just as Crandall did—in Utopia there shall be no titles, no distinctions. I have been invited, I am Brett's best friend—or was. The trouble is that Crandall is inclined to think me an iconoclast. He believes I used to secretly encourage Brett to put things in the Westward Magazine that were not entirely according to the box-office standpoint.

"Once or twice we got close to the line. Crandall wanted all fiction. Brett wanted fiction that would represent life as it was really lived and Crandall, who was probably right, said that the magazine pages were the same as the stage of a theater, folks wanted to see things magnified, colored, exaggerated virtue and exaggerated vice defeated by said virtue, everybody happy and a general God bless you, my children. The satisfactory ending."

Walker grunted.

" 'Is lips and 'er lips, the moon shinin' on the lake and a fadeout."

"I see you have not associated with O'Neill for nothing. By the way, I have something to show you later about O'Neill."

" 'E wasn't a bad sort, O'Neill. 'E'd been spoiled, but 'e 'ad guts inside 'im."

"Ah. He won't need them in his present occupation. He is to make a personal appearance with his new film in the big cities and press the hands of the flappers as they thrill at his life on a South Sea Isle. But to return to Crandall. He's got guts, too. He's too civic. Though he likes to yacht. He's human in streaks. But I used to kid him at the club—same club as Harland used to belong to—there's a simon pure gentleman for you. He should have been born later—at the millennium. He'd fit very nicely.

"I may have kidded Crandall overmuch. I'll have to convert him to a belief in my sincerity. If he thinks he is deporting me he may leap at the opportunity. Shouldn't wonder."

"It 'ud be fine to 'ave you down there. You know there ain't any wimmin in the scheme?"

"I do. I am not a marrying man, Walker. Women frighten me. They are too infernally persistent along the route of the one thing for which Nature designed them. Also, they are inclined to belittle their man after they have landed him. The modern woman has got too much of the standpoint of the queen bee toward her husband. He is a means to an end, a provider, a parent in very minor degree. I am quite sure that the girls of the next generation, if they speak their thoughts, will state that the idea of matrimony is as irksome to them as it is to some of us males. I'm scared of woman, in close and lasting contact. I do not wish for a better half. I would rather have much smaller fractions, at intervals. And, at my age, there are many things more important than sex."

"Wallaby Brown's the only man I ever knew 'oo was really 'appy, or thinks 'e is. But 'e's been away a long while."

"Absence is a great renovator of affection. It is like the modern photograph, taken slightly out of focus, enlarged until you see a shadowy ideal."

"Brett ain't a woman's man, either. Never was, I reckon."

"That's a large reckon, Walker. Sooner or later we all get the thrill and then the thrall of sex. You see—" his voice lowered, slowed—"Brett was engaged to my sister. She was his ideal—still is. She brought us close together in life—closer by her death. Without prejudice, there were not many women like Barbara. She had never got too civic in her civilization. She used to take the open road with us, many a time."

Walker sucked hard on his pipe, looking at a starry ferry crossing to Sausalito. After a time Darrach got up and turned on more light, tossing some papers to Walker.

"There's all about O'Neill. In the Los Angeles Sunday Supplement. With his leading lady tucked away among four of O'Neill's best stills. I happen to know that girl. She's a plucky one. Left strapped and an orphan. Old man over-watered some stock and, when the dam burst, he went out with it. Mother died of shock and the rotten things said about her husband. Girl, who could ride and swim and play polo and

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do all the rest of the athletic round, went into the movies to earn enough to pay off her dad's debts. Did it. She was a star—is yet. Rather call her a moon, eclipsed by the sun of O'Neill for the present connection."

Walker gave scant attention to O'Neill. Or the girl. He found the sporting page in turning sheets and stopped at sight of the name of Wallaby Brown. Wallaby had knocked out a touted contender for the championship. A manager had approached him to sign him but the Australian had refused to put his name to a contract.

"I've made all I need," said Wallaby in the interview. "I'm going back to Australia. Cabled the missus yesterday. Nothing doing. Home for me. I'm going to be a farmer."

"There's another good man gorn wrong," hummed Walker.

"Yes?"

"Wallaby. Goin' 'ome next week. 'E's myde a nice pile."

"Thanks to you."

"I just 'appened to think of the benefit. If you go with us and put up that wireless, I'm goin' to send 'im a message some day—that 'e's allus welcome. It might 'appen to 'it 'im right."

"It might, at that. Walker, the male of the vertebrates was designed by nature to join in the mating-period and to provide for and protect the offspring until they were able to take care of themselves. Then to go on about his own businesses. The few exceptions, such as swan and man, do not affect the general rule. Man is largely artificial. And an enormous proportion of the earth's present population is polygamous, or so inclined. For myself, I am a misogamist."

"Whatever that is."

"It is an order to which you belong, my son. There's the dictionary."

"I'll tyke your word for it," Walker got up.

"You're goin' to see Crandall termorrer? There's a conference, or whatever they call it, in the mornin', to decide the thing. I'm to see 'im at two o'clock."

"Then I'll try and catch him at the club. If he says yes—look your last upon these weapons, Walker. I shall send out the glad news that the Darrach Collection is for sale. At auction. We'll keep the modern stuff. We'll pot some of those ducks you were telling about. And we'll keep down the dogs and pigs. By the way, we must think of live stock to take along—though it's Crandall's yacht and he may not want to turn it into an ark. I'll take it up with him. A few chickens, anyway. Good-night, Walker. Tomorrow we shall know our fate. Take a cigar. We'll have to grow tobacco down there."

Walker lit his cigar and left, walking down the hill to his notel.

"I suppose 'e's in earnest," he considered. "But I wish I knew w'en 'e was and w'en 'e ain't. 'E's a rum beggar, but I like 'im."

Which was exactly what a lot of other people had said about Alec Darrach—even Crandall.

WHEN Walker arrived at the Westward Publishing Company the next afternoon, asking for President Crandall, he was ushered into the latter's private office, a great-windowed room that blatantly and aggravatingly advertized the West—with a very capital W.

Navaho rugs in vivid colors and cubistic design covered the floor, there were trophies of beaded belts and hatbands, beaded doeskin garments, Indian baskets and Mexican pottery, paintings of the Missions on the paneled walls of burly redwood. The furniture was heavily, aggressively Missionesque, the ceiling false-beamed, the hardware of wrought iron.

It did not bother Walker, except that it made him blink a little. One man surveyed it sardonically, thinking that to complete the picture Crandall should have worn the brown robe of a Benedict, the knotted cord-belt and the sandals.

That person, contentedly smoking in the easiest of the over-stuffed Missionesque armchairs, was Darrach. He nodded at Walker confidentially.

"Crandall accepts me as a guest on the trip, provided I promise never to return, Walker," he said. "You see, Crandall is a sort of Californian Saint Patrick and I am a snake in the poppies."

Crandall laughed. The incumbent editor of the *Westward Magazine*, the only other person present, gave Darrach a swift glance of appreciation. Walker cracked his own nut, looking for the kernel.

"You're goin'?"

"Yes. I shall try to find the island. I shall set aside four weeks in which to search

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for it within a certain probable area. It will be a part of my long-promised trip to Tahiti. I shall call at Hawaii on the way down and see Professor Harland's daughter. Then we shall make for the reported island, of which I spoke the other day, when we first considered this matter.

"It seems to me quite likely that the island has been now and again sighted, remembering that it is comparatively close to the equator and in a zone that is criss-crossed by lanes of sea-travel, not so much used these days as in those before steam usurped sail, but nevertheless more or less used.

"Walker, here, reports it a place of forbidding cliffs that, except upon very close and probably accidental acquaintance, would not promise any sort of harborage.

"I have gathered all the available records of this spot which is set down on the charts as 109° west and 11° south. Most of them are vague. It would seem that those who sighted it were a bit off their best course, having been delayed in the doldrums, drifted about by currents, much as was the catamaran *Hope*. They were in a hurry to get away as soon as possible.

"Moreover, they were none of them curious enough to spare time landing on unknown shores that did not seem over inviting. Two skippers—I quote generally from these reports—" he set a hand on a pile of correspondence— "two skippers who reported the place as an island, described it in their logs as probably barren, rocky, volcanic. One saw it through his glasses on a hazy morning, the other about sunset.

"That is all it may be, but there is one man who wrote down that they saw the island close by, passing it in a squall that opened and disclosed it for a moment. The wind was blowing from it. It carried the sound of breaking surf and it brought the smell of vegetation. That report is ten years old; the skipper has retired from the sea. I traced him back to Salem, Oregon. I wrote him and received an answer. I will read you part of it.

"That noon our position was 108°, 27′ west longitude and 10°, 24′ south latitude. We had been becalmed for eleven days, carried west on an average of seventy miles a day by the Peruvian Current. At one bell, while I was still at dinner, a squall swept down from the northeast. There had been some warning from the barometer so that I was not altogether unprepared and had given my orders before going below. It was one of those equatorial blows that seem to be born spontaneously in the superheated atmosphere—possibly from the formation of a vacuum and, by the time I was on deck again, it was roaring all about us with so vicious a force that I again shortened sail to storm trysails on fore and mizzen and a handkerchief jib. Later I took in the fore-trysail.

"At half past four in the afternoon the squall split suddenly. The clouds back of it parted as if a black curtain had been rent from top to bottom and we saw the sun shining through the sheets of rain, not very brightly, veiled by the downpour, but with a fair light that showed us an island off our port quarter; perhaps three miles distant. It is hard to state the distance. I give my own judgment. I saw it myself, being on deck while the worst of the squall lasted. The sun showed barely longer than a flash of lightning; but I saw the island with high naked cliffs rising from the sea, the boom of a high surf came down the wind as we swept on and I smelled the land.

"You ask me to state what the smell was like. It was the regular landsmell that every seaman knows as he knows the smell of ice. It is stronger in some places than others, as in the Moluccas, off the Spice Islands, but all through the South Seas it is much the same, a sweet, herby smell of bush and trees. You can't mistake it and you can't fool my nose even today, and I was sixty-eight last week.

"There were trees on that island, lots of them, trees and grass and ferns and flowers. That did not make me want to visit it. A ship is a floating place of business, I take it. A skipper has time enough wasted—on a sailing ship—without stopping to overhaul strange islands. It didn't look like a place of good harbors to me, though there may have been. I wasn't interested. Anyway, we were sailing past her at a good fourteen knots and, by the grace of God, we had missed her, whereas we might have been flung on the reef. It seemed as if the squall had opened to show us our peril and make us give thanks. So I noted it in the log that night.

"But I am as certain the island is not barren as I am sure there is grass on my lawn here in Salem. I so reported it.

"I set down its position only as arrived at by longitude of account, or dead reckoning, averaging my speed, knowing my course, reckoning from the noon position. It corresponds with the island already reported and marked upon the Government and British admiralty charts.

"There is no question but what there is an island there and that it has vegetation. It is probably uninhabited. Inhabited islands have a knack, sooner or later, of getting in touch with ships. There are mighty few inhabited islands these days that are not known to the traders, usually through the natives getting in communication with a ship or being known to the nearest natives of near-by islands. The last is the most general method."

Crandall folded up the letter.

"There's more but it is not entirely to the point I am making. This Captain Renny is a garrulous old bird but I have learned that he is a precise man for details and was considered an expert navigator and one who knew his South Pacific, which

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he had sailed, man and boy, for forty-four years.

"So I go to this place in the strong hope that it is Brett's island. If we don't show up again within three months, or nothing is heard from us within that time, after we leave Honolulu, it will give a definite point for a relief party. I see no reason for the latter save as a special precaution. The *Seafarer* is a fine vessel, equipped with an auxiliary engine and a wireless, and we have an excellent sailing master and a good crew, but where the *Marama* went down so may a lesser vessel.

"There is a good deal of room on the *Seafarer*, but we are not going to use it all. Mr. Darrach, a close friend of Brett, who has a direct invitation from him, is going to be another voluntary exile and participator in the great experiment that Brett may work out on his island with the materials we are going to take him. Brett sends some money for that material through Mr. Walker.

"The Westward Company gladly augments this list as part payment for what we trust will be an interesting and illuminating series of articles. Later we hope to publish Brett's book on sociology. Mr. Darrach may have some manuscript for us. And Mr. Darrach, quite naturally, wishes to take down certain equipment as his share in the island enterprise.

"I want to make it quite clear that this is not a purely philanthropic expedition nor an errand of mercy. There are no lives to be saved. Brett wants to stay there, whether Harland or Malone do by this time or not. In exchange for finding him and taking him things needful for his plan's fulfilment, together with the restoration of Mr. Walker and the addition of Mr. Darrach, the Westward Company expects greater circulation, increased advertizing and considerable general prestige from its readers.

"We expect to publish a preliminary article on this expedition, another on our return, with such matter as we may get from Brett and Harland, or from Darrach, aside from Brett's book. Harland's 'Aeneid' has another publisher or we should like to do that. Altogether, we should get considerable kudos, many dividends upon the initial cost.

"If we are successful I shall consider myself justified in charging up a proportion of my expense with the *Seafarer* to the Westward Publishing Company. If we do not find the island I shall bear all the expense myself. But I have little fear of that end to our trip. I may add that I tried to get Captain Renny to go with us but he declines on account of age, his flower-garden and a new grandchild. But I believe that his account of the splitting squall, the uncharted island disclosed in the pallid sunlight and the smell of trees and grass and ferns blown off the high cliffs is the shell to a mighty real kernel. We'll find an island there, whether it is the one where Brett is or not. If not we'll go on looking. And we shall not have wasted our trip.

"It must be plain to you two gentlemen, as it is to Mr. Holland and myself, that we feel the daily press has had a fair share of publicity out of all this. We do not wish to say anything about the trip to any one until the *Seafarer* has cleared, ostensibly for my long projected voyage to Tahiti. The day after we sail the magazine will appear with the first story. Then the press can get after it and we hope they will, since they must play up the *Westward Magazine* whenever they mention the matter. Which constitutes real publicity."

Crandall smiled as he nodded to Holland, the editor. So did Darrach.

"Advertizing, as distinguished from publicity, as I take it," Darrach said, "is to cajole or entice the press into printing matter in the news columns free of charge, the same being far more valuable than costly matter which can not be disguised as anything but the intentional output of those who will benefit by its assimilation on the part of the public."

"Exactly, Mr. Darrach. Concise and to the point. Therefore I am asking you to keep your fingers off the trigger. Publicity of this sort is a loaded gun, dangerous when prematurely discharged or badly aimed. I don't want a backfire.

"Mr. Holland is coming with us. He is going to consider the trip as a long-owing and needed vacation though I fancy he'll be busy enough after we reach the island. There will be two photographers for still and moving pictures. I do not foresee any other passengers."

"No lydies?"

Crandall, Darrach and Holland laughed.

"You should have a flaming sword to protect your paradise, Mr. Walker. There

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will be none this trip unless Professor Harland's daughter accompanies us, which is doubtful. However, there have been ladies on the *Seafarer* on other trips and in view of the possibility of Harland's daughter wanting to go I shall take along our stewardess, unless she would rather remain behind. She is almost indispensable as the *Seafarer's* housekeeper."

"Single?"

"A widow."

"Lor' lummy. I could act as stooard, Mr. Crandall."

"Only part way. Mrs. Wood is quite harmless. I do not think she will have designs upon you, Walker."

Walker sniffed.

"It's just the 'armless ones as is dangerous," he muttered. "When do we start?"

"It is impossible for me to get away inside of six weeks. I have some business ends to tuck away. So has Holland. The *Seafarer* has got to be overhauled, put on the ways for bottom cleaning and bronze painting, outfitted. I imagine you'll be busy a good part of that time, Walker. You are to be supercargo, so far as the island is concerned. Then Darrach has got to sell his collection, he tells me."

" 'Ow long will it tyke us to get there?"

Crandall consulted a chart and made some penciling.

"Thirty-five hundred miles is the very least we can call it. I won't be able to carry gasoline enough for the whole trip, I'll need some after leaving there to get through the doldrums. We'll have some calms and light winds. Better call it four weeks."

"That'll bring it to C'rismus before we land."

"It can't be helped, I am afraid."

'Orl right. W'ot you carn't 'eal, bear without squeal. But it's goin' to be a long six weeks for me, sir."

CHAPTER VIII

THE GLORY OF O'NEILL

THE *Seafarer* was of somewhat unusual rig, being an old-style ketch with mainmast and small mizzen set forward of the rudder post and square top sails on the main. She carried jib, forestaysail and flying jib. The setting of the masts gave chance for a big maincabin free of butts and forward of the engine, which made for coolness and convenience. The squaresails were especially adapted for a run where they might count on a northeast breeze behind them for more than half the way down.

With mizzen and small jib, or staysail, the ketch could nose straight into a headwind and comfortably ride out a gale with the wheel in a becket—or so Crandall declared. She was a hundred and ten feet over all with a beam of twenty-six and a depth of eleven and a half. Her gross tonnage was a hundred and fifty. Her bows spooned slightly and she had a fair overhang at the stern, covering her rudder and propeller play. With her engine she could make eight knots. Under canvas and reaching, Crandall swore she had made twelve.

She had never won any cups but the members of the San Francisco Yacht Club, in which fleet she was registered, did not go in much for bluewater regattas. One or two venturesome members went as far down the coast as San Diego, usually keeping in sight of land. The main thing was that she was seaworthy, built of the best materials in Stone's shipyard, well-lined and with stowage room for a considerable cargo.

In the last matter she ultimately gave Walker and the sailing-master, with his mate, a good deal of trouble before they had her laden. Reluctantly they had to leave behind a good many things that both Crandall and Darrach wanted to take along. Crandall had struck against livestock, excepting chickens, which might or might not survive the trip, according to their vitality and lack of seasickness. An ice-machine was carried on deck. Darrach had pleaded hard for a cow and compromised on condensed milk.

The yacht club ways were not sufficient for the purposes and the ketch was towed across to Oakland Creek for scraping and three coats of bronze compound guaranteed to resist all tropic growths. The engine was taken down and set up again, a larger tank for gasoline substituted. It all took time, yet time dragged for Walker. He lived at Oakland when he was not crossing the bay with supplies.

The sixth week arrived and the *Seafarer* was anchored off the yacht club float when Mrs. Wood, the stewardess, arrived. She was

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inclined to plumpness and she was not very tall. She was fair and she was somewhere around thirty. Even Walker, who shied at sight of her like a fractious horse, admitted finally to Darrach that she was capable.

" 'Ang on till they get w'ot they want like a winkle to a rock, that kind," he said. "I know 'em. She's orl right and she ain't goin' to bother me none but I wish Crandall 'ad left 'er 'ome, or she'd wanted to stay. Some say woman's plyce is in the kitchen. I don't go as far as that but I do s'y they ought to stay on land.

"The sea's no plyce for 'em—in a bisness way. Did you ever know a skipper who took 'is wife to sea? Well, I 'ave—three of 'em. They was mis'rable. A woman allus thinks she knows more than a man. Let your wife into your office or your shop an' you're done. She'll boss you twenty-four 'ours out of the day any time she gets a charnce. These three was runnin' the ship in jigtime. Even got so they thought they knew w'en to shorten sail. A woman may be a good cook but, w'en she gets into bisness, she's allus stirrin' the soup. I'm goin' to tell 'er I'm a—wot was that word you used?"

"Misogamist."

"That's it. I'm goin' to tip the mate to tell 'er I'm that—and a 'ard one."

"Seen the San Francisco papers?" asked Darrach.

"I 'aven't been across the Bay for three days. W'y?"

"Your friend O'Neill is to make the public appearance that was heralded in the paper I showed you in my rooms that time. Both O'Neill and his leading lady, Miss Stratton. The Stellar Films are opening their new theater, the finest on their circuit. O'Neill will appear and so will the girl. O'Neill is to make a speech and they are both to hold a reception in the foyer after the performance to those who care to meet them. Here's all about it." He took a paper from his pocket and handed it to Walker. "I thought you might like to see him."

" 'E ain't interested in me any more," said Walker. " 'E'll be peacockin' an' thinkin' about nothing but what a long, fine tail 'e 'as, and is it spread proper?"

"I got a couple of seats," Darrach went on. "They're a bit scarce. I'm curious to see him, myself."

"Oh, I'll go erlong. Are they showin' 'is new film already?"

"No. This is advance advertizing. A clever enough scheme to bring him prominently before the public after his temporary disappearance."

"Humph!"

Walker shoved the paper in his own pocket and read it later.

O'Neill was to appear in the larger cities of the West before going east for the same purpose. His part, and that of Dorothy Stratton, his beautiful co-star, in the making of the new film, the first since his return, to be called "The Castaways," was completed. There were certain scenes to be made where the principals did not appear; the film had yet to go through the cutting-room. It would be released on a carefully calculated schedule following O'Neill's receptions and his speeches in which he was to tell something of his adventures and the source whence he was supposed to have derived the inspiration for so great a masterpiece as "The Castaways" was heralded to be.

The new theater was to be called the Sunkraft Theater and was the last word in convenience and luxury. It had been rushed to completion, though planned before the War. O'Neill was to introduce Dorothy Stratton from the stage and then both would hold a reception at which souvenirs would be given out and all might shake the hands of the handsomest of leading men and the most beautiful of leading ladies.

Walker read it all with grunts of disapproval. Grunted again at the three-column cut of O'Neill and the smaller one of Dorothy Stratton, over which he spent more time.

"This the girl you s'y is a thoroughbred?" he asked. "I'll s'y she looks it. Looks like she might 'ave more sense than to go peacockin' round like that. Though O'Neill 'll get all the glory."

"I can hardly imagine Dorothy Stratton enjoying that sort of thing," said Darrach. "But it is probably in the contract that she had to sign to serve her own ends."

"Wonder if she's in love with O'Neill, or 'im with 'er?"

"Ah," answered Darrach dryly, "I wonder? Thought you weren't interested in those things, Walker."

"Well, I'd 'ate to see a thoroughbred chuck 'erself aw'y on O'Neill. 'E might 'ave been different if 'e'd picked another job but it fair spoiled 'im. I'll bet there's times when that bloke thinks 'e's the Prince of Wyles."

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WHATEVER Walker's private opinion there was no doubt about the eagerness of the movie-going public to see O'Neill and Dorothy Stratton, with O'Neill as the prime attraction. The S. R. O. sign was displayed long before the bulk of the audience, confident in the possession of seats reserved for the occasion, began to arrive. The big foyer was banked with flowers and a little dais had been erected at one end with hooks for the stretching of ropes between which the adulating crowd must pass at the close of the performance. The astuteness of the publicity director was displayed in other arrangements.

Just before the end of the program a Stellar Films drama of the so-called society problem type, O'Neill was to appear in a special set consisting of deep purple curtains with the famous S and F embroidered upon them in Old English capitals, palms crowding the wings and a spot for the star's face after he had been calciumed full length. Music that the audience, anyway, would recognize as South Sea music, would rise from the specially augmented orchestra, to be stilled by a genial, graceful wave of the star of the silver sheet.

After the speech that should prove the actor could have graced the stage of the spoken word had he not preferred the artistry of the pictured drama, O'Neill was, with an appropriate introduction, to pass down a runway specially constructed and, finding Dorothy Stratton in an aisle seat close to the center loges, lead her back to the stage for her calcium and her bow.

Then—full lights, a burst of music, bouquets and O'Neill squiring the lady down a second runway, passing through the second main aisle on the way to the foyer and the reception.

Souvenirs with rotogravures of the stars on kid-surfaced paper, with the program of the evening, a synopsis of "The Castaways," an injunction not to miss that supreme effort when it was released were ready for distribution. A necklace of South Sea beads—not guaranteed but plausible looking—for every lady.

Walker and Darrach enjoyed the news service, endured a saccharine light comedy and were alternately bored and entertained by the puny plot and powerful photography of the feature.

Then came a general shuffling of feet a shifting of heads, of bodies, a rustle of expectancy as all craned forward to their best points of vantage. The Sunkraft Theater was planned for perfect sight. There were no pillars; the main floor sloped so that every row had a fair elevation. The boxes were recessed; the three balconies winged gracefully about two-thirds of the auditorium that was exquisitely decorated in ivory and gray and gold, with flat pilasters and general Palladian design. An almost continuous opening for ventilation ran along the cornice, possible in the mild climate. The lighting was largely concealed.

During the intermissions harmonic lights played on the screen in sympathy with the music. The usherettes were picked for slender beauty, their costumes changed to suit the program. The seats were wide and there was plenty of space between the rows. Hidden fans helped to keep the air in gentle motion and the racing blades drove currents out through treated cloths that diffused a subtle, dainty perfume. It was the last word in theaters.

Walker and Darrach sat in a loge. Four rows ahead of them, on the aisle, Darrach pointed out to Walker where Dorothy Stratton waited for her part in the publicity program.

The orchestra commenced to play the number "Reef and Palm." The lights went down. The curtain went slowly up. Footlights and one border revealed the purple curtains, the palms, then dimmed. A calcium splayed the dividing folds and showed O'Neill in his faultless evening dress, Tyrone O'Neill with his perfect features, his perfect smile, the effectively shifting eyes, the dark hair waving back in glossy virility; O'Neill, debonair, courtly, affable, bowing to the applause that broke out spontaneously and sounded like the drumbeat of the surf on the reef of the Isle of Nowhere.

" 'E's got 'em," whispered Walker. " 'E looks the part. You've got to 'and it to 'im."

And Walker pounded palms with the rest as O'Neill bowed again and again, lifted a deprecating hand and advanced to the footlights. The calcium dissolved, giving place to the small spot that showed the head of the handsome star like a cameo against dark velvet. There was silence, the *pianissimo diminuendo* of the orchestra and then the persuasive voice with just the touch of a theatrical brogue.

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Whoever wrote the speech knew how to make the popular appeal. Whoever coached O'Neill in oratory was a master of his craft. The star attempted no gestures that would have been lost in the shadow—one saw only the perfect face talking animatedly out of the dark, the flash of teeth and glance of eye, dramatic turn of profile and twist of chin. O'Neill's face was his fortune and he knew how to display it before the optic cameras of two thousand pairs of eyes.

There was humor in the speech, and modesty, word-painting of brave suffering heroicly endured, of privation, of despair tempered by the strenuous resolution to return against all odds, the desire to gather what lessons of art might be found in the tremendous actual experience of a premier exponent of emotion.

And, in the narrative, there was barely one sentence of the unadulterated truth. That O'Neill had companions one surmised, but they remained in the background while a hundred clever inferences gave to O'Neill the rôle of leading spirit and guiding genius in the great adventure.

He did not say, "I designed the catamaran which we named the *Hope*," but you inferred it. And Brett nor Harland nor Walker nor any of the rest were mentioned by name. But the fire, the ravening dog pack, the slavering, rending wild boars, the storms, the starvation, the hideous parody of the voyage on the craft that had been called the *Hope*—you saw all that and Tyrone O'Neill loomed large and majestic. Here was *Othello*, *Ulysses*, a brave tale simply spoken and a brave man unadorned, save by the presentation of the facts.

The house was breathless in its attention. Walker was breathless with indignation and Darrach almost overwhelmed, quite helpless from suppressed chuckling.

"I've a —— good mind to go up there and tell 'em the truth," said Walker in a little pause—a dramatic gap in the story.

"They don't want it, my son. And you don't look the part. You should take the theatrical standpoint—the necessity of exaggeration."

"Exaggeration! A —— pack of lies."

Low *shushes* hissed about them as if a hundred angry snakes spoke in the darkness. Walker subsided and Tyrone O'Neill, with his beautiful head haloed by the iridescent edge of the spotray, proceeded to his peroration.

"Romance, adventure, mystery, suspense, strength of men—those are some of the elements we all look for in the modern film play," he went on. "Much may be given by the genius of the director, the imagination of the writer, the talents of the photographer, the craft of the actors, but nature herself must furnish another most important factor—perhaps the most important factor to the success of a play with a universal appeal. Since the towers of Ilium toppled, flamed and fell for *Helen's* beauty—the God-given attribute of womanhood—has been the inspiration for all great deeds, and sometimes its reward. Unchallenged in its perfection, the beauty of American womanhood stands preeminent, a beauty not merely of line and form and color, but a beauty of the soul, a lamp lit by the light of intelligence."

The audience hung on every word while Darrach bit his nails and murmured unintelligible things against the crudity that was thus pitilessly commercializing the charms of the girl about to be introduced without thought of her innate modesty. Yet he realized that in this, Dorothy Stratton, or Tyrone O'Neill for that matter, was hardly regarded as actually an individual, that the girl herself might, through the hypnotic technique of her art, regard all this impersonally and retain the real Dorothy Stratton apart from anything connected with her shadow mummery upon the screen or even in this more intimate presentation.

"So," concluded O'Neill graciously, "in presenting to you Miss Stratton, heroine and co-star of 'The Castaways,' I have reserved the best for the last, and gladly yield the palm to the Stellar Films long sought and carefully selected representative of American beauty."

Off went the spot, on the house lights and, as the orchestra played softly, the audience twisted and craned to see where O'Neill, striding down the runway, was going to find Dorothy Stratton.

"She has been in the audience all the time. Where was she? A clever idea, that. There she is. Getting up. A beauty all right. They make a great pair. I wonder——"

So buzzed the house. And then, while O'Neill was still six or seven rows away from the girl who rose with her regal head up, her

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cheeks flooded with a native flush that outcrimsoned the rouge on her cheeks, a voice, high pitched in terror, shrilling with horrid emphasis that made every heart stop beating, sounded from the top balcony a fearful call of:

"*Fire!* Fire! FIRE!"

The projector—according to law—was in a fireproof cabinet of metal with his inflammable films. But there was no such protection provided, or legally required, for the complicated device that produced the color harmonies. That the gelatine mediums of primary and secondary colors which, skilfully juxtaposed and shifted, brought about the rainbow whorls and spirals, the flowing ribbons and pools of liquid jewel, were readily combustible, had not been considered—possibly the operator was still an experimenter with this latest device for amusing the public.

But there was a spurt of flame, the smell of burned gelatine, followed by the stench of rubber. The sharp blowout of a fuse, the shrieks of women and the calls of men to sit down, then pandemonium as the theater was momentarily plunged in darkness—the wild, brutish uproar of people struggling for their lives, locked in a rush for the exits whose positions were no longer marked, chivalry, decency, humanity, submerged in the blind fight for safety.

That lasted but a few seconds. The theater had been too well-planned. Emergency lights were switched on, but in that brief time the monster of panic had been let loose. The theater echoed with the hoarse cry of the battling mob. None were in their seats save the women who had fainted or fallen between the rows and these were trampled unmercifully as others strove to reach the packed aisles where none made headway.

Here and there a man, with a child against his shoulder, flailed at those who opposed him, his wife back of him, with clothes torn and hair streaming. There were shouts to keep calm that merged in the hellish tumult. At a nod from the resourceful leader the orchestra had crashed into the national anthem but the fragments of the strains that now and then made themselves heard produced only a mockery, as if demons were strumming gleefully while damned souls were tortured.

Walker saw Dorothy Stratton erect in her seat on the aisle with O'Neill, a smile on his face, bowing to her, the faces of the downstairs audience all turned her way, bending like flowerheads in a breeze, then, as the first cry sounded, blanching, turning to gaze upward before all leaped to their feet.

The next moment their close-seated loge was invaded, a red-haired man caught up a chair to use as a club and Walker tore it from him. The man smashed his fist into Walker's face and Darrach felled him with a blow back of the ear. Walker caught one other glimpse of Dorothy Stratton with the bodice of her gown torn from her back, her arms toward O'Neill who was striving to reach her. Then the lights went out.

When they came on, Walker and Darrach were wedged in their loge, unable to move but islanded, in great degree protected, by the low walls of the enclosure. The crowd milled like frightened, stupid cattle. The exits were blocked by the efforts of the frantic people who snatched one another from the verge of safety.

Then, above the bellowing confusion that made the theater hum like the interior of some enormous top where dizzy people staggered and fought, there came a frightful sound. It was like the rending of stout canvas, the sharp noise that will dominate a gale when a sail splits under pressure—magnified a hundred times. Its ominous note for a pulse-beat summoned the horrified attention of the mob—held them dumb with the menace of some fresh horror before there came from their throats a gasp of anguish, of prayer.

In the lower balcony the people had rushed simultaneously for the main central exit leading to the stairs. Some few fled to the emergency doors and recoiled at the savage swirl on the escape landings, men and women, toppling, thrust headlong down the steep iron treadways.

What they had done individually in the dark none recalled—some did not live to remember—the Board of Inquiry and their expert engineers decided that their concerted action had produced an oscillation that had set the brackets and trusses of the cantilever construction vibrating beyond the safety point.

The tearing noise increased; the whole balcony moved, began to curl like a shaving. One end came away from the bulging wall that barely stood the strain. Steel beams crumpled, corkscrewed and tore loose; wire

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cement, plaster, segments of sheared metal crashed down and a choking cloud of dust arose.

The back wall and the opposing one stood stanchly but from the tilted side, amid the rending, grinding, tearing din, scores of clutching, screaming figures, interwoven into writhing groups, falling singly or in couples that clasped each other in extremity, were poured into the shuddering pit below as milk might be spilled from a a tipped saucer. It was an avalanche of death.

Mercifully the other balconies held, the roof did not collapse, but beneath the wreckage that covered rows of orchestra seats in front of the loge where Walker and Darrach were impressed, and a portion of the parterre itself, beneath the toppling gallery; bodies lay broken, bruised and bloody, maimed, lifeless, with protruding arms and pitiful, helpless hands, with lips that moaned for aid or whispered the names of their nearest and dearest.

The congested exits finally achieved their end. The uninjured fled at last, leaving the stouter hearts among them to aid in the rescue. Outside the police controlled traffic and the fire engines came clanging up with their crews joining the police and soldier details sent racing in from the Presidio. A force of sailors and marines arrived from a cruiser in the harbor. Doctors and nurses summoned by the central telephone station worked with those who levered and lifted, or cut through steel with oxy-acetylene torches, disclosing cases where the mercy of morphine was administered, stimulants given, bandages, tourniquets hastily applied, even swift operations performed on mangled and shorn limbs before the ambulances took the victims to the hospitals. Here and there a priest administered the last offices.

The toll of dead was heavy. Nearly thirty. Those wounded, crippled, internally injured were twice as many. But, in the immediate horror of the moment, it seemed to Walker and Darrach as if hundreds might have been annihilated. They did what they could, giving way to those more skilled, but helping to turn over the debris.

And, at last, working together, they found O'Neill. He was senseless. One arm was twisted backward, his head was bloody. Blood dripped from it as they lifted it. His face was a mask of gore. A beam was across him, supporting a mass of plaster, making a hollow that had protected him after he had been first struck down. He was not alone. Beneath him, his arm about her, was the body of Dorothy Stratton, her flesh like white wax, unmarred. Flecks of his blood showed scarlet against the deathly pallor of her skin.

A sailor and a soldier were with them. Others came and assisted in raising the plaster, toppling it over, giving way for the two to be drawn out. A half-frenzied man, his evening dress soiled, smeared with dirt and plaster, torn, his eyes wild and bloodshot, came up to the group.

"My God!" he wailed. "It's them, both of them, dead!"

A sergeant elbowed him away, none too gently.

"Make way for them that's doin' something," he admonished.

"But I tell you that's Tyrone O'Neill and Dorothy Stratton. And they're dead, dead, I tell you!"

The sergeant looked at him grimly but inclined to sympathy.

"Relatives of yours?"

"I am their manager."

"——! Git out o' here. Now then, raise her a bit, get his arm out, lift him carefully. Here comes the doc!"

The manager had impressed a surgeon, a vigorous gray-haired man who came forward with his own nurse attending, his coat off, his sleeves rolled up, stained with the blood of those he had already helped.

O'Neill's head rolled horribly on his shoulders.

"Dead," whispered Darrach, a bit sick with what he had gone through and was now seeing at close range.

"Not 'im," declared Walker stoutly. "I looked a sight worse'n 'm time they sent me to Blighty."

But, in his heart, he believed both of them had passed, as he credited O'Neill with the fight he must have made to reach the girl and preserve her from being utterly crushed.

The surgeon made his swift diagnosis. His deft attendant handed him the syringe of morphine.

"Are they dead, doctor? It's Tyrone O'Neill and Dorothy Stratton. Never mind expense."

The surgeon looked at the manager with an impassive face.

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"It makes no difference to me who they are. But, if you know them, you had better go along with them presently. They are not dead. The man has a broken arm, a possible fracture of the skull and some of the facial bones are crushed. Sergeant, see if you can get me a pulmotor for the woman."

"His face crushed. Then he's done—he'll never act again."

"Take that man and put him outside somewhere," said the surgeon. "He's not quite human."

Yet Walker and Darrach, as they led the protesting manager away, realized the tragedy of O'Neill's injuries. He had lost face and fame and fortune.

They got the name of the hospital to which both were taken from the driver of the ambulance. Dorothy Stratton had responded to the pulmotor treatment and the surgeon believed her case not dangerous. There was a possibility of internal injuries but he thought that O'Neill had protected her from any serious blows or pressure.

Concerning O'Neill he was not so optimistic. The manager persuaded him to take the cases though the surgeon insisted on completing his first aid to the injured in the theater. The two were taken to a hospital to which he was attached or he might not have assumed the charge at all. He was evidently a man of high rank in his profession, as evidenced by his skill and the respect in which the other rescuing doctors and surgeons held him. He was palpably disgusted with the manager, interested in the beauty of Dorothy Stratton and a respecter of the bravery and chivalry of O'Neill. Walker explained how he had caught his glimpses of O'Neill struggling to protect the girl.

"He reached her and used his body as a buffer," said the surgeon. "Whether or not he realized that he was risking his chief asset, physical attraction, does not matter so much. He must have known he was risking his life and these impulses of rescue, though they may hardly be analyzed, are tests of a man's real character. There were many more here tonight as self-sacrificing but their actions were spurred by the love of husband, father and lover."

"The last might have been the case here, doctor," suggested Darrach as he and Walker accompanied the surgeon back to the theater after the ambulance had left.

"Of course, of course. Eugenically I should call such a mating a desirable one. But I have generally considered the love affairs of people in their profession likely to be artificial, hot-house, used to certain atmospheres that promote quick growth and early decay. I may be entirely wrong, of course. Hope I am. Hope I am. But the life is full of false adulation, of selfishness, of unreality."

"Any chance of mendin' up 'is face, doctor, if 'e pulls through? They did some clever work with the men 'urt in the war."

'Umph! They can build up, graft, restore, inject paraffin, but they cannot give back flexibility, they could not avoid serious scars in his case. I'm afraid not. I'm afraid not. Now then—coming."

With his nurse following, he was off to a call from an officer of marines whose men had just uncovered another victim. Walker and Darrach joined a group of workers. Nearby restaurants and hotels were furnishing refreshments. Stayed by hot coffee and sandwiches, they labored until the same surgeon, coming across them, ordered them both peremptorily home.

"More workers here now than we need," he said. "Fresh men coming from the hospitals and more soldiers. You two have done your share."

' 'Ow about you, sir?" asked Walker.

'It's my business. Used to it. You two get hot baths. You'll be stiff in a few hours. You'll have a pair of black eyes tomorrow," he said to Walker, "and your knuckles are going to hurt like sixty," he added to Darrach.

They looked at each other with growing amazement. The same man who had hit Walker a mighty wallop and been smashed by Darrach was responsible for both their injuries. They were covered with dirt, with plaster, stained with blood and, with the mere suggestion of stopping their efforts, a great weariness invested both of them. They secured a taxicab and were driven to Darrach's rooms, both fast asleep when the car stopped. Darrach's Japanese took them in hand and stowed them away, producing from Darrach's very private cellar the wherewithal for a steaming toddy.

In a daze they swallowed the stuff and climbed into bed, not to waken until close to noon, when the boy brought them a breakfast-lunch.

They dressed groaningly and scanned the

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papers swiftly, not craving a revival of the horrors they had actually experienced. There was special mention of the two film stars, a comment on the heroism of O'Neill but no suggestion as to his facial hurts destroying his professional utility—only the fact that he was entered upon the "dangerous" list while Dorothy Stratton was resting easily when the edition, a mid-morning one, went to press.

"It's going to be 'ard on 'im," said Walker. "O'Neill, I mean. I'm going up to see 'ow 'e is."

"I'll go with you. I agree with you. It is going to be harder on him than we can readily imagine."

THEY were allowed the merest glimpse of O'Neill, upon Walker's representation that he was a close friend and the surgeon's endorsement of them as he passsed through the ward. Dorothy Stratton had been given a private room but O'Neill was in a public room. They imagined the hospital had been heavily taxed for accommodations until they were walking down the long ramp that led to the entrance. O'Neill's condition was still problematical, his face and head swathed in bandages, one arm in a cast.

Close to the door they saw a girl talking earnestly to the surgeon and the matron in charge.

"But he can have my room. I am going back to my hotel. You said I could, doctor. If Mr. O'Neill did not have money enough on him I will see that it is sent to you immediately. My own purse was lost. It is incredible that Schoenwald should have permitted him to go into the public ward. Doubtless he gets proper treatment but Schoenwald's action is intolerable. Because he believes that Mr. O'Neill's career as a star is over, the beast leaves him to charity. He is a sneaking coyote and I should love to tell him so. I shall take pleasure in telling others."

Her eyes flashed and her cheeks flamed as she spoke dramatically with a force that proclaimed the intensity of her indignation. The doctor calmed her.

"He shall be moved, my dear Miss Stratton, at the earliest moment. I will attend to that personally. I can appreciate your sentiments. But you must take my word for it and get some rest yourself. You have had a violent shock; you may suffer from it if you do not restrain yourself. Mr. Schoenwald made no arrangements about Mr. O'Neill. I was not here when he was received at the hospital. Naturally they placed him in the ward with many others."

"That is not the point, doctor. The point is that I want him moved and that I will be responsible for any expense. Would you have him come to and suddenly realize that he has lost his profession and is apparently dependent upon charity, without friends?"

"Tut, tut! Not without friends while you champion him. He has done a very brave thing, has this friend of yours, Miss Stratton. There are others who are proud of him besides you. When he lost the glamour of the camera he found a cleaner, greater glory, perhaps, in an act that was spontaneous. Now you must go, and I must go, and he will be made comfortable. Ah, here are more friends of O'Neill, and of you also, since they helped to get you clear last night, though I understand they are personally acquainted with O'Neill.

"They'll have to introduce themselves as I did not get their names. And I've got to hurry away. But the pair of them worked like two honorable beavers last night after they found that they had escaped injury—or practically so. Those black eyes are quite respectable, Miss Stratton."

The doctor went off chuckling and the girl turned to greet them, her face alight with interest and surprize. Darrach spoke first.

"I know nothing of Mr. O'Neill except by hearsay, but first hand hearsay. My name is Alexander Darrach and I am supposed to be an attorney-at-law although I am about to retire from that profession. Mr. Walker, with the black eyes, a souvenir of last night, was with Mr. O'Neill on the island and later on the raft. He is the friend, but we are both the admirers of Tyrone O'Neill, on and off the stage. We saw him fighting to reach you last night when the panic started and later we were fortunate enough to find you. If there is anything we can do for him——"

"You can, if you will. They tell me—" the girl's eyes filled with tears— "that his face was badly crushed when he saved me. I have talked with the surgeon and he says that his professional career is over. He may even be hideous, to some, instead of the

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handsomest man playing for the screen. But to me his face will wear the most honorable of scars, the scars of true manhood. The world, his world that applauded him and wrote to him and wanted to hear as well as see him, will forget him as this little beast of a manager has done. His contract is no good; his very insurance goes to Schoenwald; he has saved no money—he has lost, or so it will seem to him, everything. And he may be blind."

The matron touched her on the elbow and whispered something. She strove to control herself.

"I do not feel that you are strangers," she said. "Mr. Walker, you will tell me about the island life, won't you? And you will visit him when he begins to realize things. He will need you. Mr. Darrach, I am in your debt as well as Mr. Walker's. I understand that a few moments more delay might have been fatal to me. I—I am greatly upset. You will find me at the Fairmont, later in the day."

A woman approached with a wrap—evidently the maid of the star. She announced a taxicab. Dorothy Stratton bowed to them, secured a promise from the matron that O'Neill would be changed to a private room and left the hospital.

"Some nice little skunk, Schoenwald," said Walker as they reached the street.

"Strictly business. Give him the benefit of the doubt. He was upset too last night. O'Neill was looked out for. Think of what the poor manager chap has lost with the passing of his popular star. All he has is the insurance."

Walker looked at Darrach uncertainly before he gaged his humor.

"I'd like to 'and the story to the pypers," he said.

"They wouldn't use it, my son. They would refer you, without saying so, to the advertizing manager. Schoenwald may be a dog but he is a live one and can pay his way. O'Neill is a dead lion."

"She said 'e might be blind. And it might be a mercy. Meanin' for 'im not to be able to look at the face 'e's admired every mornin' of 'is life. Even on the island, with all 'is whiskers sproutin', I'd see 'im looking in a pool. Bowman saw 'im once and called 'im some nyme—Narcissus, that was it. Made O'Neill fair barmy, 'e was so mad. 'E won't peacock any more. Poor beggar, 'e's lost 'is gorgeous tail."

"He's traded the tinsel glitter for the glory of a noble deed. You heard what the doctor said about that."

Again Walker looked at Darrach doubtfully. But the lawyer was serious enough.

"—— lot that'll fetch 'im," said Walker.

"That remains to be seen." And Darrach's tone was, as usual, enigmatic. "Suppose we send him some flowers as our tribute to heroism. There will be more before the day's over but we may as well add our mite. Flowers don't cost much in California but they mean just the same as they do anywhere else."

After that Walker spent a part of each day on the San Francisco side of the Bay, calling on O'Neill. A hitch in business affairs, a threatened strike in binderies, put off the sailing of the *Seafarer* for a few days, at least, and the little steward fumed inwardly. Brett, he felt sure, would long since have given them up as lost at sea or, if not that, have reasoned out that the island could not be found and that he with Harland and Malone were doomed to perpetual and complete maroonment.

He found himself yearning to start, longing for the simple life of the island, gazing with cynical eyes upon all those who were forced to live in a busier world.

"A lot of bloody insects, that's wot they are," he said to O'Neill, "with bigger ones on their back to bite 'em, all the w'y up to the millionaire, and 'e's got the bloomin' taxes ridin' 'im sore in the back. Taxes! Some one starts a row and the rest of the world 'as to pay for it as long as they live. S'y, I remember w'en you could get a T-bone steak, French-fried, coffee, bread an' butter an' pie, right down 'ere on Market Street, San Francisco, the best at that, mind yer, for thirty cents. Wot's thirty cents good for now? A couple of balls of tough 'amburg and nothin' on the side. I'm sick of this 'igher up business all the time. I'm goin' back to the island where I'm my own boss, if there ain't a movie show round the corner. I didn't mean that, matey. I'm sorry. Just slipped out. I'm a blighter."

"It's all right, Walker."

O'Neill's voice was still weak, his face was still bandaged. But he was not blind, neither had his skull been fractured. His many bruises were all external. In a week or two, the surgeon declared, he would be out and about. The doctor did not say as good as new. The broken arm would

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mend but the face that had represented for hundreds of thousands the symbol of romance would never again bring the thrill of expectation to the maid or of retrospection to the matron.

O'Neill knew it. He did not say much about it. He did not say much about anything. But the nurses complained of his apathy and both Walker and Dorothy Stratton had hard work to rouse him at all to any appreciation of returning strength. Sometimes the two of them met at visiting hours. She talked with Walker about the island and the steward loyally and carefully modified his experiences to coincide with O'Neill's own story, which he suspected had been somewhat vainglorious, to judge by the speech in the theater. With it all he had a vague feeling that the girl managed to get more out of him than he intended. Generally he left when she arrived or, if he came later, would stay but a short time.

O'Neill lay quiet and silent for a while, a cigaret stuck in between the bandages, handled by his one good arm.

"I wonder if this chap Crandall would take me back," he said presently. "I'm no earthly good here, Walker. You see, in a way, I've been a prince and I'm not stuck on being a pauper. It's cowardly, I suppose, but I've lost my nerve, Walker. Back there on the island it wouldn't matter. Over here—I couldn't stand it. There's nothing else I could do—that I'd want to.

"Do you know what I was before I went into the films, as an extra first of all, picked because I happened to have the sort of mug they wanted? I was a barber, Walker. A barber! Do you think I could go back to lathering men's chins after I'd—oh, well, what's the use? They might not even want me round the shop. This face of mine is likely to be a comic mask. Comic—oh, my God! There's another thing too, but we'll not talk of that. Do you think Crandall would take me, Walker? Do you think so? And Brett, would he want me?"

Walker saw that his eyes were unnaturally bright; his voice trembled and his whole body was shaking with excitement.

"You 'old your 'orses, old chap. First thing you know you'll be gettin' a 'igh fever and I'll be chucked out of 'ere and not let in again. Of course Crandall'll tyke yer. As for Brett wantin' yer, that's talkin' like a two-year-old. 'E'll be tickled to death to see yer an' you know it. So'll Harland an' Malone. You can bank your larst penny it'll suit me and Darrach to 'ave you erlong. It's your island just as much as it belongs to any of us, ain't it? Then wot's the use of talkin' like a chump? I'll bring Crandall down to see you.

"You'll be out of the 'orspittle time we're ready to sail. Best thing in the world to myke you buck up. If you want to come, you're welcome as the flowers in May and you can say your lucky to that."

"You're sure?"

"Sure as I am of myself. More the merrier. I bet Brett'll be glad to see us showin' up. 'E'll light the beacons an' we'll fire 'im a salute. We've got all sorts of stuff aboard. And we'll live like a bunch of kings."

There was no doubt that O'Neill's heart was set upon the return and yet Walker detected an undertone of weariness persisting. A false note in the chord of enthusiasm. He put this down to his weakness and overexcitement and he took occasion to warn Dorothy Stratton when she presently arrived. O'Neill had dropped into a doze as the door opened silently and the girl looked in. Walker motioned her out and tiptoed after her.

" 'E's a bit excited, miss. 'E's been worryin', you see."

She nodded.

" 'E wants to get away from it all. Wants to go back to the island where we'll all be pals together. Set 'is 'eart on it."

"His heart on it?"

Dorothy Stratton had her hand on her own heart, leaning against the corridor wall with eyes wide open and very bright.

"It was his suggestion?"

"I wouldn't s'y that, miss. I was talkin' about 'ow glad I'd be to get back aw'y from where everybody, or most everybody, is a bloomin' galley slave, rowin' the old world erlong; and 'e chipped in. 'E says 'e don't know wot 'e can do to myke a livin'. And there was another thing 'e wanted to get away from too."

"He didn't say what that was?"

"No, miss."

"I may know," she said softly. Her face glowed as she faced Walker. "I think it will be a wonderful thing. I had never thought of that, somehow. To get away from it all, the silly conventions, the false values, away where one can live one's own

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life untrammeled. The world forgotten."

"Yes, miss. I'm goin' to bring Mr. Crandall down to see 'im."

"When?"

"That depends on 'im. Crandall, I mean."

"Will you let me know?"

"Cert'nly."

"Thank you."

She passed into the room with her face still rosy and her eyes shining. Walker looked after her with ungrudging admiration. When he told Darrach about it later the lawyer hooted with sudden laughter.

"Two more passengers for Crandall. And you responsible!"

"Two? Wot are you gettin' at?"

"You'll see, my son. You'll see. You don't suppose she's going to let O'Neill go down alone, do you?"

"You think——"

"I've thought it right along. Ever since we found them in the theater and the doctor talked about their being eugenical mates. They still are. O'Neill's features being mashed won't make any difference to their children. And you, my son, you did it with your own little bow and arrow. You amateur Cupid! An unconscious Eros! Tamaki, get me a drink."

"You're kiddin' me."

"Mayhap, Walker, mayhap. And then again—mayhappen. Join me. There'll be no liquor on the island, there's little left in my cellar and Tamaki makes a cocktail that is almost divine. Here's to the happy pair, Walker."

"Forget it. You'll 'oodoo things and first thing we know we'll 'ave a pair of 'oneymooners down on the island—all over the shop—spoonin'. Only 'e wouldn't let 'er marry 'im."

"I agree with you there, Walker. He wouldn't. I'm inclined to think O'Neill's old face was like a theatrical mask. He's put away the old character with its discarding. He's a good deal of a real man. He wouldn't let her. But—you wait."

"Yah!" said Walker, and accepted the cocktail.

"What are you going to do about Tamaki?" he asked later.

"I don't think I'll introduce Japanese to the island," Darrach answered. "Not because I have any antipathy toward them but it might cause international complications if the island turns out to be north of the equator. Might not, but anyway I think Tamaki prefers to stay in California. He is a good deal of a materialist, is Tamaki, and he has his eye on several things—a wife, a ranch and a bank account. And he's going to acquire all of them before he gets through. We've talked it over and he regards me as a mild species of lunatic. Perhaps I am."

WHEN Walker tackled Crandall about O'Neill he found the latter unable to set a definite date, apparently none too enthusiastic about adding to his passenger list. But he promised to see O'Neill at the earliest opportunity and have a talk with him. And he acknowledged Walker's argument that O'Neill had as much right to the island as Brett or any of them.

"Agreed," he said, "so far as the right of prior discovery goes. But I doubt whether such a title has any standing in modern national or international law. I think it is an even gamble whether Brett is left in undisturbed possession of his Utopia or not. The War stopped any checking up of that reported spot on the chart, which I have a hunch is the same island. It may never be checked up. On the other hand it may be. The question of jurisdiction of newly discovered lands under the post-war agreement of the Allies has never come up. It may be referred to the present general lines of division. Unless they decide that the island is important they may all ignore it.

"The Pacific Triple Power Agreement rather prohibits the establishment of any new points of vantage, I fancy, even for cable-landing stations. The parties to the Little League are both friendly and politic, but that does not prevent them from being jealous. So that the island may never be annexed, although our publicity in the magazine will be bound to draw attention to it and we may be requested to divulge the position. But, without eventual publicity, Brett can not get his views before the world."

" 'E's asked for an American flag. If 'e flies that, won't it annex the island?"

"That used to be the procedure but, since the War, we are parceling out the world according to natural geographical positions and inferential dominance."

"Outside of Ireland."

"Exactly. And I believe Brett is partly Irish. But we are getting away from the

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point. That is the question of O'Neill's title or any one's title providing them with a free passage on my boat. O'Neill is temperamental. This may be only a revulsion of feeling caused by the fact that he has lost his position on the film world, a species of pique common to theatrical artists. You tell me that he was the most bitter of any against having to live on the island in the first place. He might well be so again Brett would not thank me for introducing a malcontent. Nor would you, nor Harland. He undoubtedly performed a brave act but, as to his passage on the *Seafarer*, you will have to let me judge for myself."

"Fair enough," said Walker. "I think you'll take 'im though."

It happened that Crandall's visit came without warning, when an appointment had failed and left him with a gap of idle time which he filled by a flying trip to the hospital in his car. Walker and Darrach were both in the room so that Crandall did not have to introduce himself, as he had expected to do. Walker attended to that and retired with Darrach to the big window overlooking the lower city, while the publisher and O'Neill talked together in low tones.

Suddenly Walker remembered his promise to let Dorothy Stratton know when Crandall was to be there. It was too late now to do any good. Crandall would not stay very long. And it was not his fault. He told Darrach of his dilemma.

"You are not a divinity," said Darrach. "You started something that you could not finish, Walker. But it is on the knees of the gods and Eros will look after his own."

He grinned at Walker provokingly before he glanced out of the window again.

"There you are," he said. "Call it coincidence, if you want to. I call it a demonstration of a natural law. There is the lady, driving her own runabout. Observe the flowers she brings, and packages. Probably books. She looks up this way. Beckon, Walker. Then I will. With the intuition of the female of her species she realizes that a crisis arrives in her destiny. In the meantime I shall detain Crandall, who, I see, is ready to leave."

He laughed at Walker's blank expression and moved away from the window to meet Crandall, who was getting his hat and stick.

"O'Neill is coming with us down to the island, Darrach," said the publisher.

"That's bully. Hear that, Walker? Great news, O'Neill! You'll be fit as a fiddle by the time we arrive. Look here, Crandall, I want a minute with you privately; you're so hard to corner these days, and I've resigned from the club."

"I have an appointment."

"Hang your appointment! A few weeks from now and you'll never see me again—or hardly ever. Don't grudge a poor exile a few words."

He buttonholed Crandall and led him into the bay window, where he talked earnestly while Crandall listened in apparent perplexity.

"But I don't see," began the latter finally.

"Of course you don't. You won't let me finish. I—I—ah!"

The door opened and Dorothy Stratton, with flowers and books and appetizing dainties piled up in her arms, came into the sick chamber like a gust of Spring air. Darrach darted forward to relieve her of her burdens, using Walker as an aid, keeping between Crandall and the door he was making for unobtrusively, though not without admiring appraisal of the girl.

"Miss Stratton, you will permit me to introduce Mr. Crandall, who is going to take us down to the island on his yacht and has just included O'Neill in the passenger list with the rest of us willing exiles."

Crandall bowed. Darrach stepped back from his position between the two with a twinkle in his eyes and an impish wink at Walker, catching the steward by the elbow and whispering.

"Up stage, my son. This is not our scene."

The girl's face grew white as the narcissus blooms she had brought with her. As she made a swift gesture Walker remembered the other time when she had leaned against the wall with her hand to her heart as if she had felt a sudden pang. Then her big eyes widened and glowed, color came and remained. Chosen for a certain piquant combination of features, she was at that moment irresistible. Her film pictures, without color, without the sound of her voice, proclaimed her a beauty and were but the pallid ghosts of this radiant woman whose eyes were at once shy and compelling and whose spoken words held her listeners in a spell of music.

Darrach, misogamist, cynic, the one man in the room who held the key to the situation

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he had helped to bring about, told himself that she was superb, because it was the supreme moment in her life in which she was about to throw down the gage to Fate in challenge for all she held dear.

"I am so glad to meet you," she said to Crandall, and it was plain that the publisher had forgotten all about his appointment and would cheerfully have cast it to the winds had he remembered it. "I have been wanting to meet you very badly. It is wonderful of you to make room for us."

With that she crossed to the bed and sat on the side of it, holding O'Neill's one good hand in both of hers, her face, still rosy radiant, turned toward the bewildered Crandall.

Darrach looked from the publisher's face to that of Walker and then to O'Neill who had elbowed himself partly up and whose eyes were blazing through the bandages that hid his broken features. It was he who spoke first in a harsh unnatural voice that sounded like the clang of metal.

"What do you mean, Dorothy? What are you talking about?"

"If you have forgotten, I shall have to remind you, though you are not at all complimentary. And since we are all friends, and are to be fellow passengers and, with the exception of Mr. Crandall, fellow islanders, I shall not do it privately."

She seemed to be talking while she summoned inspiration or courage but she found both. O'Neill sank back in his pillows with a groan as she talked but she kept close clasp of both his hands and her eyes were supremely tender as she looked at him and then at the three of her little audience.

"Terry has twice asked me to marry him," she said distinctly. "The first time I refused. The second time, after he came back from the island, I told him I would let him know my answer before the year was up. I do so now. I accept him."

"No! No!"

She set a hand lightly against his mouth and went on with the flag of her surrender still flying in her cheeks.

"Do you mean you do not love me any more?" Whatever O'Neill's effort to veil his emotions she read the answer in his eyes. "Would you humiliate me after I confess that I love you? If you want to get away from everything, so do I, with you. I went into the films to accomplish certain ends. I have done so; I am freed from all obligations. To go with the man she loves to the ends of the earth is a woman's most wonderful dream. Would you deny me its accomplishment? And I am tired of play-acting, infinitely tired. I accepted the last engagement only to be with you, since you force me to acknowledge my love so plainly."

"It is impossible. I will not have you sacrifice yourself. Do you know that I am terribly disfigured, that——"

"Oh, hush, my dear! Do you think that I loved your face, Tyrone O'Neill? If it had been so I would have married you long ago. I loved the man I thought was beneath the actor's perpetual masquerade, the man who saved me that night. It is you I love, the real you, not just the flesh of you."

"I am a sham, I tell you, a sham!" O'Neill's voice held the harsh metallic quality that spoke of mental torture. "My name is not Tyrone O'Neill. I am not even Irish. My name is Sheldon, Charles Sheldon, and I used to be a barber! I know who you are, what you have done. You are a thoroughbred and I a mongrel cur!"

"Then it is as Mrs. Charles Sheldon I will go with you instead of under your stage name," the girl said. "And I don't care a snap of my fingers what you have been. Only I think I shall always call you Terry—for a love name."

The two had forgotten all but themselves. The three listeners, who could not help themselves, were as inconspicuous as possible, barely venturing to breathe.

"As for your calling yourself names, Terry, dear, I have strong ideas about thoroughbreds and ancestry. I think the glory of being an American lies largely in the future. If I am beautiful, I am glad, because with your bravery, Terry, our children may be rather wonderful."

She read something else in his glance.

"You were going to the island because of your love for me, because you thought it hopeless. That was one great reason. Can you deny it, Terry? Will you? Look at me?"

The three men were looking intently out of the window and they did not see her search out the soul of Charles Sheldon—who was still to be called Terry—but they knew that she kissed him. Then she was close to them, moisture in her eyes that hung on her long lashes, her lips curving in a smile.

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"It was very careless of Terry to forget me in the matter, Mr. Crandall," she said. "I shall try and not let such a thing occur again in the future. Will you make room for both of us aboard the *Seafarer?* We are going to be married almost immediately. Will you take us? And will all three of you be at the wedding? They are going to let Terry out in a day or two and I don't want to be married in a hospital. That sort of thing is only done in the films, and I am through with the films. Will you, Mr. Crandall?"

"SHE hypnotized me," Crandall declared when the three of them were outside, leaving the lovers together. "Absolutely hypnotized me. Heaven knows how I am going to explain it to Brett. Taking a woman colonist may not fit in with his plans at all and I shall be responsible."

"Not at all," said Darrach. "Walker here is responsible for the whole thing. Let him explain. Besides, what can you do with a one generation colonization plant? The climate appears tolerably healthy. If it does not agree with Mrs. O'Neill—or Mrs. Sheldon—she can come back to the mainland. We are not to be utterly cut off. There is my wireless. If it does agree, who are you to interfere with the workings of sex and reproduction?

"Go on about your engagement, Crandall. You're the victim of circumstances in the shape of a designing female. For if ever a woman played Eve to a man's Adam, it was Dorothy Stratton. And Walker was the serpent. Only she gains paradise by it instead of being chucked out. No, you can't take us anywhere. Walker and I are going to hoof it. See you at the wedding, if not before."

"'Ow do you mean I'm responsible?" demanded Walker after Crandall's car disappeared.

"Didn't you tell her all about O'Neill's plan for going? Didn't you promise to let her know when he saw Crandall? Didn't she pump you dry? And didn't I prophesy that she wouldn't let him go alone?"

"If you knew so much about it, w'y didn't you stop it?"

"Walker, I told you to look in the dictionary. I'm not a misogynist, I am a misogamist. There is a distinction there that I admit sometimes has no difference, but in my case it has. A misogynist, my son, is a woman-hater. You're a misogynist. A misogamist is merely a hater of marriage—myself.

"I may hate swimming yet I do not endeavor to prevent others going in bathing because I am quite sure I should drown if I tackled it. I am a great admirer of Miss Stratton—as a woman, not an actress. I have never seen her in the films. She was not acting, except as women always act, this afternoon. She brought tears to your eyes. She got the goat of Crandall, who rather prides himself upon being a hardshell. She got my goat. And she deserved something. She made the great renunciation for the sake of love."

"If you knew anything about wimmen," said Walker, "you'd know that when the big event breaks they're there a mile. Next event they're entered they're liable to turn round an' run the other w'y. They've all got a streak of yeller. They may make the big renunciation, but you tyke it from me, sooner or later they'll chuck it up to the man. Ninety-nine out of a 'undred of 'em."

"How about Miss Stratton?"

"There's got to be some prizes in a lottery, ain't they? An' some coots are born lucky. O'Neill 'appens to win."

"That's the way I look at it, Walker. Brett'll fall for her and so will Harland. She'll have Malone eating out of her hand. You and I will be running errands for her."

"Quit your kiddin'," parried Walker. "I never know w'en you're serious."

"I hope never."

"She's a sweet little lydy but just the syme, the pair of 'em is goin' to be a noosance. It'll be like goin' to 'Ampstead 'Eath on a 'arf 'oliday. There ain't a seat or a bunch of gorse, or a clump of bushes, or a lane, but what's full of spooners and they look at you as if you'd committed a crime. We'll be trespassers on the island."

"Till it wears off. Besides I'm going to tell her you're a misogamist and you can inform her that I am."

"Fat lot of good that 'ud do, if she wasn't gone on O'Neill. A dude I knew used to tell 'em all he was a woman-hater, just to get 'em goin'."

"It has been done. But I'm not that sort of a misogamist."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Walker. "I've got a notion you're just

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goin' down there to get away from 'em becos you're afraid of 'em."

With which Parthian shot he lapsed into conversational silence, broken only by Darrach's chuckle.

The latter paused at the display windows of a jeweler.

"Here's Shreve's, Walker," he said. "Come on in and help me pick out a wedding present. What do you suggest?"

"A loving cup an' a pair of spoons."

But he went in just the same and made his own modest selection.

ON THE next time Walker saw Crandall was three days later, aboard the *Seafarer*. Crandall greeted him with a grin.

"It was just as well we retained the services of Mrs. Wood, eh, Walker? She'll make it much more comfortable for Mrs. O'Neill—I mean Mrs. Sheldon, on the trip down."

"I suppose so."

"Like her any better than you thought you would, Walker? I mean the stewardess."

"Mrs. Wood? She knows 'er job."

"I agree with you. She might even be persuaded to stay on the island now there would be a woman for company, I fancy."

Walker made no answer.

"She's a widow."

Walker began to hum, gently.

"The wedding's set for the day after tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"And we sail a week from today. That's definite."

"I'm glad to 'ear it. We'll 'ardly myke it by Christmas."

"We may, with luck. You don't feel inclined to make a double wedding of it, Walker."

" 'Oo? Me? I'd rather be over there in San Quentin, any day."

"The higher you sit the harder you fall, Walker."

"Maybe. Also the 'igher the fewer. There's two bills of lading made out wrong I want to show yer."

There was a launch belonging to the *Seafarer*. By day it was a busy craft. Occasionally Walker requisitioned it after working hours for a cruise about the nearer coves over to Tiburon, about Angel Island. Crandall returned to San Francisco by the ferry from Sausalito and Mrs. Wood, the blond stewardess, went with him. Shortly afterward Walker lit his pipe and took out the launch. He coasted north, around Black Point, and passed the Marin Islands. He kept in the stern-sheets, very much the commander, steering at will, while the one-man crew tended the engine. And, while he steered, he smoked, and, while he smoked he meditated.

"I'd like to know," he told himself, "why they're tryin' to myke a set at me. I—strike me pink, I've got it! Crandall figures if I went down there married to Lucy Wood, Brett wouldn't 'ave a kick comin' about 'is takin' O'Neill's wife erlong. A fat charnce!"

He swung the launch in a wide loop as if content to return, now that he had solved the thing that had been bothering him. It was not the first time that Crandall had rallied him about the stewardess.

Walker looked over his right shoulder to where the grim walls of San Quentin penitentiary rose from the water's edge. Lights were beginning to twinkle. The faint sound of an orchestra came over the bay.

"Reg'lar 'Ome, Sweet 'Ome," grinned Walker.

Then he tapped out his pipe on the gunwale and commenced to sing under his breath. It was the second time that day he had chanted from his collection of ancient ballads, almost the second time since he had been rescued from the *Hope*. For sailing day was in sight and the curious tie that bound him so strongly to Brett, the bond of paldom, was vibrating as it tightened. He crooned the song as he watched the lights of San Quentin, subconsciously remembering what he had said to Crandall about marriage.

"Oh, 'ow nice it is to be
Locked up in a 'ouse alone,
You feel just like a dorg in a kennel,
Shut up wivout a bone.
They wake you up in the mawning,
At six they ring the bell;
They tyke good care you don't git out
Of the 'Ouse at Clerkenwell."

CHAPTER IX

RAIN

THEY had been inside the house for nine days, together with Malone's dogs, going outside for the briefest of periods and only for the greatest of necessities. The

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weather was warm and the atmosphere was steamy. The ground smoked where the vertical rain struck it in a continuous downfall as if the sky overhead was an emptying reservoir. A blue fog seemed to rise knee-high. Their paper-cloth absorbed the moisture and lost texture, their dog-leather moldered and became covered with blue growth overnight, the thatch of the bungalow was a sodden mass that began to leak, the fire burned sluggishly for lack of draught and the gloom of the interior seemed to penetrate to their very souls.

Their food moldered, the dried fish, the bacon, the rice, the yams. No fresh fish came to the traps though Brett visited them several times, with the rain threatening to swamp his dugout hull faster than he could bail.

It seemed foolish to suppose fruit of any kind left. The rain-fall was so intense that visibility failed at a hundred feet. The continuous slop of it on the saturated ground and on the soaked roof got on their nerves, so that they listened for it while they hated it. The creek swelled to a lake, the lagoon, when Brett waded down to launch his boat, was a troubled sheet of spouting water.

The mud that had at first been deep grew shallower as the bedrock appeared, the top-soil washed away. He began to be alarmed for the fields that he had so laboriously cultivated. He had not done so much planting, fearing the rains, but he had set out a lot of rice seedlings which were long since gone. And he had laboriously accomplished some ditching for draining and irrigation. All of this must have been beaten flat, washed away. His little earth-works with which he was laying siege to the wilderness had been eliminated.

Now and then they would hear the melancholy howling of the wild dogs, the far-off grunting of beleagured pigs. The memory of sunny days seemed infinitely remote. That they would ever return appeared doubtful. From depression of the spirits their gloomy thoughts advanced to a state of brooding irascibility. Malone was openly irritated. Harland was silent and Brett fought fits of ill nature.

They had known rain before, but nothing like this. The sun had never been withdrawn for more than thirty-six hours.

Brett, goose-fleshed, feeling as if all the fibers of muscle and sinew had softened, glooming over the miserable fire, appetite vanished, strove to pull himself together. There had been other times when they had let weather conditions best them and he had braced them all, but now he was conscious of a growing indifference to fate.

He whipped up his sluggish thoughts and they came chasing without sequence, without correlation. Except for a general connection of pessimism.

If he only had a pipe of decent tobacco! The *Hope* was lost. They were doomed to live on undiscovered. There might be as great a gap between them and the next visitors to the island as there had been between the carver on the cave rocks and themselves!

No wonder such tribesmen worshiped the sun. With light and warmth withdrawn they lived in hell. If he thought there would have been any virtue in such an office, Brett would have gone on his knees to the Sun God and prayed for an hour or so of favor.

He had cowled the chimney with flat stones that kept out some of the rain but impeded the draught and the fire needed constant tending to maintain it. Brett went to stir the ashes and rearrange the logs. He touched a dog with his foot and the beast growled.

"Do ye have to take it out on the dogs?" snapped Malone.

Brett said nothing. He fought against a wild desire to kick the dogs outside, to challenge Malone, to roll on the floor with him, striking, biting, clawing.

Atavism of that sort was an actual disease, he told himself, striving to hammer in the idea as one tries to drive a nail into tough wood. Malone snarled in the darkness. Harland sat, not on couch or seat, but on the floor, with his knees drawn up and his head sunken. A wild idea possessed Brett that the three of them had suddenly and actually been set back thousands and thousands of years, that a door had been opened in the wall of time and they had passed through—with the door locked behind them.

It was hard, in the bungalow, to distinguish day from night. The rain possessed a certain luminous quality of its own that intensified during the hours when the faint radiance from the hidden sun was absent. The passing of the hours was marked by a graduation of grays. There were nine

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diurnal marks to be made on the calendar stone, nine nicks that Brett had made on a log.

Their stored wood diminished with alarming rapidity when the labor represented by felling and splitting and, most of all, shortening to lengths convenient for the fireplace was considered.

The people must have gone mad long before Noah's flood, or the deluges that form part of all legendary lore, drove them to the high peaks, Brett considered. Then, with reason struggling for ascendancy over mental depression that he felt sure was largely due to a low vitality, he argued that his mood was aggravated because he was actually living out of his own epoch, that the weird fancy of actual retrogression was partly founded on fact. He wondered which would feel the most astray, a man of the Stone Age living in the twentieth century, with the shallow brain cortex, the primitive experience and mentality of a near-savage; or a modern relegated to the Stone Age, as they were.

Mercifully they were not afflicted with disease. Malone's leg was restored to normal size and capacity at last, Brett felt no ill effects from the adventure with the *tridacna*. There were no mosquitos, the rains had been too heavy for them. Doubtless there would be a plague of them after the waters ceased to fall—if they ever did. There were no sand flies. None of them had caught cold, thanks to their outdoor ruggedness. But how long their physiques could stand up against such surroundings was one of the ills he brooded over.

All his ambitions had gone by the board, If they had only light, diversified foods, amusements or materials for work, the things that belonged to their generation, how they would make light of the rains. What a creature of environment man was. Some lines came into his head.

> "I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

Was that the way they went? What did it matter? He wished the author had gone through what they had. He laughed aloud a little bitterly and Harland looked up from his hunched position while Malone grunted and the dogs stirred uneasily.

The laugh seemed to snap something that had clogged Brett's spirit. What a yellow pup he was after all. To whine at a few days' rain. What of men like Peary and Shackleton, their faces set against the blustering Arctics, fighting on week after week, month after month. It could not rain for ever. He laughed again and this time there was a different note in it.

"What the divvle do ye see to laugh at, I'd like to know," said Malone.

"I was thinking of what an old Yankee said one time when the farmers at the store asked him if he thought it was ever going to let up raining. 'Want to know my opinion?' he asked. 'Wal, it allus has, ain't it?'

"And here we are grouching like a bunch of malingerers. It was worse than this in Flanders, I'll be bound, many a day."

" 'Tis not for myself I'm grouchin'," said Malone. " 'Tis for the pigs. 'Tis drowned they are entirely. Drowned in the brick pen I built for them. The pen's gone now. I looked for it. We should have brought them in the house."

"We'll do better for them next time. There are more pigs."

"Not like them. Sure, I'd named every last one of them. There was Shamus an' Padraic an' Michael—he was the big one. Katie an' Mollie an' Eileen. Eileen was to farrow before long. Sure there's ten or eleven little ones gone with her."

Harland began to laugh uncontrolledly, until he rolled on the floor, wiping his eyes and gasping.

"Laugh, —— ye," said Malone. " 'Tis no laughin' matter."

"It's better than weeping, Malone," said Brett. "We're all literally under the weather, that's what's the matter with us. Off our feed."

"Who wouldn't be? My belly is no garbage can."

"I'll see if there isn't a fish in one of the traps."

"Fish! Sure it's too much like a fish I am meself to care for 'atin' them. I've webs between my fingers an' toes. I'll be growin' a fin on my backbone soon. If only the pigs had been spared we could have a bit of fresh meat. The bacon's rotten with the wet."

"You talk like a cannibal, Malone. Which one would you have killed?"

"Padraic. He was the fattest."

Harland began to whoop again in half-hysterical laughter. A gust of wind sent smoke from the chimney into the room, setting them all to coughing. Another gust

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tore loose the oiled paper-cloth window pane and the rain spouted in. Until then there had been no wind to disturb the down-pour.

"The weather's changing," said Brett. "It may mean the sun."

"God bless an' preserve it," said Malone. "We'll be drowned in a jiffy if we don't fix that window. Is there any more of the cloth?"

The door flew open and an eddy of the gale, charged with water, swept through the room. All three sprang to their feet. The bungalow seemed to heave and lift beneath them. The next moment they were thrown heavily to the ground. It shuddered under them as they got on all fours, flung them headlong again.

"It's an earthquake," Brett cried. "Don't move. There may be another shock!"

The dogs were howling and from the woods beyond the river came a wild ululation of the pack.

There was no repetition of the shock and first one of the hounds went to the still open door and disappeared, then the others.

A great, cold wind, was blowing, fanning the embers on the hearth, driving them up the flue, and into the room. Malone stamped out the sparks and Brett went to close the door. The rain had ceased as if a valve had been turned. He could hear the rushing of the creek, the soughing of the forest mingling with the sullen roar of the reef. Water still dripped from the eaves, flowed in runnels from the heights.

It had lightened and he could see torn scud flying overhead. With the sudden, marvelous cessation of the rain that had dinned in their ears for nearly a hundred and sixty hours, the restoration to usual sounds, to moderate light, seemed strange and portentous.

Instinctively he glanced toward Mount Misery. On the shoulder of its still vague bulk there was a crimson flare, spreading, widening. Harland stood back of him.

"An eruption?" said the professor.

Brett's heart seemed to fail. If the volcano had broken out again this was the beginning of the end. He could find no voice as he gazed, sickened, at the dissolution of his dream. Then he spoke harshly.

"It's the sun—the sunset!"

The glare was no longer a menace. It was a glory. The sun had come back and the mighty wind that came on the heels of the temblor was swiftly sweeping the rack from the sky. The forest showed, bowing in the gale, but erect, darkly green. The swollen breadths of the creek and the lagoon reflected the glowing heavens. The crimson was shot with molten gold that edged the cloud masses reeling in purple, savage splendor. Rays shot out, wheeling, touching the wings of seabirds that seemed to revel in freedom, despite the strength of the wind. All the land seemed humming, vibrating to a note of thankfulness.

"Thank God!" said Harland, and Brett echoed it.

"Glory be!" said Malone. "Sure an' I thought 'twas the end of the world. Give me a hand with the door; 'tis jammed fast."

Not all their united strength could move it. One corner of the bungalow's stout framework was twisted and there was a gap in the roof. A storehouse was flattened out. But they made light of the damage. It was colder than they had ever known, but they did not feel it. They dismantled the door finally and propped it in place. Malone replenished the almost exhausted fire. The dogs had not returned and he went out to whistle for them. Brett started in the twilight to visit a trap set in the bay. Those in the creek had long since gone, but the tide was close to ebb and he thought he might find a catch, despite the shock.

He did not believe that the temblor had originated on the island, though the shifting of the hot springs might have some connection. He trusted that it might have been a seaquake. A submarine eruption would make its influence felt over a wide area. He remembered the subsidence of the island in the past, as he had calculated it from the inscriptions in the cave. The island was but an ocean peak that was likely to lie along the line of some great fault.

Patches of deep blue sky were appearing and in one of them there swam an early star. All was well with the world. He sucked deep the salty air and strode on buoyantly. The dogs came racing along toward him, jumping up, licking their chops. Somewhere they had scented and found food to their taste. Possibly carrion. It might be one of Malone's pigs.

The pigs were gone and he would have to start his strain again, but that seemed a simple matter. He realized that most of his work might have to be done over, but they had their experience behind them. They could not be robbed of that.

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He saw something white on the sand, a great bulk, and hurried up to it. It was a stranded ray, dead or stunned. There were other fish left by the tide, a gift of the storm and the shock. Brett selected two and took them back to the bungalow. Freshly broiled they would make even Malone forget his squeamish stomach.

The sunset paled, more stars appeared, the wind passed by as if it had been the backdraught of some tremendous vacuum formed above the sea, taking with it the rain. Tomorrow would be quite another day.

THEY slept soundly and woke to find themselves their own men again. The river still flowed in spate, but the sea was calm and the surf flung rainbows on the reef. The plover ran along the sand and the doves cooed from the woods. Malone took his spear.

"I'm after a pig," he said. "There's no time to dig a new pit and the old ones'll all be wells."

The dogs went with him and they returned at noon triumphant, with a young porker.

Harland and Brett had worked on the thatch and making other repairs.

"Did I forgot to tell ye of the drame I had last night," said Malone as he butchered his prize. "Sure 'twas a fine one. I thought I woke up an' saw some wan disappearin' up the chimney in a blaze of light. A fat chap in red an' high boots. White fur he had on his cuffs and round his collar. A long white beard an' a fat belly. You'll have a hard time gettin' up that chimney, thinks I, plain as if I was awake. Then it comes over me who he was. Santa Claus! Whisht! says I to meself, did he lave me a gift? With that I feels round an' there was a can of terbaccer an' a pipe, with a box of matches all convanient.

"I filled the pipe an' struck a match—an' woke for the second time. An' this time I wasn't asleep whin I woke. Bad 'cess to him, there was no smoke but that in the fireplace. But 'twas a mighty comfortin' drame and I'm thinkin' it was by way of a token. What date is it, Professor?"

"It's just a week to Christmas, Malone."

"That reminds me I must carve the tallies on the stone up to date," said Brett.

"Do that," said Malone. "Put a mark down now for Christmas. Chip a cross on it—for good luck."

How much of Malone's desire was religion, how much sheer superstition, was hard to analyze but he was intent upon having his wish carried out and watched while Brett, leaving six spaces for his regular tally, chipped out a Maltese cross. Christmas, to him, seemed too filled with genial memories to be so intimately revived; they could not make much of an occasion of it.

To Brett it had always merely meant a festival rather than the celebration of the birth of the Man of Sorrows. He was not an atheist; he believed that religion—as the recognition of a Supreme Being with an accompanying system of faith and worship and a code of life that embraced culture and the advance of civilization—was a most desirable and perhaps a necessary thing; but he had never subscribed to any especial doctrine or made any manifestations of piety.

There was something within him that gave firm and quiet assurance that some Supreme Power had devised the universe and that all evolution of body and spirit was upward along the inevitable workings of that which was not a Great Experiment but the Plan of Superlative Genius. Nothing that he had acquired in the way of knowledge had disturbed that faith and he had found it sufficient, recognizing that his finite mind could not be expected to comprehend infinite factors any more than the brain of a child could realize the Fourth Dimension.

Malone's request gave him new thought. If his own little theory and its demonstration was to be successful and to grow, should religion enter into it? Would a welcome for all creeds produce jealousies, rivalries, bickerings. Religion, he knew, was a powerful factor in welding patriotism; also, itself divided, it could be a disintegrant. Would not a community based upon equality and fellowship, with rights and privileges equal to all and special favor to none, produce naturally the satisfactory foundation of "love thy neighbor as thyself." New developments, such as he planned, generally included a new creed, too often rank with prejudice, marred by a crude theology, set with harsh rules of observance or made attractive by wide license.

In setting down the main principles of his theory he could not bar religion. Where colonies were formed on his plans there were bound to be churches as well as schools. Some sect might predominate. The symbol

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of the cross would be eminent. He thought of the often-warring creeds of America, of the Christmas trees set up in opposing trenches of those who, worshiping the same God and praying for guidance to that deity, killed each other the next morning with every devilish ingenuity that the brain of man could devise.

He finished his cross and got up. He had felt a great sense of new vigor since the rain had ceased, following the quake. He was strongly inclined to think that their moping, the exaggeration of minor ills, was due to a devitalization of the air from causes connected directly with the seismic disturbance.

The sea might have been turned upside down, the lowest waters and the ooze of enormous depths thrust to the surface, charged with foul gases that had degenerated the oxygen and so poisoned the blood of all gill and lung breathing creatures. Such an upheaval might have accounted for the cold of the wind that followed the shock, the chill of a thousand fathoms.

Now, in reaction, his brain appeared overalert. The air this morning was surcharged with statical electricity. He had noticed it in his hair and beard; the bark-paper had seemed alive with it; the coats of the dogs had crackled with it. That it heightened his general vitality was certain, as certain as that the conditions preceding the quake had lowered it. Then the pendulum of life had moved too sluggishly; now it was inclined to race. He needed regulating.

Doubtless they would have certain spells of rain that might easily match the last in duration. The rainy season in many of the South Pacific groups often lasted for five months and had been described in books and stories that he had read—and edited—as practically incessant.

To the minds of savages, slow of stimulation, accepting such phases of nature as inevitable, these continuous rains would furnish far less mental gloom than with a white man. Most white men, living in such climates, had more diversions than they three. Yet the conditions must have been abnormal that produced such violent depression. And now, Brett fancied, his brain was emitting entirely superfluous suggestions. It was like a grindstone that instead of attending strictly to its business, was throwing off a lot of sparks, more or less brilliant, but nothing to do with the sharpening of the tool in hand.

"I am taking myself altogether too seriously," he decided. "My job is to try and show that a man can conquer circumstance under such conditions as exist upon this island and so, by inference, illustrate what opportunities there are for others where all the benefits of civilization are at hand. If my temperament, being somewhat hermitic, suits the job, so much the better. And the question of other folks' religion is nothing to do with it. That is too much like the bricklayer of the foundation trying to suggest the designs and colors of the mural decorator.

He turned to see Malone regarding him with a wrinkled brow.

"Are ye worryin' now?" asked the Irishman.

"About what?"

"I dunno. About what that —— earthquake did to the island and will it come again? About Christmas an' them that ye used to meet that day. Or is it about Walker an' the rist that sailed off in the *Hope*? I've thought meself at times 'twas a jinx namin' her that."

"I wasn't worrying about any of those things, Malone. I don't know about the *Hope* so I won't conceive the worst. It is quite possible they were picked up or made port. That seems to be a more probable contingency than for a search party to find us. There's been plenty of time for that to happen, if it was going to. I've tried not to count on it from the start."

"Sure, that's the way to look at it. If only I hadn't dramed about that terbaccy. What would ye give for a pipe?"

"I'd rather have a plow, or an ax, Malone."

"We're up ag'in it in the plowin' proposition, that's sure. But I've been thinkin' I cud train the dogs to harness. Sure they use 'em for draggin' sleds an' I've seen 'em drawin' carts in Holland. Why couldn't they haul a plow?"

"It's a fine idea. Our soil is soft along the stream, if the rain has left any of it."

"There's the perfessor callin' us to chow. Pork chops! I'm worried about him."

"His eyes. I've noticed that."

"They're bad. An' gettin' worse ivry day. What d'ye suppose folks did in the days before they had spectacles?"

"I'm afraid they went blind and had to be led around, tap their way along with a stick, or stay in a grudged corner at home."

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"Ah! An' him wantin' to work on his book an' all. 'Tis a black shame. He was askin' me this mornin' did I think the dogs was too old to train one of 'em to lead? Do you see why? So he could get out in the air when his eyes fail him."

"It may not be nearly as bad as he imagines, Malone. The fear of it would aggravate the trouble. We've all been acting and thinking unnaturally for the last day or so."

"You're right there. 'Tis none but the black thoughts I've been havin'. An' callin' myself the —— fool for stayin' on the island. Sure the sun makes all the difference in the world. I'm feelin' grand today. But I'd give an arm to help the perfessor's eyesight."

"I'm sure you would."

If Harland went blind? Brett did not think that total blindness was likely. It was merely the physical failure to supply the necessary force to the optic nerves. Age was the prime cause. The loss of glasses aggravated it. An optician could probably supply a remedy within a few hours by properly adjusted lenses. Meanwhile the horror of it must be an ever present evil with plucky Harland, whose main interest in life was the final polishing of his hexameter translation of the "Aeneid."

Brett began for the first time to suspect that Harland's professedly poor memory of late in connection with his masterwork was assumed to cover his neglect of transcription really due to his failing eyesight. Later, if the thing got serious, Brett decided to volunteer his services for amanuensis, as did the daughters of Milton.

He was afraid, however, of the effect of blindness on Harland, fearful that it might make him lose his grip on life. He weighed again his own responsibility on permitting the professor to remain on the island instead of risking a trip on the catamaran and again decided that he had done the better thing. Aside from the chances of loss, it was very doubtful if Harland could have survived the exposure to which the men on the *Hope* must inevitably have been subjected.

All day he found himself dwelling on the fate of the catamaran, though he had deliberately enjoined himself against such thoughts for the past two weeks. It was not so much that he had entirely relinquished hope as that he feared the effect of it as a mental diet. He tried to treat the possibility of communication with the outside world as he would have treated a stake in a gambling game—to consider it lost. And he hardened himself to go ahead as best they might.

He had the hardest kind of work to stop thinking of all that the arrival of a relief ship might mean. Malone had started the suggestion with his tale of Santa Claus and the plight of Harland had strengthened it. By dint of laying out a program for future work he cleared it from his brain.

He talked the program over with the others during the evening meal and afterward. Harland was brighter. Brett, watching him closely, could detect few signs of dimming sight, though he made no start to write on his book, either before daylight failed or after the good leaping fire was lit.

Brett outlined his theory concerning the unusual severity of the nine days' rain.

"If it usually continued that hard through any length of what might be styled a rainy season," he said, "it stands to reason that there would not have been the amount of deep soil there is on the island. During this downpour any amount of it has been swept out to sea through the stream channels in silt and solution and the rocks have been exposed. Some collodial soil has come down from the peaks to take its place, but only a shallow deposit. The best soil on the island is the red volcanic ash and that was deposited ages back and has remained even in places where, in case of a continuous rain like the one we have just experienced, no such depth of soil would be remaining.

"Also, whatever the seasons may be, year in and year out, the vegetation thrives. The average conditions are favorable. So I don't think we should worry about that. We have got to cure our food better and we must keep our leather oiled to prevent mold, or else achieve better ventilation. We haven't adapted ourselves yet to conditions.

"I am going to leave all planting alone for four months, or until the rains seem definitely to have ceased. I am still inclined to think, from the general character of the plants and trees, that the rainfall is intermittent and may be looked for during most of the year. I hope so. But I should suggest planting no seeds, preparing no more ground, until April. We can transplant certain fruit-trees to home orchards and then, by pinching off most of the fruit, later by grafting from the pick of the trees,

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we can play Burbank. I don't know whether yams have any season or not. They may be cultivated the year round. We'll make an exception of them. And we must make a plan for handling the guano fertilizer from the bird islands.

"I think we should provide more entertainment for possible rainy days. Vary it, if only with cat's cradle. Malone, you're getting to be a wizard at checkers. How about graduating to chess? Harland can teach us both."

Here, he thought, was a game which Harland could readily play if sight almost left him—even entirely. His fingers would know the pieces and an inlaid board, not too smoothly joined or leveled, would provide for sense of position without Harland realizing the suggestion of his weakness as his fingertips gradually took up the work of his eyes.

"There are a lot of things we should put aside to do so that we have more time when the open season arrives," Brett went on. "I think we should set out a regular program of weaving, sandal-making, experimentation. I am going to try my hand at glass making. I've been trying to remember my boyhood reading about the Phoenicians and it seems to me that you can make it out of sand that has enough silica and an alkali which we ought to get as a by-product from our soap making."

"I'm goin' to make me a fiddle," said Malone. "I've been figgerin' it out, with fish-glue an' pig's guts for strings; 'twill be the divvle's own job makin' the body but I can scrape down the wood in time. The only thing that's stickin' me is the bow and I'm goin' to try my own hair for that. It's long enough. Or some of the perfessor's fiber."

"I didn't know you were a musician, Tom," said Harland.

"Me? I'm no musician. Sure I can play three toons on the fiddle: 'Father O'Flynn,' 'Killarney' an' the 'Wearin' of the Green,' an' I've fit them that said they cudn't tell 'em apart. I'm no warbler like Walker was—I'd like to see the —— little Sassenach again. But I've a fancy to take a stab at the fiddle just the same. Not that I won't try the chess though I'm thinkin' 'tis a high falutin' game for wan of my schoolin'. Then I've the dogs to train. Fool tricks, some of 'em, an' gettin' 'em ready for plowin'. I'll be busy enough. I had the plain hump this last week. There was sure somethin' wrong with the weather, like Brett said there was."

"I shall be the weaver," put in Harland, "though I'll be glad of the chess. If Malone's fiddle works out I may borrow it. I used to scrape once upon a time—a long time ago."

The vision of a picture he had seen, "The Blind Fiddler," flashed into Brett's mind and he averted his face lest the professor might read it.

"You can have it an' welcome. 'Tis you who are the wonder, perfessor. Why did ye not speak of it before?"

"I didn't think of it. If I had I do not think I should have sufficiently credited your ingenuity."

"We'll wait a bit before we crow about that. The first thing ye know we'll have an orchestry. I might make a whistle out of the sorghum canes or them big reeds in the swamp after they were dried out."

"Why not Pan pipes?" asked Brett.

"Ah," said Harland gently, "a syrinx."

"Will you talk a plain tongue?" asked Malone. "What is a syrinx? Sounds like an Egyptian image to me."

Brett explained.

"I think I could make one," he said. "I suppose you stop the lower ends and arrange the pitch by the lengths to form a scale. A fiddle and a whistle, a syrinx and a drum—the last is easy with a skin over a hollow log. My ear is fairly good, I believe. I could beat the drum, anyway."

He fostered the idea, deliberately giving Malone the credit, managing to arouse between the three of them a genuine enthusiasm that would carry them over many bad places of idleness even if the final result was neither highly successful nor musical.

The possible recurrence of a quake was a live thought and Brett determined upon a survey of the island to see how the shock had affected it. A visit to the vapor jets on Mount Misery and the cave of the carvings should, he thought, largely determine whether they were in an immediate zone of danger. He knew, or thought he knew, something of seismic shocks from California experience and data.

There had been no suggestion of steam in the water surrounding the island. The stranded fish had not been cooked and some of them were deep-sea species. He trusted that there had been nothing more than a

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great convulsion somewhere along the line of a fault, caused, perhaps, by the closing up of a rift that might easily have juggled the lower depths to the surface. Harland's cooking-pots were still cold and steamless. Brett had made soundings in Turtle Bay and charted them, soon after the *Hope* had left, somewhat as a sop to fortune, trusting that some day he might have to play pilot to an incoming ship. If Walker once got through to Crandall he believed the publisher would combine his own liking of the sea with a commercial opportunity and outfit his yacht for that purpose.

Darrach would do all in his power, but he knew that Darrach never put himself out to make more money than his own expenses required, save when some choice piece of ancient pocket artillery was for sale, when the cash would promptly disappear. Neither was Darrach the type to inspire capital in such an adventure, known to be of his own especial bent. He was rated clever but erratic.

Now, with the vision of a ship merely a nebula in his mental vision, Brett determined to check the soundings. The weather continued fine and he set out in his catamaran. Malone had departed to trap more pigs for breeding selection, vowing that a pig and a shillelagh, as he styled his pet club, were as necessary to an Irishman's existence as sails to a schooner.

Brett chose high tide, to correspond with the first soundings, and the plummeting showed little variation save where the rush of the creek had added to the height of a shoal.

He landed in the little cove at Mount Misery to inspect the steam jets, visiting them first to put in the time until ebb. He saw no vapors from the sea, which was comforting, but he had marked the spot and he wanted to inspect it. It was a hard climb over lava and took time, but he found the place where the steam had issued, easily distinguishable by sulfurous deposits. He was unable to tell whether the rifts were comparatively recent or ancient, but there was no trace of warmth.

He returned to his catamaran; then, coasting by the caves, he noticed that the cliffs were covered with a dried scum that might have been influng on a high tide. It was probable that the quake had produced some sort of a tidal wave that they would not have noticed at the bungalow in the confusion of the shock. The carved rock was as it had been, an inch or two below water level. There had been no further subsidence, no upheaval. Brett traced one or two of the outlined characters with his fingertip.

"I thank you, brother scribe," he said. "You have delivered your message."

He paddled out into the sunshine well satisfied. The last evidence of live volcanic activity had disappeared. Such vents could not be reckoned as safety valves but rather as the final simmerings of water heated by fires that might be now reckoned as extinct. The Isle of Nowhere, renamed Utopia, was not to be a menace.

BRETT returned to the bungalow more satisfied. Malone reported the digging and baiting on new traps for pigs. These he had cushioned with springy boughs at the bottom, so that the captured animal could be lassoed about the hind legs and lifted. They had found that the dog pack, however excited they might be, never attacked a pig in a trap, perhaps from instinct that told them they could not get out again, and quite likely from the fear of a rough and tumble at such close quarters with the sharp-tusked prisoner.

Malone announced his determination of building a new pig pen of bricks on higher ground. He also complained of the quality of the bricks which, to judge by the remnants of the ruined foundations of his "pig parlor," as Brett dubbed the elaborate pen, had been dissolved by the water.

Brett examined them and decided that they had never been sufficiently baked. There was one spot where a late find had unearthed especially excellent clay, though it needed water transportation that took time and labor to bring the clay to where it could be formed into bricks and burned. Brett had fetched one raft-load of it for experimentation.

He had made his bricks in molds, using the pure unmixed clay and then arranged them in stacks for a thorough burning. One lot he placed in arch formation above the fire and enclosed the whole in a beehive shaped kiln of green bricks. For fuel he had used wood until he obtained a good bed and then he had piled in charcoal and closed up his opening, leaving draughts enough for combustion.

The gaging of bricks and fuel had been

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only a test and the rain had started before he had time to inspect and withdraw his bricks, if he judged they were done. The kiln he had taken the precaution of building beneath an overhanging shelf of rock and inspection showed him that the water could have done little damage.

Malone helped him break down the shell. These outside bricks were red in color from the oxides in the clay; they were brittle and many of them were cracked. But those in the interior, especially the ones that had been arched, were magnificent quality. The arch had fallen in—partly, Brett thought, due to the changes in atmosphere during the rain and the intense cold that had come with the wind—but the bricks had fallen on the ashes and were undamaged. The heat to which they had been subjected had been intense enough to vitrify their surfaces, which were a greenish blue.

Malone and Brett gazed at them with all the pride of a sculptor over his exhibition model, grinned, shook hands and literally pranced for joy.

"Sure 'twould be an honor to carry thim in a hod," said Malone. "Niver were there more iligant bricks. Fit for the house of the Prisidint of Ireland."

"We'll build a house with them," declared Brett. "We'll make bricks whenever the weather permits of the pressing and by Spring we'll have enough. I'll draw the plans and we can all discuss them. The bungalow is pretty badly sprung on one corner. All the vines and flowers are gone and we should build higher up. We'll flume water into it and we'll have all the latest improvements. If I can make that glass we'll be fixed; if not, we'll use pigs' bladders; they'll be better than oiled paper. We'll experiment with making tiles for the roof."

"You have the great head on you," said Malone with his face split by his smile. "Is it a castle you'll be building?"

"A three-sided one-story bungalow, California style, is what I had in mind. One side a big living room facing the sea. A *patio* in the middle, paved, with a pool in the middle. A *patio* is a courtyard, Malone."

"That'll be for the pigs?"

"If a pig ever comes into that *patio* he'll go out with his tail straightened. There'll be a pergola, or trellis, with vines trained over it and flowers about the pool."

"Begorry, you're flyin' high."

"Why not? Let's do the best we can. If we only had a good saw."

"And a few nails. Maybe we'll find 'em on the Christmas tree."

"What Christmas tree, Malone?"

"Arrah, d'ye think I'm a haythen entirely? Niver have I had a chance before to have a tree of my own, niver in my life, but we'll have one this trip—an' wreaths to hang in the room. We have no stockings to hang up and small good they'd do us, for I'm thinkin' the gifts will be few an' far between. But sure, the tree's the main thing after all.

"Do ye mind that we passed over Thanksgivin' with niver a thought of it? We've got to have some holidays. The perfessor 's goin' to fix up a special meal. This time next year we'll be in a house made of blue an' green bricks; 'tis too bad they're not all green, at that. Let's go tell the perfessor about the brick."

THE days slipped by until Brett made the last tally that filled the gap ahead of the cross on the calendar stone.

Christmas morning was bright and clear and sunny. They had had two or three showers within the week but this day was cloudless. It was to be a holiday. Malone was to tramp off into the woods, inspect the traps in the hope of a very young pig for dinner and then bring back his Christmas tree and material for the wreaths that Harland would make while the prospective pig, the fish, the plover and doves that Malone had limed, and a turtle captured and reserved for the occasion, were cooking in two sand-and-stone ovens and the mightiest of the clay pots.

Brett had left the door open and the big room was flooded with sunshine and light. But he noticed that Harland bumped into a chair and then pretended he had stumbled. He saw him peering closely at various familiar objects and the melancholy of the case took something out of the vitality that he felt abounding within himself, perfect health responding to the perfect weather like a rising barometer. There was no doubt that, without glasses, Harland would soon be almost sightless.

It was pitiful and Brett took the sorrow of it out with him, striving to find some remedy as he strode along. He took food with him, as he did not expect to be back

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much before the end of the afternoon. The dogs had all gone with Malone. He was not entirely satisfied as to the stability of the island, rather, he wanted to find more proof to strengthen his judgment that it was not liable to volcanic action or shock. His water trip had been convincing in its way but he had a notion to visit the wide crevasse to the northeast, where they had trapped Wolf, the insane Slovak oiler and one-time mate of Malone.

Bowman had named the spot Death Gulch on his map because of the hurling of Wolf into the deep rift by Wallaby Brown in their life and death struggle. Also because what the wild pigs had left of Wolf was buried there.

Brett had always believed the great gulch had been caused by an earthquake. That it was of long-ago formation the heavy growth of trees in its gloomy depths showed. There were a few trees on the rocky sides but little soil. In what soil there was on the west slope, long grass grew like a mat. The eastern cliff still showed sharp and comparatively recent cleavage, reckoning geologically. There was little talus at the bottom.

He felt certain that if the island was unstable it would show in the gulch, which was directly in the line of ancient disturbance.

He had two other reasons for the visit. It was one of his pet schemes to turn the gulch into a deep lake by diverting the headwaters to Clear River and damming. Somehow he meant to make use of the power of the restrained waters. Today was a holiday and he had the right to daydream. The site of the undeveloped project gave him inspirations.

His third object—Malone and his Christmas tree had prompted this—was to lay some twined evergreens on Wolf's grave. Wolf had run amuck; he had tried to rob and kill Harland and then destroy the rest of them by fire. He had been mad; his dull brain had not been able to stand the stress of the open boat voyage and the first hours ashore, when the howling and creeping forms of the unknown wild beasts had given them a night of horror. He had broken down and reverted to the ape plus a crazy man's perverted cunning.

That had not been his fault. He had been one of them and his bones were beneath a cairn at the bottom of the ravine. Brett did not believe himself sentimentalist or symbolist, but he felt an impulse toward this thing that he knew arose from his inner psychological self, and it laid upon him like a command that must be obeyed.

Over and over, as he went, he revolved possibilities of finding some transparent quartz and marking pebble lenses that could be fitted in some sort of spectacle frame. It would be a frightful job, even if he found the clear crystal, to construct a bi-convex lens—two of them. He would have to grind with pumice stone, gauge by some caliper appliance, polish with fine ash and finally by hand. So he imagined the process. And he would have to try many times before he would achieve a result that really helped Harland.

But he did not deem it an impossibility. Given materials, there should be small limit to their powers. Genius meant infinite pains and infinite pains usually showed short-cuts, result bridged result and there was always the storage of information somewhere in the convolutions of his gray matter, coördination of which was quickened by necessity and, he had found more and more of late, could be willed into revelation by concentrated effort to remember.

He had a lot of ideas churning over in his sub-mentality that might make butter by and by. Sulfur matches to be carried with a tinder box. Gunpowder—he was sure he had detected saltpeter in certain places of the soil and there only remained the right discovery of proportion of this niter, sulfur and charcoal. Experimenting with some of the sticky juices Malone had discovered in looking for birdlime, he believed he would find rubber that could, at least, be used for waterproofing. Then there was the question of finding and crushing nuts that would give illuminating oil. He felt confident of solving that.

Maybe he would get glasses for Harland after all. If he couldn't find the quartz crystal he might succeed with the glass he was going to make.

Little by little his spirits lightened as he wrought himself into a frame of achievement though he knew that it must be weeks before he could ever hope to try and fit Harland with the crudest type of spectacles. But he had long ago discovered that the contemplation of time was a distinct bar to results and that work devoured time and annihilated it.

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He had to walk up Clear River and he kept to the eastern bank, avoiding Lake Mud and the swamps with their swarms of mosquitos that must have hatched out after the heavy rain. It was close to noon before he reached the junction of Clear River and Walker Creek, site of their first encampment and tree-house. It was hot on the watershed and, though he was hungry, he resolved to wait until he had reached the cool shadow of the gulch before he ate.

There was water in the bottom. He would gather his evergreens for the grave and place them first, then eat and rest and plan his watermarks of the projected reservoir from the floor of it before he went on to examine the site of the dam, which would have to be made of dirt and logs. Then he would start for home and the Christmas dinner.

Death Gulch ran roughly northwest by southeast. The best entrance was at the southeastern end. But first Brett stood midway of the western cliff, not far from where Brown had battled with Wolf, on a little promontory that gave him full view of the ravine. He could not see the ocean on account of the coast hills rising to the cliffs about their original landing place in the Bay of Despair, to the north, and a mass of forest that masked the downslope to the northeast and east. But he could hear the boom of the surf as he stood there in the quiet of the middle day and occasionally the peevish cries of high wheeling gulls.

Christmas! To Brett, Christmas had been a festival long celebrated at other people's homes. It should not be held at one's own abiding-place, to suit his fancy, unless there were bright-eyed, expectant children of that household—and their mother. But he had not had the heart to check Malone's impulse. The rough oiler had softened and sweetened marvelously in their diminished group. The man was without selfishness. Yet he and Brett had fought and battered each other almost to a double standstill.

Brett could visualize that fight now, with Brown coaching and Walker yelling from the side.

"Upstairs. Oh, *'it* 'im upstairs."

Good old Walker. Brett missed him badly. He had rather hoped Walker would have stayed behind, yet Walker had been the safeguard of the crew of the *Hope*, if they had won through.

And the smashing fight, striking and wrestling, on the lip of the precipice, between Wolf and Brown. He could see that too. But he did not choose to and his thoughts turned again to Yuletides of his mainland days. The club garlanded with redwood, the good cheer and amity, the gifts. The dinner where some kindly family took him in and for a while he shared their intimacy. A brown-haired, blue-eyed woman who was the sister of Darrach, whom he had hoped . . . .

Brett shook his head as if to free it of things that were past. His hopes were for the future, not broken things, but matters to be accomplished. With the dam there, the water should rise about to the level of the yellowish streak that ran horizontally about the gulch. He advanced nearer to the edge, bending over to trace the line, to see if there were any marks of earthquake.

He had not noticed—he could not from above—that the front of the little promontory bulged outward and that its top overhung the gulch. Nor had he paid attention to a channel eaten by the rains that had ditched it off. The long grass had hidden this and he had crossed the depression where a outcropping rock had leveled it.

Without warning, silently, the spongy earth crumbled under his weight, toppled, fell with a muffled sound of soft dirt on the matted grass surface, with Brett in the midst of the avalanche clutching at air. After the first break, more of the brow of the cliff broke away and rushed after him to sweep him on as he fell upon the slippery grass, whose long stems slid through his fingers or were uprooted.

He could get no more grip on the stuff than if he had been upon the face of a waterfall and he was rushing with frightful and increasing rapidity toward the trees at the bottom of the gulch. No rapid review of his life passed through his mind; there were no flashes of broken incident. His brain was clear; it accepted the inevitable; it held one thought, without regret, without resignation, a plain acceptance of the fact——

This is the end!

He neared a tree growing out at an angle, little more than a sapling. Hardly realizing what it was, save as a man grasps every straw in extremity, he convulsively grasped at a leafy mass that broke and cracked,

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braking his headlong rush a little before he crashed through it, checked enough to fling arms and legs desperately about the main trunk.

The wrench tore the young tree from its precarious hold and, clinging to it as if it were a sled, speeding over the smooth surface of the matted grass, he plunged on.

There was a crash, a partial rebound, breaking boughs, an odor of crushed ferns as he swept a swathe through high banks of them, and then came unconsciousness that followed a blaze and a blur of light.

BRETT came back to consciousness slowly. A darkness slowly dissolved and he saw the green of heavily-leaved boughs above him. He was wedged strangely between branches that held him almost immovable in their forks and under their bulks. The splintered stem of the sapling was across his chest, the crown end sprung beneath a great, long-fallen, mossy bole against which he lay lengthwise, partially under its curve. One arm was under him, the other pinned by a forked branch whose ends had driven deep into the soft dirt. His body seemed to be partially imbedded. All that he could move was his neck and that painfully. He was as helpless as a turtle turned on its back.

His head ached intolerably and there was blood on his face. The flesh of his chest smarted where it was scratched and torn. How badly he was hurt he could not surmise. The sapling might have buffered him off from serious damage. The throbbing in his head forced him to close his eyes; the effort to think increased the pain. A dull apathy succeeded. His body seemed numb and he was content to lie there.

Soon he drifted off into unconsciousness again and in a sort of dream he thought he heard voices—even shots. He remembered these when he came back again to reasoning power—he did not know how long afterward—and told himself that he was delirious. The auto-suggestion brought on an agonizing thirst, then a desperate effort to break loose from the tangle. Strive as he did until he was utterly exhausted, with sweat breaking from every pore, he could not do more than strain at the supple bonds that held him so cunningly, the twigs whipping his face, the leaves shaking derisively at his puny efforts.

It was hard to gage time, the woods were so dense, but he felt that it was late; a slow dusk seemed to be gathering in the forest, unless he was losing consciousness once more. But he had no more hallucinations of voices.

He did not faint this time. His thirst was very real now and the torture of his head had changed to a dull pain that permitted him to think of his extremity.

No one knew in which direction he had gone. He had told Harland simply that he might not be back until late. They would not begin to look for him until it was too dark to search. And, with the night—

He remembered how they had found the remains of Wolf after the pigs were through with him.

The wild pigs and the savage dogs. If they found him?

He believed that the presence of men on the island had restricted the brutes somewhat in their range but the gulch was isolated. None of them had been near it for weeks.

Death Gulch!

The frightful play of his imagination almost sent him insane. It was impossible for a man in his position to face such horrible death; helpless while the dogs rent at him, as they did Jezebel, or the tusked boars flung away the boughs to get at him, grunting, rooting.

If he had only been mercifully killed!

He had always known the risk of any one of them going out alone. But it was a risk that for Malone and himself had to be taken. He had thought of sprained ankle, of broken limb, but this . . . .

Again he struggled, writhing against the pliant boughs. There was no doubt that it was growing darker in the bottom of the gulch. Soon it would be sundown; the pack would be out. The pigs roamed, feeding, at all hours except those of midday. They might hear him thrashing helplessly and come snuffing with their little eyes seeking, their gristly nostrils smelling out a meal.

He lay still, shuddering, nauseated.

Presently he heard a pattering that came his way and his hair lifted at the roots. A hoarse cry died on his lips; he tried to form a prayer.

"God, God! What use? And this was Christmas!"

A hound gave tongue and came leaping toward him. It forced itself through the tangle and stood above his chest its red tongue lolling, nosing down to reach him.

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Then he saw the collar round its neck and fainted again, sinking deep out of reality in the revulsion.

The boughs had been dragged off. Malone was working over him, holding him, with his head on the Irishman's knees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed Malone. "I thought ye were dead, though there's only the crack on the head that I can find. I've been shouting for ye all afternoon."

"Why—how did you?" Brett broke in.

"We've got to get out of here before it's dark. I'll get ye some water."

He brought him some in cupped hands while the dogs sat round and gazed at Brett sympathetically.

" 'Twas Dan there who smelled ye. 'Tis the fine nose he has for his friends. He caught your scent way to the cliff an' then I saw what had happened. Can you stand?"

Brett made the effort. His legs gave way. There was no circulation in them. Malone chafed them, then looked around.

"Sun'll be down time we git out," he muttered. "I'll give ye the fireman's lift. There now, aisy."

Brett felt himself raised from the ground, slung across Malone's great chest, an elbow under the crook of his knee, a hand gripping his wrist. Vaguely he knew himself to be packed up through the woods, out of the gulch, laid for a moment on turf where the cool air was blowing and the sunset was glowing off to the west.

Lying with closed eyes, still half-numb, he heard three sharp reports, followed by two more.

"What's that?" he murmured.

The answer seemed to come from far away. He was not at all sure that he comprehended it.

"To let 'em know you're found, an' all right."

All right? He was a long way from all right. Yet he felt himself wondering if he was so badly hurt after all, only shaken into utter lack of coordination. He was still in a daze and in it he was lifted again. He sensed that he was being carried along, downhill, at a half trot. The joggling began to restore his circulation, feeling was coming back. His voice returned.

"Put me down," he called to Malone. "I'm better."

Malone set him down with a grunt. It was quite dark now and the stars were out above them. They were on the trail beside Clear Creek, half-way down already. Beyond the next rise they would see the lagoon of Turtle Bay. Brett sat up with a groan but with knowledge of power beyond bruises. He got on all fours and Malone slipped an arm about him and helped him get to his feet. For a moment the sky and earth joined in a swirl. Then his brain steadied. With Malone still supporting him he moved to the brink of the stream, knelt, drank, plunged in his arms to the elbows, bent and immersed face and neck, letting the cool torrent lave him.

"Eh, but that's good," he said. "Malone, you got me in time. I was going crazy there. The pigs! You remember Wolf."

"Sure I do. But he's gone an' you're here, thanks to Dan."

"How did you come to look for me so soon?"

"Can ye walk to the rise?"

"I think so."

He found that he could get along fairly well with Malone's grasp on his forearm. His legs seemed pricked by dull needles but the effect of the jar was wearing off. Consecutive thought was not quite so easy.

"Malone, I thought I heard voices and shots. Then, when you first put me down. It was you who fired."

He stood off, staring at Malone. There was a belt about the Irishman's waist, a belt of leather in which the butts of cartridges showed. And the handle of a gun stuck form a holster flap. Or so it seemed to him in the starlight, unless he was dreaming.

Now Malone was urging him along, talking.

"They should be meetin' us by now if they got the direction. I heard them answer. 'Twas not for nothin' I got the Christmas tree, Brett, me bhoy, nor for nothin' I dreamed of Santy and the terbaccer. An' then to come off without any, lookin' for you. There, an' what d'ye think of that?"

They stood on the brink of the rising ground. Far below Brett saw a light glowing in the bungalow—brighter than any fireplace made. In the bay was the outline of a hull, of masts, emphasized by golden portholes and skylight, by riding lights. And there were voices half way up the slope. The dogs left them and went barking. Malone urged them on before he shouted a vigorous halloo.

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Shouts came back. Beams of white light. Bobbing lights.

"I never thought to bring torch or lantern," said Malone. "I figgered I'd rouse you long before dark. An' the others went huntin' the same time though of course they didn't think you hurt. One party under Walker an' one under O'Neill."

O'Neill!"

"The same. An' a grand wife by the same token. 'Tis Crandall's yacht, the *Seafarer*, in the bay. They've brought over a whole hardware store, to say nothin' of grub. Ye should see the bungalow. They were carryin' in the stuff when I lift with the dogs. 'Tis some Christmas we'll be havin' after all. Steady on there!"

The dogs came racing back and with them a short figure ahead of the rest. The rays from electric torches blinded Brett and he could not face them. All the time he tried to tell himself that this was real, not a dream back there in the gulch. He saw Malone's rugged face twitching between laughter and sobs, his teeth agrin and tears on his cheeks.

The next moment Walker's arms were about him.

"Gawd, Brett, ol' pal! I thought you were —— well lost. We're back. O'Neill with me. Here to stay, an' the bloomin' 'ooker ful of truck. There's another pal of yours. 'Ere 'e is. O'Neill's down below with 'is misses."

Then Darrach had him by the hand and Crandall stepped forward.

"Give 'im a cigaret, won't yer, some one?" said Walker. "An' a match. Let 'im light it 'imself. 'E thinks 'e's dreamin'. Mr. Crandall, 'ave you got a flash on you?"

Brett failed to strike a match with his trembling fingers, tried again and succeeded. He lit the cigaret that Darrach gave him, inhaled it. A magic draught from Crandall's flash stole through his veins like liquid gold. It braced him indescribably. Someone flung a coat—a real coat of real cloth about him and, surrounded by his friends, he went down the hill to the bungalow.

The door opened. A woman's figure appeared against the glow. Music started. It was a phonograph. The Stone Age departed, slunk back to the proper place in the limbo of time.

"Pol Plancon singing 'Noel.'"

"Some Chris'mus, matey!" This from Walker.

"'Faith, wait till he sees at the tree. The wimmin have been fixin' it."

"Gawd, matey but I'm glad to be back! I told you I would."

Then O'Neill.

"Brett, old man, I want you to meet my wife."

IT WAS only the third day after Christmas when Walker, roaming with Darrach, caught the latter by the sleeve. On the edge of a little headland overlooking Turtle Bay, so close that the two figures blended in the light of the rising moon, were a man and woman.

"What did I tell yer, Darrach?" whispered Walker. "'Oneymoonin' 'and a spoonin' all over the shop. Bad enough on ship it was. Yah! They myke me sick."

"Why on ship, brother misogamist? That isn't the O'Neills—or the Sheldons. They're in the bungalow. That's Malone and the fair stewardess."

"Strike me pink! Another good man gorn wrong! That means she'll 'aul 'im back."

"Maybe not."

"I'll bet yer. Now the professor's decided to go, account of 'is eyes and 'is daughter's letter. She won't want to stay on the island. And I won't worry none over that, neither. It's 'er against the dawgs—an' the pigs. She wins."

"What's the bet?"

"A dozen cigars. They won't larst out till we myke our own."

"I'll take that bet," said Darrach.

AN HOUR before the *Seafarer* sailed for Tahiti, Walker paid the bet.

"I didn't think Malone 'ad that much guts in 'im," he said. "She must be stuck on 'im. It'll wear orf. Crandall's skipper is goin' to marry 'em. Just decided. Ceremony's in the bungalow. Go in an' kiss the bride."

Darrach smiled.

"I will if you will, Walker," he said.

ONCE more the dwellers on the Isle of Nowhere, now Utopia, climbed the peak on the eastern promontory to see the sails of a craft disappear. It was a bigger group this time—seven of them—two of them women. And there was no question in their eyes, only

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the consciousness of great possibilities, the hope of many fulfilments.

On a staff above them, no mere makeshift, but a trimmed and varnished spar with cross-tree, cleats and halyards, floated the Stars and Stripes.

"I told Crandall he need not cover up our position," he said. "He can put us on the map. Utopia, U. S. A. It is already charted, you see, and if they look us up, they'll find the flag flying and I don't believe it'll have to come down. Crandall has some pull at Washington. I don't think we'll be disturbed until we've got things going. And that isn't going to be very long."

The last tiny sliver of the *Seafarer's* sail passed below the horizon. In the cabin Crandall was writing up his log. The first unfinished sentence was still wet upon the page.

Left Island of Utopia at three twenty-five. Position 109° 3′ 22″ west longitude and 77° 17′ south, as previously reported by Captain Renny, of the ship *Valhalla*.

THE VALUE OF PREPAREDNESS

by Hugh Pendexter

ON NOVEMBER 4, 1791, Major-General Arthur St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory, veteran of two wars, was surprized by Little-Turtle and his Miami warriors in what is now the southwest corner of Mercer County, Ohio. St. Clair's forces numbered fourteen hundred men, many of them militia enlisted for a short term. Little-Turtle, great warrior, led a force about equal to his enemy's. The militia were raw and lacked discipline. Desertions had been numerous.

Popular clamor for the punishment of the Ohio Indians had pushed St. Clair into his campaign before he was ready. The militia broke in cowardly confusion. The artillery was abandoned. The Indians killed six hundred and thirty-two officers and men, and of the two hundred and sixty-three wounded many subsequently died. The survivors fled for their lives, and ran till exhausted after the Indians gave up the chase. The Indians lost one hundred and fifty killed. Afterward soldiers visiting the field of massacre found five hundred skulls in a space of three hundred and fifty yards. For miles through the woods were scattered skeletons and muskets.

Two years later Major-General Anthony Wayne was appointed to punish the Ohio Indians. He built Fort Recovery on St. Clair's battle-field and made it his headquarters during the Winter of 1793-94. He insisted on being supplied with regulars, unwilling to trust to short-term men. He refused to be hurried into a premature campaign, and for months kept his men drilling. He began his advance in the Summer, and of the three thousand men he led down the Maumee at least two-thirds of them were regulars. On August 20 he met the combined Indian force at Maumee rapids at a spot known as Fallen Timbers. The battle which followed was the reverse of the fight put up by St. Clair's army.

So irresistible was Wayne's first charge that only nine hundred of his men were engaged. The Indians numbered two thousand. Wayne lost thirty-three killed. Of the hundred wounded eleven died. The Indians were pursued until they halted under the guns of the British at Fort Miami below the rapids. This disastrous defeat ended in the Treaty of Greenville, Ohio, by the terms of which the Indians gave up practically all the territory in Ohio.

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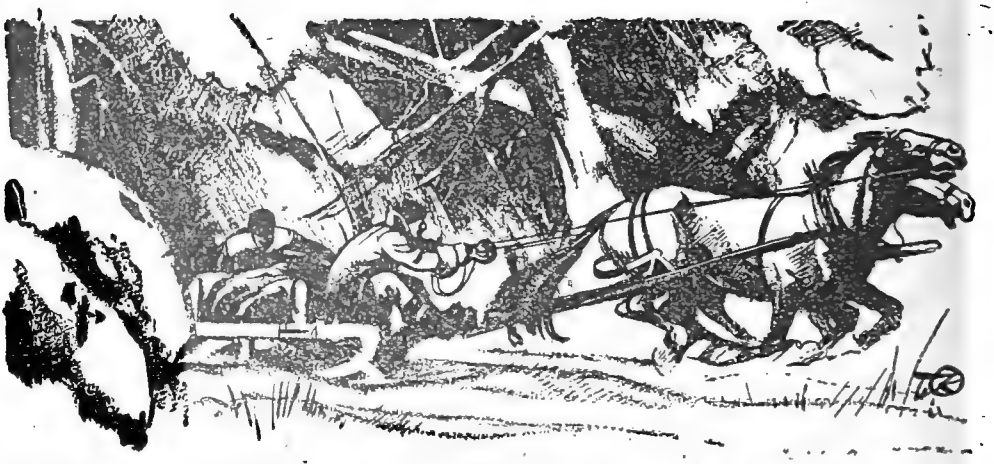

THE SONG OF MADAME

by Crosbie Garstin

Author of "At Stroud's," "One Thousand Dollars," etc.

TWO men went plodding steadily along a mountain trail. Beneath and parallel with the track wound a frozen river, in Spring a rock-rent torrent, now a still ribbon of unsoiled white. On the farther bank the mountains rose again, sheer snowy ramparts flecked with the black of fire-licked timber and crowned with glaciers that glinted like dull glass under the steel sky. The trail humped over an out-running spur, lifting for a few yards above the tree-tops, and plunged into cover once more.

The smaller man, who led, paused on this eminence and peered ahead, his ice-encrusted eyebrows lowered against the razor-edge of the wind.

About a mile farther on the mountains on the eastern side of the river drew in their skirts, leaving flats of a few hundred acres in extent. From among the spruce at the northern end of these a wind-twisted skein of smoke arose.

The little man grunted with satisfaction, "Leblanc's," he said, pointing with his mitt. "Be in by noon."

His taller companion, who had come up behind him, lifted a puckered face to the wind and nodded shortly. They dropped down the trail into the shelter of the timber, the little man leading as before, plodding on doggedly in silence, their larrigans crunching the crisp snow. Both men wore toques of red wool pulled down over their ears, mackinaw coats and trousers and calf-high boots. The remainder of their worldly possessions was contained in the roll of gray blankets slung on the back of each.

Here the likeness stopped short; indeed, it would have been difficult to find two men so utterly dissimilar in every other respect. The little man, who went first and broke trail, was squat and ruddy. His hair under the red toque was so fair as to be almost colorless. The eyebrows and mustache, under the encrusting ice, were a bleached yellow. He had come from Schleswig-Holstein originally and was of peasant stock.

His companion stood about six feet in height and was of a loose, powerful build. He was some years younger than the German but did not look it. His dark, clean-cut face was haggard and marked with exposure and dissipation. His eyes were weary and a little mad. His shaven upper lip curled, and the corners of his mouth drooped somewhat, giving him an air of perpetual arrogance and discontent.

That he was an Englishman was patent the moment he spoke. More was not known; he volunteered no information concerning himself, and no questions were asked. In the "'way back" a man's past is his own.

None but the stolid, easy-tempered little German could have tolerated the Englishman, for he was hardly a pleasant companion,

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violent and quarrelsome at one moment, steeped in glooms of depression at another. But "Dutch"—so named in common with all others hailing from anywhere between the Baltic and the Scheldt—for all his stolidity, belonged to the great emotional tribe of hero-worshipers, and was not his mate the one and only "Eat-'Em-Alive," the most notorious camp-bully and gambler west of the Rockies?

He bathed, purring, in the reflected notoriety of being the great man's partner—though this same position held its drawbacks, also. Many a time he had been beaten almost to pulp assisting the gambler out of a mix-up. Many a night he had struggled with him on the stairs of down-at-heel rooming-houses, after his partner had sought, too fiercely, to drown God knows what memories. Many a dawn he had dragged him, drugged and robbed, from dens whither he had slunk to forget the faces of God knows what lost loves.

However, such matters did not disturb Dutch greatly; his code of morals was not sensitive and one must pay for fame; he saw himself in the rôle of a modern *Sancho Panza*, the philosophical servant of the eccentric great.

Should any one inquire why he stayed with Eat-'em-Alive, why he bore all the ill-usage from him, he would shrug his thick shoulders and say:

"*Liebe Gott*, he iss som' sawyer, I tell yous. Me unt him ve pull on a saw like ve vass twins—she ron like silk—*ja wohl!*"

That was true enough, and the love of reflected notoriety was also binding, but the strongest tie of all was that somewhere deep in Dutch's chunky little body throbbed a romantic soul, and in his mate Dutch saw Romance personified.

Partners though they were, Eat-'Em-Alive had confided no more in Dutch than in any one else, but from words let slip here and there, mutterings heard while they slept in bunks together, lapses into cultured language when off-guard for a moment, all these had been pounced on and garnered by the romantic and sentimental German, woven and embroidered into a story, and he lived for the day when a little old English solicitor, wearing a plug-hat and a frock-coat, should advance down a logging-road and, hailing Eat-'Em-Alive as "Lord Henry"—or something to that effect—bear him away to his proud heritage in the Old Country—as always happens in books.

But as yet no plug-hatted solicitor had appeared. Eat-'Em-Alive, by particularly outrageous conduct, had closed the big Rockie camps to his partner and himself, and they were hurrying into retirement to a small private outfit some ten miles farther up-river.

AT NOON, true to Dutch's estimate, they were kicking the snow from their larrigans on Leblanc's doorstep.

Leblanc's rest-house was of some pretensions, a two-storied log building, backed by a large barn and orchard.

Leblanc himself was a French trapper from the Province of Quebec. He ran a few cattle and horses, grew apples and hay, traded pelts and kept a small store, retailing the necessities of existence to the scattered homesteaders, lumbermen and Siwash in the district.

He met the travelers at the door with a welcoming smile—smiling was a habit of his—a small, wiry man, round of face, with a thick black mustache and a natural tonsure.

"Som' col', hey?" he laughed, watching Dutch break the icicles from his mustache, his little eyes twinkling like drops of ink. "You wan't dinnaire, ah guess? Madame feex her right now. Ha, ha!"

He pulled himself a chair and sat thereon, puffing at his great pipe, beaming at his guests between the draws.

Dutch scraped his chair nearer the stove, stretched his short legs and grunted with animal content.

Eat-'Em-Alive, having trimmed his nails with a pocket-knife and ordered his hair with a pocket-comb, began a lazy survey of the room. There was nothing much to see—a little smiling Frenchman in his shirt-sleeves puffing at a carved pipe and a bare room devoid of all furniture or ornamentation, save for the stove, a few chairs, a box of sawdust that served as a spittoon and the elaborately framed relic of a saint that *madame* had brought with her from Joliette.

Eat-'Em-Alive tilted his chair back against the wall and closed his eyes wearily—the last rampage had torn him to pieces.

Presently he opened them again and turned his head slightly, the scornful mouth relaxed into the hint of a smile, for through

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the open kitchen-door, accompanied by a clatter of tin plates, came the song of Madame Leblanc.

The song of Madame Leblanc had quite an unspoken fame in the district, and though it might not have thrilled critical audiences, it had at least the claim of originality, for *madame* did not attempt the compositions of the Masters; she did not even resort to the folk-songs of her own land; she made it up herself.

Her song, too, like those of Mendelssohn, was *ohne worte*. She crooned it, her plump hands crossed on her lap, her slippered foot nudging the cradle Leblanc had made from packing-cases, crooned it night and day. Her children found it soothing, and trail-worn backwoodsmen, dropping in on their way up and down the valley, usually stopped their conversation when they heard it and smoked thoughtfully.

A timber-cruiser had once said—

"Every time I go there Madame Leblanc has a new baby, but always the same old tune."

It never altered by one note or bar, yet never, somehow, grew monotonous. It was a song from *madame's* own heart, a heart, large, innocent and wonderfully content.

The sight of *madame* herself was apt to dissolve any illusion that might have been aroused at the sound of her voice, but such is the case with many divas—alas!

She came to the kitchen-door now, announcing dinner, a heavy, slow-moving woman with friendly eyes that shone like blue pin-heads stuck in a fat, pale face. Had it not been for her apron-strings it would have been difficult to decide on the exact position of her waist. The saving points of her appearance were her mouth and hair; the former was soft and well-shaped and the latter of a well-preserved red-gold.

She devoured the scant gossip of the neighborhood but, as her mind was as small as her heart was big and fully occupied with family affairs, she could not remember what she had heard and therefore could not repeat it. Scandal bowed its horned head and wept over her. Her one dissipation was patent medicines, which she consumed by the pint, but, as her constitution was indestructible, she came to no harm thereby. Than this there is no more to be said concerning the character of Madame Leblanc. She was a simple soul.

The partners chewed through a heavy dinner of moose meat and apple pie and that afternoon made the remaining ten miles, gaining camp just as the early Winter night fell.

Hammond's Camp was a small outfit, employing only eleven loggers. The limit was extensive, but the saleable timber scant, so the men worked over a wide area in the day.

Dutch and Eat-'Em-Alive were employed on their proper business of sawing and, together with another team, ranged along the mountain benches from dawn to dark, felling and bucking all blazed trees.

It was a back-breaking work; the boss, Hammond, saw but a scant margin between success and ruin and drove the men as far as they would stand. On the sawyers it fell particularly hard, for the intense frost had eaten deep into the timber, making it as tough as bone to the saw-teeth. Also they had to bend their backs to it early and late to keep level with the demands of the teamsters, who, owing to the glassy surface of the log-roads, could sled extra heavy loads.

The men of the camp were a dull crew. They were mostly small homesteaders, born and raised in the lower reaches of the valley, unenterprising, narrow-minded boors, who judged all men and things by local standards, knowing no others. In the big outfits where the vagrant lumberjacks congregate there is always some fun to be had of an evening in the bunk-house while the mackinaws drip round the stove and the swampers wait their turn at the grindstones. But in Hammond's camp nobody did anything except sleep, work, eat and work again; the monotony was deadening, and the cold gnawed to the vitals.

Dutch hated it all, but there was no remedy. Funds were out; their names stank through the Columbia River Camps; the Crow's Nest was closed down under a six-foot snow-fall; the donkey outfits on the Coast would not open until Spring and he was not sure but that the police were interested in them; they were in a hole and there was no immediate way out.

He shrugged his thick shoulders, grumbled into his bleached mustache and made the best of it. Eat-'Em-Alive, however, practised no such philosophy; his stormy, hag-ridden soul craved excitement of some kind.

Recovered from his debauch, he had not been a week at Hammond's before he began

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to hunt trouble. One night he proposed a game of poker, but some whisper of his identity had reached camp and there was no response. He then suggested Black Jack, King Pedro, Turn-Up, tossing for half-dollars, dimes, nickels—anything. But there were no takers. Whereupon Eat-'Em-Alive stood up and called the assembled company every abusive thing he could lay his tongue to—and his repertoire was extensive.

The next night he found a swamper sitting harmlessly on his bunk talking to a chum and flung the inoffensive youth under the table. There was a general growl at this, exactly what Eat-'Em-Alive wanted. He sprang to his feet, eyes blazing, and offered to take on any two men in the place at once. Nobody moved, and Eat-'Em-Alive extended his offer to any three men, four, five, the whole yellow-dog outfit, if they liked.

The atmosphere of the bunk-house was electric, quivering—but nobody took up the challenge. They knew very well that Eat-'Em-Alive *could* handle at least three of them, and there was no room in that place for more to get at him at once—so they sat tight.

Eat-'Em-Alive sank down upon his bunk-bed and almost wept with disappointment. Dutch got him to bed, and Dutch was perturbed. That eccentricity was a characteristic of the truly great, he understood; nevertheless he wished his partner would be a trifle more reasonable at this embarrassed period of their career. He knew Hammond would not hesitate to put them both on the road rather than have the peace of his camp disturbed, crack sawyers though they might be.

And then whither, whither? He lay awake deep into the night, pondering the problem, trying to devise some plan for keeping Eat-'Em-Alive quiet. He need not have worried. Fate, the dark giant, was already brooding over Hammond's camp, about to take the matter in hand.

THEY were felling a bull-pine that next evening, a good half-mile from camp. It was a fairly heavy stick, about forty inches through the butt. The wan sun dropped behind the peaks, and night was on them before they had half-finished the cut. Eat-'Em-Alive was for leaving it, but Dutch argued that if they did so, and a wind sprang up, the tree would probably fall and split.

Eat-'Em-Alive took hold of the saw again and dragged his end with long, savage pulls that all but had the smaller man off his feet.

Dutch, however, knew a cure for *that*. He bore slightly on his end of the saw at the finish of each stroke and soon heard the Englishman panting. He winked to himself, eased out the saw, and the wafer steel ate forward.

Presently the tree gave a warning crack. The two men doubled their speed, sawing furiously. Again the tree cracked and this time began to heel over the under-cut. Dutch whipped the saw clear and speedily put a safe distance between himself and the falling stick. Your wise old lumber-jack takes no chances.

Not so the Englishman. A glance showed him that they had made a miscalculation and that the falling tree would come to ground a good ten feet of where they had planned, and ten feet to the right stood a Douglas fir—that might mean a hang-up. Quick as thought, he had snatched up an ax and driven it into the right side of the cut to wedge the tree over. But the bull-pine screwed and, snapping its last restraining fibers, jumped off the butt straight for the Douglas.

Eat-'Em-Alive turned and ran, tripped over an exposed root and floundered face down in the snow. He rolled to his knees in a flash, and then the tree, rebounding from its impact with the Douglas, caught him, pinned his shoulder for an instant, crashed its full length on the ground, bounced and lay still three yards away.

Dutch, white in the face, dropped on his knees beside his unconscious partner.

"*Ach*, fool!" he whimpered. "You pig —— fool! Vhere iss yous hurted?"

It was obvious where the Englishman was "hurted". His shirt and undershirt had been scooped away, also the flesh and muscles of his shoulder. The bone beneath was a splintered mash, among which every torn vein was spouting. Dutch groaned, raised the still head out of the snow and yelled for help.

He realised the futility of this in a minute. All the others had gone in some time before, were probably in the shack at supper and would not hear him. If he ran for help, Eat-'Em-Alive would freeze. It was a moment for instant action. The snow around

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was already dark with blood. There was only one thing for it; he must carry him himself.

He buttoned his coat round his partner's throat and, lifting him up, got the uninjured arm across his shoulder, held it down behind his back, jolted his load farther up and plunged forward.

The German was a stout little man, but Eat-'Em-Alive, unconscious, was leaden.

Dutch tripped and fell, and the injured man groaned miserably.

Eat-'Em-Alive grew heavier and heavier. Dutch's knees sagged from the strain, each time he bent his leg, taking a step, he dreaded that he would not be able to straighten it again.

Then he fell for the second time.

He got to his feet and yelled again and again with all the breath that was left in him.

He lay down in the snow and worked Eat-'Em-Alive across his shoulders. He was too spent to lift him otherwise now. From thence he got on his hands and knees; then, reeling to his feet, he tottered forward again, sobbing hysterically at each painful step:

"De —— fool! De —— fool!"

The sweat sprang out at every pore, stung and blinded his eyes, merged in the creases of his face and trickled in steady streams from his nose and chin. He could no longer keep straight, but sagged from side to side of the road, bumping against the trees. His chest pumped painfully, frantically for breath, his heart slogged as if ready to burst.

He saw a light dancing and disappearing, like a will-o'-the-wisp, among the tree trunks before him, and two men bearing a lantern came running round a bend of the trail.

Then he went down for the third time, Eat-'Em-Alive in a huddle atop of him.

They carried the sufferer to the shack and laying him out on the table examined his injuries by a storm lantern.

They were obviously very serious. He was bleeding copiously, and there seemed no means of stopping it, no place where a tourniquet could be applied. It was plain he was far past the help of rough backwoods' first aid, and Hammond, who was just back to camp with a load of stores, manifested himself.

"He'll bleed to death in an hour—there's a mission doctor down at Leblanc's to-night—saw him when I came through. Hitch the cayuse team to the bob-sleigh and take him down. Johnny, you drive. Jump, boys!"

Two men caught up a lantern and were racing toward the barn before the orders were barely out of his mouth; others were hurling cases and sacks from the sleigh.

"Throw some hay on!" shouted Hammond, dragging blankets from his bunk. "Wrap him up warm. Dutch, you go too, to hold him on."

"Send a couple," said Johnny grimly, hustling into his sheepskin. "I'm goin' ter hit her up."

Two scare-eyed sorrel ponies, already harnessed, came cantering from the barn, shied at the lanterns, but were caught by the head, backed and snapped to the whiffletrees before they knew what had happened.

Johnny, a rawhide cutting-whip in his teeth, climbed to his seat, picked up the lines and wound them about his wrists.

Dutch took his place, Eat-'Em-Alive was tenderly lifted beside him and wrapped in the blankets.

Johnny sent a look of inquiry over his shoulder. Hammond's hand went up in answer.

"Ready—go to it, boy!"

The men let go the ponies' heads and jumped aside—Johnny shot forward from the waist, delivering a sharp, startling hiss. Both ponies reared simultaneously and then plunged into the collar.

As they did so a hook-man, his mitts in his mouth, caught one of the stakes and swung aboard beside Dutch.

A feeble cheer followed them for a moment into the dumb night. The waving yellow eyes of the lanterns blinked out in dark that shut them in all round like a black pit.

The ponies swung dangerously to the left; it seemed inevitable that the front runners must strike a heavy stump that jumped upon them out of the night. Dutch shut his eyes, awaiting the impact, but Johnny laid back on the right line with all the strength of his wiry little body, and the stump shot behind. Nevertheless, the swerve sent the German floundering across his partner's body, who moaned where he lay in the hay.

To the hook-man and Dutch the drive was a sharp succession of thrills. They seemed to be tearing haphazard through a shrouded maze of stumps and trunks, missing destruction by hair's-breadths. The

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little teamster sat mute and tense in his place, peering forward under his snow-piled hat-brim, his feet against the whiffle-trees, his whip still in his teeth.

Suddenly the gray blur that ran always a few feet before them stopped dead against a wall of darkness, and at the same moment Johnny wrenched back again, swinging the team hard over to the right. The sleigh jumped, heeled, and then slid smoothly into grooves ploughed by foregoing runners; they had struck the high-trail.

Without a pause Johnny gripped both lines in his left hand, took the whip from his mouth and standing on the whiffle-trees, sliced about him, right and left.

The sleigh gave a sharp shoot forward, and, crouching low on the bottom boards, under a flying storm of hoof-spurned snow, they went racing south as fast as frantic horseflesh could drag them.

How they were progressing neither Dutch nor the hook-man could have said. They were wholly concerned with keeping Eat-'Em-Alive and themselves on the sleigh, which swung and jerked and rolled them from side to side in its headlong course.

Once, as a square mass rushed past, the hook-man thought he recognized a deserted, fire-gutted trapper's shack, known as "Abner's," but as he knelt to look the black forest walls hedged them in once more, and only a hasty clutch from Dutch saved him from being rocked overboard.

Eat-'Em-Alive was lying very quiet now. He had ceased to moan for some time. Dutch, growing anxious and putting his head down, found his partner breathing still, if anything more easily. His hand, however, came away sticky with blood.

The hook-man crawled forward along the sleigh and bawled, "How far?" at Johnny, but got no answer. A lump of hoof-balled ice caught him on the jaw, and he crawled back again spluttering, and for what seemed to them hours and hours they clung there, face down, each with one arm about the rear-stakes, one across the injured sawyer.

The road left the woods abruptly, swung to the west and ran out round a cliff that overhung the river. The track was the merest ledge, bounded on one side by an over-arching wall of rock and on the other by a precipice.

Johnny shortened his lines and took the curve at full speed, the near pony hugging the cliff, his mate galloping not a yard from the brink. At one point the road bent at right angles. The speed and curve combined were too severe, and the sleigh, jumping the furrows, skidded towards the edge. Johnny flung out his lines and hurled forward on the pole, delivering his startling hiss. The sleigh spun inward and ploughed forward, the ends of the rear runners hanging for a second over the abyss.

Once the off-pony tripped on a fallen fir limb, but the other held up and after sliding for a yard or two on its knees and nose in the snow, it squirmed to its feet and dropped into its stride again, blown, trembling but unharmed.

EAT-'EM-ALIVE stirred and began to mumble; Dutch, crouching beside him caught a disjointed sentence or two, but they referred to people and places of which the German had no knowledge. The Englishman was plainly wandering with ghosts in gardens of the past. Twice he laughed, foolishly, and then lay still again.

Presently Dutch sat up. It seemed to him the sleigh was running slower, had been for some time.

He looked about him. They were going up-hill, were almost at the summit.

Johnny had taken a pull; the ponies were trotting; he could hear them in front, blowing and sobbing with exhaustion.

"Vere iss we?" he shouted.

At that moment they topped the summit. Before and beneath them swam a great lake of darkness. They seemed to be driving out over the edge of the world into a bottomless night.

The teamster pointed with his whip to where, far down below them, a point of light pricked the gloom, like a fallen star.

"Leblanc's," he said shortly. "Hold tight!"

Then he lashed out with his whip again and they plunged downward over the edge of the world.

Ten minutes later the sleigh drew up under the lighted windows of the rest-house, dragged there with the last ounce of strength the sorrels could muster.

Johnny dropped to the ground and went round to their heads. He had done his part.

Leblanc, smiling, a stable lantern in his hand, came to the door.

Madame stood behind him, a shapeless silhouette against the inner glow. Dutch

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caught a glimpse of the missioner within, seated beside the stove; a gray-flecked, weather-bitten little man, a clerical collar about his short neck, mocasins on his stubby feet.

"By gar, you drive som' fast!" laughed the Frenchman, raising his lantern. " 'Oo is dat? Ah. Johnee'! Accident, *bon Dieu! Oui, monsieur le docteur est ici*—in dere."

Together they lifted Eat-'Em-Alive from the sleigh, and, carrying him inside, laid him on the floor.

The missioner was on his knees beside the injured man in an instant, ripping off Hammond's makeshift bandages and examining the injuries. *Madame* disappeared and was back immediately, bringing the professional black bag.

The missioner's examination was brief, his treatment tender, his manipulation of bandages expert, but it was plainly hopeless; a red blur blotted the lint and spread rapidly as they watched. He sighed and, meeting the inquiring faces around him, shook his gray head.

"Dying," he whispered.

Dutch groaned and turned away, *Madame* sobbed suddenly, the hook-man twisted his hat round and round in his red hands, Leblanc smiled, not because he was amused, but because it was a trick of his.

"Is there a—bed?" inquired the missioner, still on his knees.

Leblanc hesitated, coughing uneasily.

"Id—er—will mak' de sheet—all—all blood—hey? He is comfortable here—not? If *madame*——"

Madame, referred to, stepped forward a pace, sparks glowed for a second in the blurred blue of her pin-head eyes. The soft mouth was quivering but firm.

"Sure der iss a bed!" She threw one plump hand in a fine gesture toward the door. "*Mon Dieu!* Tak' my; bed 'e shall die lak a Christian, de poor boy!"

A child wailed in the kitchen, and she turned to its call.

"Tak' heem dere now, Pierre!"

Leblanc took the lamp and they followed, laying Eat-'Em-Alive on her own white bed, gravely watched by pictures of the saints that she had brought with her from her own country.

Eat-'Em-Alive was lying very quietly; the missioner sat beside him, the lamp at his elbow, reading from a little book in a hushed, solemn voice. Dutch sat crouched and broken on a chair in the shadow by the window. He was beginning to realize many disheartening things—that he was old and tired, that the days of reflected glory were over and that never, never now would a little plug-hatted solicitor advance down the logging-road and hail his partner "Lord Henry."

A gust of wind moaned faintly through the fir-tops outside; a few stray snowflakes drifted out of the dark like swansdown, and touched the pane; downstairs a clock ticked; the missioner's voice droned on.

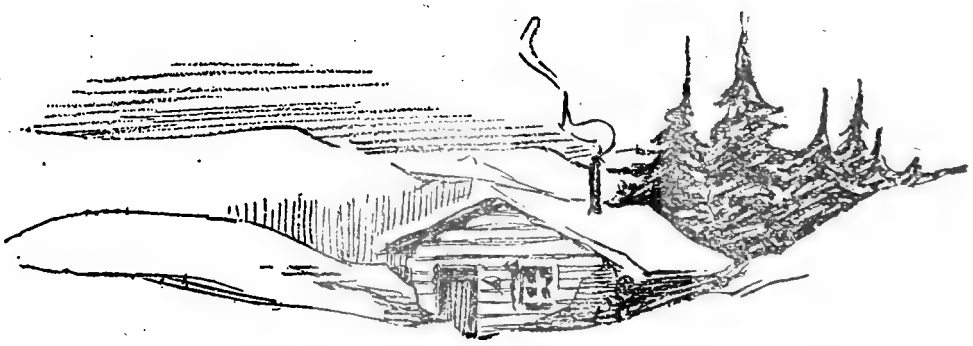
Suddenly Eat-'Em-Alive stirred and with a wrenching effort raised himself. The little missioner caught his hand and standing up, commenced to pray aloud.

"I am the Spirit and the Life saith the Lord, ye who——"

But the dying man brushed him aside.

"Hush!" he whispered, and lay back, listening, smiling.

Up the stairs through the open door came the song of Madame Leblanc, singing a child to sleep.



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JIM BRIDGER—GREATEST OF PLAINSMEN

by **E. A. Brininstool**

FOREMOST by far among the plainsmen, frontiersmen, guides, scouts, trappers and Indian-fighters of the West, stands James Bridger, or, as he was more popularly known, "Old Jim" Bridger. He knew more about the Western country—the plains, mountains, rivers and streams—than any person who ever lived, and his knowledge was acquired through long years of keen observation.

Bridger was born in Washington, D. C., in 1804, and at an early age went West and was for years a trapper for the various fur companies, long before any white settler ever came into the country; and although throughout his life he could not read a word of English and could barely sign his name, he could, with a stick, scratch on the ground a map of the whole Western country which was more accurate than those made at that time by skilled topographical engineers.

Fort Bridger was named after this famous plainsman. Bridger was also the discoverer of Great Salt Lake and Yellowstone Park, away back in the late '20's.

In spite of his lack of book knowledge, Jim Bridger's wonderful memory and natural abilities served him so well that he was greatly respected by all Army officers and Washington officials, as well as by every one he met. Whenever any important military expedition was planned, Bridger's services as guide were always secured when possible.

No Indian was wary enough to ambush or lead into a trap any force of troops for whom Jim Bridger was scouting; and so valuable did the Government consider his services that he frequently received twenty-five dollars a day, besides his rations, horse, arms and quarters. It was Jim Bridger who made Kit Carson famous by first bringing him to the notice of Gen. John C. Frémont, while many other of the most famous guides and scouts received their training at the master hand of Old Jim Bridger.

Bridger detested and thoroughly hated all Indians. On no occasion would he trust a red man. He was cautious, cool-headed, courageous and thoroughly experienced in all the arts and wiles of Indian warfare. One of his favorite expressions while serving at old Fort Phil Kearney in 1866 has become proverbial. The younger officers at the fort, during days of inactivity and with no Indians harrassing them, grew restless, and often declared they "did not believe there was a —— Indian in the country." Old Jim's characteristic reply was—

"Whar' you don't see no Injuns, thar's whar' you'll allus find 'em thickest."

The Fetterman Massacre, near this fort, of eighty-one of its soldiery, was ample proof of Jim Bridger's knowledge of Indians and their ways.

Jim Bridger was a most marvelous trailer—unquestionably the most expert that ever lived; and even when old and with dimming eyesight, it is said that he could run a trail on horseback as fast as the animal could carry him. He prided himself on the fact that anything an Indian could do, he too could do—only better!

The habit Bridger formed of such keen observation of the country and all its surroundings served him well in guiding expeditions of all sorts through the Western wilds. So retentive was his memory that he could invariably recall old landmarks with marvelous and unerring accuracy, even though years had passed since he had last seen them.

At one time in the early '60's the engineers of the proposed Union Pacific Railroad who were temporarily in Denver, became confused as to the most practicable point in the Rocky Mountains for crossing with the line. Old settlers suggested sending for Jim Bridger, who was then visiting in St. Louis. Railroad fare was sent him to come to Denver at once, although the nature of the business was not made known.

Bridger came and demanded to know why he had been sent for from such a distance. The engineers explained their dilemma. The old man with a look of disgust drew toward him a sheet of paper, picked a dead coal from the fire, drew a rough outline map, and, pointing to a certain peak, told them it was the only point they could cross the range. That map is today preserved in the archives of the road, and its line crosses the main spur of the Rockies just where Bridger said it could with the least possible excavation.

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HIS "OWN" BACK

by R. D. Hemingway

HARRY OJICK was his name, and he joined the ship, *Red Vulture*, at Gravesend, to take the place of a seaman who had failed to make a pier-head jump when the vessel had left the East India Dock upon the morning tide.

The more faithful forecastle-hands eyed their new shipmate with a certain listless satisfaction; it was the wrong end of a voyage to feel enthusiasm for anything, but "short hands make long pulls," and the newcomer's physique promised good hefty weight on the braces and the halyards.

"Oh, good enough!" was the silent verdict of the crowd.

Ojick boarded the ship from a wherry. Perched upon the bulwark-rail he leaned down to receive his scanty belongings from the waterman and, with a careless sweep, swung the bundle inboard. At that moment, Mr. Hammet, the mate, stepped down the poop-ladder, and the bundle struck him upon the head.

"Clumsy larrikin!" he snarled; then, hardly waiting until Ojick's feet touched the deck, he planted a bony fist crisply upon the culprit's cheek-bone.

Ojick staggered backward against the pin-rail.

"Ho!" murmured the sapient crowd. "We knew it. We saw it coming."

And, while carrying on with their jobs, they watched unemotionally, but with the eyes of connoisseurs, to see what next would happen. Hours ago they had summed up Mr. Hammet. They were a meek, downcast crowd, but this Ojick looked big, strong, and quick, fit to fight for his life—and they had hopes. For they did not like Mr. Hammet.

For a moment or two, rubbing his cheek with his hand, Ojick stared at his wary aggressor; then he smiled, picked up his bundle and walked with long, easy strides forward into the forecastle.

A sneer upon his face, Mr. Hammet allowed his fists to unclench.

"Ho!" commented the crowd in disgust. "He took it. Lying down, he took it. And 'Ammet's a daisy."

For the moment, they put the affair from them; but now they had summed up their new shipmate also.

Off the North Foreland that evening, as the crew sat upon their sea-chests around the forecastle eating a tardy supper, it fell to Denton to voice the general opinion. He spoke slowly, conscious of his right, as the oldest shell-back aboard, to be the forecastle oracle.

"Boys," he pronounced, " 's far's I can see—and, man and boy, I seen a bit in me time—this trip's goin' to be both sweet and good. We got to make it jes' so. But I'm tellin' you: If any o' you's forgot your sailorisin' whiles you's been skytin' round the Ratcliffe 'Ighway, you mind it again—and quick. Then you'll be comfortable. If not, you gets socked. I'm tellin' you. Same as I socks this 'ere pantile, see?"

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With the handle of his sheath-knife Denton smashed a biscuit lying upon the lid of his sea-chest.

The crowd nodded in agreement.

"We know it," they said. "The mate's a bucko. See 'im sock the larrikin. Oh, yes, we know it; and we're going to be good boys, we are! Sunday schools ain't in it with us. For the after guard's tough; and, judgin' by the looks of us, we ain't a packet-rat, fightin' crowd. Not by a bit."

It was true. Looking around the forecastle, dimly lighted by a slush-lamp, one could not have picked out a single seaman likely to give Mr. Hammet a "back-answer." An unusually inoffensive, quiet-looking, sober company.

They relapsed into a dejected silence as the meal proceeded. Denton finished first and thoughtfully began cutting tobacco from a plug.

"All the same," he croaked presently, "a bucko's got to haze somebody. It's on'y natural. Mark what I'm tellin' you. The mate'll pick the larrikin in his watch."

The prophecy evoked a chorus of approving grunts.

"*Ja*, dot vas right," jeered a venturesome Dutchman, turning toward Ojick, who sat upon the edge of the foremost bunk. "Zee, zonny; ven die mate say yoomp, you yoomp—kvick; or you get it bad. *Ja*, I bromise you."

Ojick grinned, but made no reply.

"Ho!" commented the rest. "He'll take it. We knew it. Lying down, he'll take it—even from a blamed Dutchman!"

And forthwith they labelled Ojick a sawney, to be put upon to their own advantage in ways in which they were expert. But when the "Dutchman" would have taunted Ojick further they cut him short with ominous accord; for in those days it was not considered meet and right for a "Dutchman"—as they labeled any man of the North Europe races—to lift up his voice overmuch in a British or an American forecastle.

Eight bells were struck on the poop. Then a whistle sounded shrilly, and the boatswain came running forward, bellowing for all hands to lay aft.

"That's pick watches," growled Denton. "Now you'll see."

Hastily stoppering their pipes, the men tumbled out of the forecastle and, with the humped shoulders of the first day of the voyage, trooped aft to the break of the poop, where the mate and the second mate awaited them.

For his first choice Mr. Hammet selected Ojick.

"We knew it. Poor larrikin!"

The crowd shuffled to port or to starboard, exchanging nudges, as the little ceremony proceeded; and, in the gratification of prophecy come true, Denton, even, forgot the slur upon his seniority.

NOW, although the after guard of the *Red Vulture* were undoubtedly able to take care of themselves if trouble arose, Mr. Hammet alone was a bully. Callous by nature, endowed with a frame tough as steel and supple as whalebone, he believed in the law of fist, boot or belaying-pin aboard a ship.

Captain Anwyl, on the contrary, ruled by personality. There was breeding in his fine, dark face; his voice and manner were restrained; and the loneliness of command, which not seldom breeds the tyrant, had, rather, driven Captain Anwyl within himself and added austerity to a natural dignity. At a time when insubordination, provoked or instinctive, was the rule Captain Anwyl seldom had trouble with his crews.

New to the ship, Mr. Hammet soon felt the captain's restraining influence and it irked him severely. The mate felt aggrieved, too, that the crowd rigidly gave no cause for offence; moreover, with one exception, they knew their business—and even in hell-ships it was an unwritten law that a good sailor-man earned the right of being left alone, unless he became sulky or cheeky.

The exception was Ojick. One three-months' voyage to London from Sydney, where he belonged, had not been long enough to teach Ojick to be a sailor-man, and, although he balked all curiosity with a stolid silence, his lack of experience was detected before the *Red Vulture* cleared the English Channel. Whereupon Mr. Hammet, with Captain Anwyl's approval, caused Ojick to be disrated to ordinary seaman, then set to work in earnest to make his life a burden.

It was Ojick here, Ojick there, throughout the day and half the night. Every dirty job that cropped up, or could be invented, Ojick was told off to perform. Countless times the man was ordered aloft to the

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highest yards to stop the buntlines with twine, when, later, from the deck Mr. Hammet would surreptitiously take a pluck on the ropes and break the stops, then, lashing Ojick with a venomous tongue, would hustle him aloft to repeat the farce.

As Denton had prophesied, being a bucko, the mate had to haze somebody, and he hazed Ojick with a consummate thoroughness that made the watchful crowd marvel how the larrikin withstood the provocation.

Ojick, himself, appeared wholly impervious, and his silence and slow, patient smile goaded Mr. Hammet to fury. Here was a long swab big enough to put up his hands in a lusty scrap, but would not. Not because Ojick was afraid; Mr. Hammet instinctively knew that. He craved for one "back-answer," one sullen look even—then, the mate conjectured, Captain Anwyl would not object unduly to summary retribution in a way customary aboard other ships in which Mr. Hammet had been a shining light.

What was going on did not escape Captain Anwyl's notice. He said nothing. He did not like Mr. Hammet; nor did he feel much interested in Ojick's troubles; but, at times, Captain Anwyl found himself wondering if there were not a slumbering volcano beneath Ojick's placid and almost sheep-like exterior.

Meanwhile the *Red Vulture* made a fast passage towards the Equator; there followed a fortnight of pulley-hauleying, while the ship jockeyed her way through the doldrums; then she picked up a fine slant of Southeast Trade winds and proceeded with dignified stateliness to the southward.

It was in latitude 25° south that Mr. Hammet found his long-sought opportunity.

The port watch were sending down the fair-weather sails on the main-mast and replacing them with a stouter suit in anticipation of the heavy gales during the Easting-down to come. The upper topsail had been hauled aloft and the men were "lighting" it out along the yard, when the boatswain shouted to Ojick, who had remained on deck, to let go a bunt-line. Either because he misunderstood or from carelessness, Ojick began loosening from the belaying-pin the gant-line, the rope which bore the full weight of the heavy topsail. Had the gant-line been let go, the sail would have fallen to the deck, and possibly it might have jerked men from the foot-rope.

Mr. Hammet, however, who was standing upon the main hatch superintending the work, rushed swiftly toward the rail, violently shouldered Ojick aside and secured the gant-line. Then he turned upon Ojick and made use of the unforgivable expression.

A flush darkened Ojick's face; his long figure stiffened; and for the first time his eyes challenged Mr. Hammet's glare.

The mate recognized the signs; he did not wait. Left and right, like pistons, his fists plunged into Ojick's face, knocking the man cleanly off his feet flat upon the deck.

"Ho!" commented the excited port watch, craning downward. "He's got it! At last the larrikin's got it. Did you see 'Ammet down 'im? Fair in the mouth, and right duff between the peepers he got it. Oh, 'Ammet's a daisy! We knew it."

Below, the mate stood menacingly over the prostrate Ojick.

"D'you want any more, you mutinous swine?" he snarled. "Get up! And if you so much as lift your eyes to me I'll murder you."

"That will do, Mr. Hammet," Captain Anwyl said quietly.

He had come along the little fore-and-aft bridge from the poop and now stood upon the after-house, looking down on the pair.

"He raised his hands to me, sir," Mr. Hammet lied.

Captain Anwyl's lips curled.

"I said, that will do, Mr. Hammet," he repeated. "Carry on the work."

The incident was closed.

IT WAS opened again six weeks later, when, after a long succession of exceptionally heavy gales which left no room for trivial human animosities, the *Red Vulture* had rounded Wilson's Promontory and was roaring up the east Australian coast before a fresh southerly breeze.

"Bully!" crowed the crowd. "The Sydney girls have grabbed the tow-rope."

And over their breakfast of black tea and weevily pantiles they entered upon a lively discussion of the merits of she-oak beer and the amenities of sailor-town pubs.

But at midday the wind flew out on to the starboard beam, steadied for an hour, then drew ahead, setting up a joggling, criss-cross sea.

"Oh, lee fore-brace!" grumbled the port watch, echoing Mr. Hammet's harsh order.

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"Jamb her up, boys. We knew it. Who cares? More days more dollars."

They humped their shoulders under the disappointment and hauled doggedly on the braces.

"Main tack down," the mate bade them sourly. He was as little averse as any one to making port speedily. "You, Ojick, overhaul the main-sheet—and stir yourself!"

Ojick clambered up on the bulwarks outside the main rigging.

To leeward lay the coast line of his native land, a ridge of smoky blue. Who knows what inspiration it brought to Ojick? Gazing, he idled—until, aroused from his brief day-dream by a string of oaths, he turned and, standing upright, gripping a shroud, stared in deliberate defiance at his enemy.

With two bounds Mr. Hammet cleared the poop-ladder and sprang up upon the rail. Calmly Ojick awaited the onslaught; while, in the act of overhauling the big main-tack tackle, the port watch paused open-mouthed. Even the boatswain forgot to reprove them.

Suddenly the lazy-tack, which temporarily bore the strain of the sail, parted. Tripped smartly upward by the wind, the clew snatched at the taut main-sheet, which, slithering up against the bulwark plates overside, caught Mr. Hammet between the legs and neatly flicked his feet outward. He made a grab at the sheer-pole, missed and slid overboard.

Ojick burst into a loud laugh; then flung up his arms and dived cleanly into the sea.

"Let go main-sheet! Weather main-braces! All hands on deck!" Taking command, the boatswain rushed up the ladder and along the poop, shouting to the helmsman: "Luff! Luff!"

"Man overboard!" echoed fore and aft.

The starboard watch came tumbling out of the forecastle.

"Who is it?" they demanded.

" 'Ammet—and Ojick's gone after him!"

"Gosh!"

It was beyond the crowd. They humped their shoulders and hauled, while several of them cast adrift from its lashings the lee life-boat.

Hove-to, with main yards aback, the *Red Vulture* jerked uneasily to the cross-seas. Already, summoned from below by the boatswain's heavy stampings, Captain Anwyl had taken charge. The second mate, a ludicrous figure in gray stockings, pants and flapping shirt, was perched aloft in the mizzen rigging, shading his eyes with a hand.

"Can you see them?" Captain Anwyl enquired.

"Out there, sir," bawled the second mate, pointing.

"How far away?"

" 'Bout half a mile, sir."

Captain Anwyl took a quick compass-bearing, then walked to the lee side and sent the boat away in charge of the boatswain, giving him clear, curt directions.

FROM childhood the waters of the Pacific had been a second home to Ojick, and, as he swam toward his discomfited enemy with long deliberate strokes, the joggling seas distressed him as little as did the scanty clothing which he was wearing. He passed by the life-buoy, which had been released from the stern, without even a glance.

Now in the irony of things it so happened that Mr. Hammet was in no need of rescue. A fair swimmer, he was confident of being able to keep afloat until a boat should reach him. He had not been hurt by his fall, and certainly he had no intention of accepting Ojick's coals of fire in a contrite spirit.

"What the —— do you want?" he demanded, as Ojick slid down the back of a wave and swam close to him in its trough.

Ojick smiled, and there was something in the smile which brought uneasiness to Mr. Hammet.

"Keep your distance," he shouted, treading water. "By James! If you come near, I'll——"

A wave crest checked his utterance.

When it passed, Ojick had vanished. But a moment later Mr. Hammet felt himself clutched by the ankles and drawn irresistibly under. He came up choking, and beheld Ojick a few yards away, buoyant as a cork and grinning cheerfully at him.

"Like it?" Ojick enquired. "Thought a shark had got you, eh?"

"You murdering swine!" gasped the mate.

Terror seized him; he rolled over and with frantic plungings tried to escape.

With ease Ojick overtook him, and once again Mr. Hammet went under, pressed down by his tormentor's remorseless hands. Again he rose, choking and blinded, when Ojick granted him respite, swimming round him in circles like a shark.

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"I'm no murderer," Ojick said slowly. "But this is where I get my own back, eh, Hammet? I meant to get it when we reached Sydney, anyhow. I was only waiting. What d'you say to this?"

He rose breast high out of the water and brought his fist round in a curved jab upon the mate's cheek-bone.

"And this? And this?"

Two quick, crisp blows, one upon the mouth, the other between the eyes.

Not long afterward, the crew of the lifeboat espied Ojick floating easily upon his back, supporting Mr. Hammet according to the rules for saving exhausted swimmers. They dragged Mr. Hammet in over the gunwale, inert as a sack of flour; Ojick climbed in over the bows and took an oar.

Mr. Hammet was tough. Recovered before the boat reached the *Red Vulture*, he mounted the pilot-ladder without assistance and went toward Captain Anwyl, as if to speak to him; but at the instant the crowd began cheering Ojick uproariously, and with an abrupt movement the mate turned and stalked below to his cabin. It is hard—nay, impossible—for the rescued to accuse his rescuer while the latter is being acclaimed hero. Tacitly Mr. Hammet acknowledged defeat.

But Captain Anwyl had observed the bruised condition of the mate's face. He called Ojick up and requested enlightenment.

"Mr. Hammet struggled, sir," Ojick explained simply. "We both went under. I had to hit him, sir."

Who could quarrel with the explanation?

"Oh, did you see 'Ammet's chivvy?" the boat's crew whispered as they hauled on the davit-tackles.

"Did we see it!" snorted their brethren. "Course we see it. Fairly socked was 'Ammet. Oh, bully for the larrikin! And we gets grog for this. Oh, he's a bloomin' 'ero, is our Ojick!"

In the second dog-watch, after grog had been served out according to sea-usage, the crowd held an impromptu sing-song on the forward hatch. Leaning on the rail at the break of the poop, Captain Anwyl listened somewhat cynically to the sea-ballad in which an Irish lad fights his way up the ladder of promotion in the ship, *City of Baltimore*.

"The mate, 'e was cowardlee ma-an,
McDonal' was 'is na-ame——"

Denton rolled it out lovingly in the lugubrious, drawn-out wail so peculiar to the old-time shell-back.

"This day I ma-ake you chief mate of
the *Citee of Balteemo-ore*."

The Irish lad having reached these heights, the ballad came to a conclusion. A cockney voice struck up—

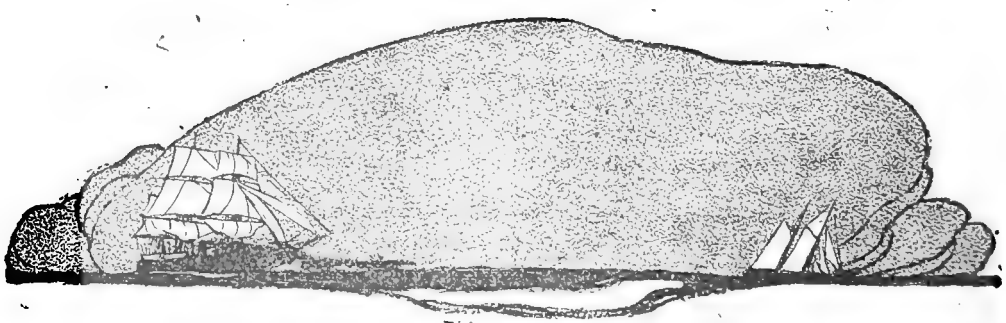
"Two lovely black eyes."

There was a gust of laughter, and, "Stow it!"—the last in the boatswain's bull voice. Then eight bells sounded, and the crew came shuffling aft to muster.

Captain Anwyl's thin lips twisted slightly as he turned and walked along the poop. He had small doubts that Mr. Hammet had struggled, and it amused him to reconstruct a picture of the rescue for himself.

"Neat!" he thought. "Deuced neat. I hope he did!"

It may be presumed that Captain Anwyl was not averse to Harry Ojick's getting his "own" back.



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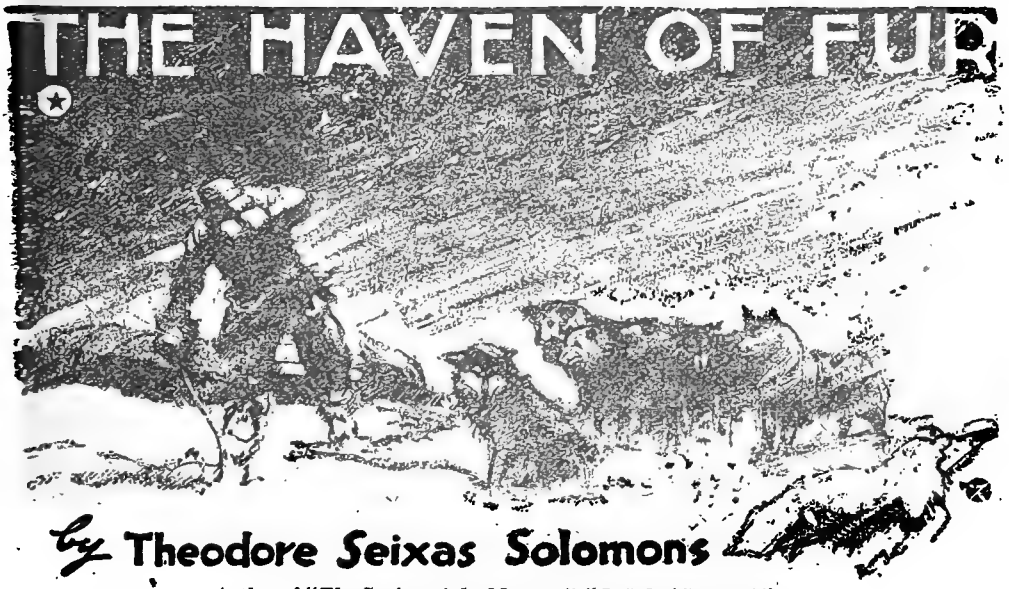
THE HAVEN OF FUR



by Theodore Seixas Solomons

Author of "The Spring of the Monster," "Jeff the 'Guesser,'" etc.

UP AT Candle, on the Arctic Ocean in a little store that Froberger and I were running, a great big young fellow slipped through the double storm-doors in his dirty, blue-denim-covered parkey, drew back its hood and disclosed himself as Earnie Fox, come from another smaller mining-settlement forty miles down the coast, to buy a few things that he could not get down there.

The first thing he bought was a sack of redwood stakes. He took it in one hand and threw it in a corner and went on buying the other things, which we packed in two boxes. He paid for them, took the boxes under his arms, and I opened the door for him.

"Not starting back today?" I asked. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of December 29th. It was cold and just a little stormy.

"Yes," he replied. "I've got to git right back, so I can start out tomorrow to do a little relocating the next night."

That would be New Year's Eve, when mining-claims on which work has not been done the previous year are "open to relocation" as we say. Any one can go to them and put new stakes in the ground and then the claims belong to them. There are wild doings in many dark and cold and stormy places in Alaska at one minute past twelve, midnight, of each January first.

I helped him stow his boxes under the canvas cover of his sled, which stood just outside, on the street or sidewalk—the snow had drifted so you couldn't tell which it was. At his word "Mush!" his shivering dogs whirled about, nearly capsizing the sled, and were off like a shot. I reentered the store and got my back up to the big, round heating-stove, and speculated with my partner as to whether there was going to be a "stampede" somewhere. In a few moments my eyes rested on the sack in the corner.

"Hullo!" I exclaimed. "He forgot to take his stakes."

"He'll want them bad when he gets to the ground he's after," said Bob Froberger, who was a big, blue-eyed giant with sympathy and fellowship for everybody, especially for poor, struggling men. We both knew that the creek Earnie Fox was going to must be one devoid even of willows, or he would not bother to carry stakes.

I was the outside man of the two of us. It fell to my lot to do the running about on long and short journeys in our various affairs—and they were various indeed, trading, mining—all sorts of things. The dogs were in the shed close by, in and around the basket sled. It would only take me a few moments to hitch up.

"I believe I'll try to get them to him," said I. "He will surely stop at Keewalik for

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** See author's note in Camp-Fire.*

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a cup of coffee and a smoke before he starts down the coast. I'll be light, and I can catch him sure."

"Sure," agreed Bob Froberger.

I put on my reindeer parkey and went out into the shed. The five dogs, knowing precisely what that parkey meant, stretched themselves and clustered around me, smiling, that is, lifting the corners of their mouths and "wowing" in their deep, low, organ-toned voices. I slipped their collars on them, strung them out, attached the rear traces to the little single-tree of the sled and returned to the store.

"It's still blowing a little," I told Froberger as I went upstairs to my room.

I returned with my reindeer sleeping-bag, and as I passed through the store I took a couple of cans of condensed milk off the shelves. Froberger smiled a bit derisively.

"Cautious man," he remarked.

It was only a ten-mile run down the river and across the lagoon to Keewalik, at the coast, with a plain, well-beaten ice trail all the way. The dogs knew it well. In three hours, or but very little more, we ought to be there and back. That was why Bob smiled at my taking the bag and the milk. But I was wary, for I had lived in the far North for six years, and never in a town for long. There were only about a hundred people in Candle. Of course I had no notion of having to sleep out. Much as I liked Earnie Fox, I would have preferred shelter and a bed to the satisfaction of doing him a service and paying for it in that way.

Seventy-five yards of snow-billowy street, a sharp cant down a drift to the river ice, and we trotted down the trail, I alternately standing on the rear end of the sled and trotting just back of it, but always holding on to the handle-bars, because had I let go and allowed the sled to gain on me by even a few yards, as like as not that joke-loving leader of mine, well-named Muggins, might have turned his head and seen that I was not connected with the sled. Then he would have given his peculiar short, sharp bark-howl—being half husky and half "outside" dog he could neither bark nor howl properly—and the other dogs, understanding him, would all break into a gallop and leave me puffing, red in the face and mad enough to give them all a good beating.

Muggins being the unconscious villain of this story deserves a little more attention. He was known all the way from Nome to Candle as a very funny-looking dog and one of the best leaders in that part of Alaska. He was rather small, with a coat of long, black hair growing out of a wool that was thicker than any I have ever seen either off or *on* a sheep. He was so smart that sometimes he made me uncomfortable, for I was sure he was laughing at me for mistakes I made. Following trails, no matter how blind and vague they might be, was the least of his accomplishments as a leader.

Wisps of snow drifted across the trail in the breeze that was blowing. It was about thirty-five degrees below zero when we started, and at that temperature any wind at all is very disagreeable, and you must watch yourself to see that your nose and cheeks and chin do not freeze, or your fingers or toes get too cold. Soon the wind increased and the drifting snow, so that we could not see more than a hundred yards ahead on the trail. Then more snow was whipped up into the air, and before we had gone more than half-way down to the lagoon I could only see a little beyond my leader, Mr. Muggins.

After a few minutes my feet began to crunch through several inches of snow and I knew we were off the trail. But in a moment or two it was again hard underfoot, which meant that we were back upon it. It couldn't be that Muggins was trying any cut-offs, at which he was quite adept, because the trail was straight. Therefore this veering off the trail worried me, for it happened again and yet again.

Presently we were off the trail for some minutes, and I became almost alarmed. But, still trusting Muggins—foolishly, perhaps—I did not stop the dogs, but let him go on and find the trail again. The snow deepened, shallowed, deepened, and then I noticed that we were zigzagging.

"Whoa!" I called, and went forward to the dogs, whose hair was full of the powdery drift, and on to Muggins, a white, wooly, panting little beast who turned to me, I thought pathetically.

"What in creation is the matter with you, Muggins?" I asked, patting his head.

It seemed to me he looked down—that he would not meet my eye. The other dogs drew up the sled, grouping themselves about us as much as the gear that bound us would permit.

"Find that trail, Muggins. You've got to!" I told him severely, and returned to

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the handle-bars. "Mush!" was all I said.

He moved only a little, just enough to line out the dogs, who howled with impatience. He was waiting, it seemed, for the word "Gee" or "Haw"—waiting for direction. But I knew no direction to give him. In that bitter, stinging, swiftly-moving fog I knew only the general trend of the wind. But not knowing in what direction we had left the trail or had wandered since, this was of no value.

So "Mush!" I repeated imperatively, and the little bluffer moved off again with such alacrity, and with so decided a turn, that I thought for a few minutes he really knew, or had a "hunch" which way the trail lay. But he stopped soon and whined piteously. Again at my insistent command he moved off, but aimlessly and only to halt once more. And this time he deliberately lay down and rolled over on his back, putting his four paws in the air, as if he would say—

"Kick me; I'm no good!" I shall never forget the abject humiliation of that dog.

The only way I have ever been able to explain his blunders of that day is that he suffered with some affection of the nose which had rendered his scent useless to him, and he had been using his other faculties, but without avail.

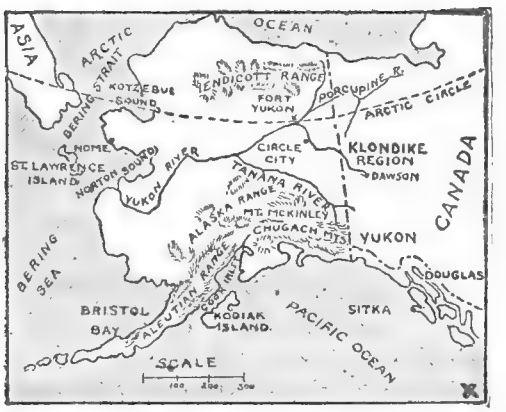
Tuturek, a big, strong husky, and the handsomest and most affectionate northern dog I have ever known, was hitched in his usual place behind Muggins. When the leader literally "fell down on the job," Tuturek gave his low, organ-pipe "Ow-oo-oo" and pulled and tugged in the traces, stretching his neck to the left. Then he lifted his head and gave the long, loud night howl, which dogs seldom do in harness. It is a kind of night cry they inherit from their wolf ancestry, and the moon usually receives the benefit of it. I thought I understood Tuturek.

I got Muggins on his feet, unhitched him and put him behind Tuturek, who had never led, or tried to lead, a dog-team in his life. At this crowning indignity Muggins gave his howl-bark, but in so miserable a way it was really a cross between a squawk and a bleat, and made one think of the wail of a lost soul. It must all have been bitterer than death to that proud dog.

But Tuturek! At my first word he was off like a shot in the direction at which he had pointed with all his might—at right angles, it was, to our previous direction and head on against the fierce, deadly wind.

Evidently there was nothing the matter with that dog's nose, for pell-mell he went, hard, straight as a die for many minutes, until suddenly, with scarcely any slacking, he turned again at right angles, and my feet felt a hard trail.

That was fine as a fiddle, you might exclaim. But consider! We had been off our trail long enough and had traveled far enough on the lagoon to be now beyond Keewalik if our general direction had been at all parallel to the trail. So you see I was not sure whether Tuturek was leading us



toward Keewalik or beyond it along a coast trail of the open sea. I was considering what to do, when my shoes struck a skim of water. I knew the sticky feel of it instantly, and sprang upon the protruding bed of the sled and called "Whoa!"

In that instant of contact there had been little time for the thick felt shoes I wore to soak up much water. Probably the soles were barely wet. But the menace was sharp. I dared not go on. If I had known with certainty that we were approaching the roadhouse at Keewalik I would have taken the chance of getting wet, for I could keep my feet from freezing for ten or fifteen minutes, even without resort to the sleeping-bag as a foot-warmer. But being uncertain where Keewalik lay and not knowing whether the overflow I must cross was uniformly shallow or in places a foot or two deep, I simply dared not take the chance of going on.

"Come here, Tuturek," I called. I could not gee or haw him around for he did not know those guiding words. But he came to me, swinging the team with him—all glad

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to get their feet out of the slop. As he curved around I could see that he was higher than the other dogs. That meant that rising ground was within the length of the sled and team.

It proved to be a gently sloping bank, whether of lagoon shore or coast beach I could not tell. You may know what a blind thing such a blizzard is when I tell you that I knew that ten miles of river and lagoon better than I ever knew my home town. Yet now I was completely ignorant of my whereabouts.

But here, at least, was high ground, safe from any increasing overflow of river or tide-water; and here we must camp, the dogs and I, and wait until we could see. That might be in an hour, a day or a week. And the point of this story—putting aside the singular loss of scent of a dog steadfastly dependable for four years, almost from puppyhood—is how blizzard-craft may enable a man to fight for life if he have but the foresight to provide himself with two essentials.

So I set to work at the problem of saving my life, if I could—for indeed my situation was as desperate as that. To make a fire was impossible, for there was no fuel on that treeless, barren coast, and in the exceeding cold that prevailed, made the more virulent by the high wind, life would be possible to me only if I were able to maintain the heat in my body. To do that I had two things to help me, the two essentials I have spoken of, namely, the sleeping-bag, which would add tremendously to the efficiency of my clothing in retaining what heat I had, and the two cans of condensed milk with which to replenish that heat as it would be slowly consumed. But the question was whether I had enough knowledge, ingenuity and, above all, coolness of mind to utilize them successfully. How long could I keep warm?

I DROVE the dogs upon this gentle snow-slope and quickly unhitched them and turned the sled at right angles to the wind. I knew that the dogs would place themselves on the lee side of the sled, to gain what little protection from the wind it would afford them. I stood by the sled and saw to it that they placed themselves as close to it as possible. The five of them in line curled around and around and then dropped down in the shape of snails, their muzzles thrust into their bushy tails.

I unrolled the sleeping-bag next to the dogs, parallel with them. It consisted of the inner bag of thick reindeer fur, lined inside with light wool blanketing, and an outer, longer bag of brown duck. I placed the sack of stakes under this extending canvas, bedding it in the snow until its surface was only raised a little, for it was to be a hard pillow, and I did not want it too high.

Snow immediately had drifted upon the outer bag, and I brushed this off from a space large enough to kneel on to unlace my felt shoes. I did not want the pressure of my knee to compact any snow on my overalls. I took off the shoes, brushed them carefully and threw them into the sleeping bag. Then, very carefully I dusted off the socks in which I stood, and at once thrust my feet into the head of the bag and sat down. In this position I was able to take off my parkey, in the thick fur of which the dry snow had sifted thickly, and as I slid it over my head I squirmed down lower and lower into the bag so as to protect my blue flannel shirt from the drifting snow. Thus I was soon completely in the bag to my head, with my two arms outthrust, covered with the parkey.

Then I began beating the parkey upon the sleeping bag. The position was awkward and I had to use both hands alternately and work fast. I got the garment as free from snow as I could, and then drew it quickly into the bag and began, inch by inch, to work it over my head again.

So, there I was all dressed, inside the dry bag, parkey and all. I was very warm at first, after my exertions, but I did not dare to open the bag around my head to let in cool air for fear of giving entrance to a snow spray. Instead, I lay upon my side with the edge of the fur bag up to my neck and the projecting margin of the outer duck bag around my parkey hood and face, and then, with my hand, I arranged the slack of the cloth so as to form a little hole just beyond my mouth for comfortable, cool breathing.

There were times, and they came pretty soon, when I grew tired of that position and wanted to turn about and let the mouth of the bag around my head take whatever folded or puckered shape it pleased. I would not have minded a little snow or a little cool air. It would even have been agreeable, But I had one thought, one fixed purpose to which I bent all my power of will, and

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that was to keep the inside of that bag as dry as possible. So when I turned on the other side I always closed the bag completely to make the change of position, and then arranged a little breathing-hole on that side.

Night had settled down, as I knew by the darkened breathing-hole, the dogs asleep and no doubt already covered with snow, and my bag beginning to drift over. I was comfortable enough, and ready to plan my campaign of passive resistance to the tyranny of the blizzard.

I did a great deal of thinking, and strove to do it in an orderly way. To keep warm meant, first, to keep dry. I had made a good start at that, thanks to the great trouble and pains I had taken. Keeping dry would enable me to keep warm on less food, but the hand of the outer cold would be reaching through the bag and taking heat from me in addition to the heat consumed in breathing, in circulation—in mere living, no matter how passively, in my little fur prison. So I had to consider how best to husband my heat reserve, part of which was inside of me, in the fat that rounded the angles of my frame, and the rest outside of me, in the two small cans of milk. My problem, then, was to decide on a ration, and to do that I must guess how long the blizzard would last, and act on that guess. Running back through my memory of the four Arctic Coast Winters I had known, I estimated that something like four days was the average, and I fixed on that as my rationing period.

I was quite hungry and very thirsty. I took out my heavy, open-faced watch, and reached into my overalls pocket for my match case and counted the matches by feeling the heads. I had about ten. I struck one of them, held it near my window so that its fumes would escape and looked at the watch. It was nearly eight o'clock. I secured one of the cans of milk, and with my pocket knife cut clear across the thin top, and again across at right angles. Then I bent the quarters back. The milk, which was the thick kind with sugar in it, was still very cold, and just the consistency of molasses candy that is nearly hard enough to pull. I dug out little gobs of it with the knife blade and ate them. They went to the right spot. I ate slowly, and by pressing the contents level with my finger—to which the milk did not stick—I was able to calculate when I had reduced the milk in the can by about half an inch, or something like a sixth of the whole amount. Such a meal would be a twelfth of all the food I had, which would give me three meals a day for four days—calling a few teaspoonfuls of condensed milk a meal!

What I had eaten had merely sharpened my appetite, but I resolutely turned down the edges of the cut top, and set it just outside of my little window, under the sack of stakes, to keep cold. I was afraid if it got warm it would soften enough to run in case the can got tipped over in the bag, which was very likely to happen.

Next I drew in handfuls of snow and melted and drank them, half a mouthful at a time, for probably an hour. I had to pause between each mouthful to enable the interior of my mouth to get warm again, for it was not merely *eating* snow, it was first *heating* snow that was probably seventy degrees below freezing point and then thawing it into water. I went to sleep after that, forgetting my hunger in a rather comfortable feeling of warmth, satisfied thirst and general well-being. I intended to eat breakfast at four o'clock, if I waked, and dinner at twelve noon—a day of three equal shifts.

I awoke suffocating, as it seemed. A weight oppressed me. I knew at once it was the snow that had drifted over me. I had wanted it to in order to help keep me warm. That was why I had arranged the sled and the dogs to make a wall between me and the wind. Anything that rises above the surface when snow is moving horizontally will cause it to settle on the lee side of that object and form a drift. But now if I allowed too much to accumulate, even if I got relief from its pressure by thrusting up from the inside, and the snow stayed up, as it undoubtedly would, I might be too warm and would begin to perspire, and that body perspiration would be mighty hard to get rid of, and would be as great a menace when I came out of the bag as any other kind of wetness.

So when I had tunneled with my hand through the snow beyond my breathing hole and got my lungs full of good air, what did I do but grasp the bag, hold it snow-tight above my head, and, with the aid of twistings on my elbows, sit up, thus freeing the upper part of the bag, and then take a few sudden rolls and lurches sidewise to free the

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rest of the bag. I looked at my watch again. It was only twelve o'clock. I was drowsy and sleepy and soon I was once more "dead to the world."

I slept over breakfast time—it was nearly daylight when the pressure of the snow again awoke me. I flung up the snow sheath, getting room and air, and then, ravenously hungry, groped for my can of milk and proceeded to eat another half inch of it. It was very tantalizing. I wanted to finish the can and scrape it clean! But in a few moments after I replaced the can under the sack, I did not feel particularly hungry. My stomach had seized the few spoonfuls—or knife-bladefuls, rather—and proceeded to get busy digesting it just as if it were not an insult to it. It was a very tolerant and good-natured stomach.

Grayness and then whiteness came at the peep-hole, and I looked around, taking care to keep the canvas well wrapped about my face. I could see perhaps two feet, but all I saw was a moving, granular curtain of white which was making a noise between a seethe and a hiss. I resumed my former position just back of my two-inch diameter port-hole, wondered how I was to pass the long day, and proceeded to attack that problem by constructing a very imperfect and garbled version of Hamlet. Perhaps it was the moving white outside my window that suggested Hamlet by suggesting ghosts.

At noon when I ate again I had to use great self-control to avoid encroaching on my next meal by a kind of cheating in the measurement. It seemed as if my appetite was using its wits against my intellect—my sense of the absolute necessity of pursuing the plan of economy I had decided on. I tried to convince myself that I could still nibble a bit on the milk, scraping out the sides with my fingernail and leveling carefully without actually getting below the half-can line, although my measurements told me I had had my full ration. Suddenly I gritted my teeth, closed my eyes, and bent down the tin flaps. That settled it! And out went the can to the pantry.

I was restless in the afternoon, the snow seeming to encumber the bag more than ever before. I surmised that the masses I had been tossing to either side had formed a kind of trench in which the new drift gathered fast. It seemed to me it might be dangerous to pass the night sleeping in that situation, and that I had better do something about it. Besides, I wanted to stretch my limbs and body. So I emerged and stood upon the bag, kicking snow away for standing room.

I could just see the dogs, or rather the mounds in which they lay, hardly distinguishable, one from the other. Probably they had risen, stretched themselves and lain down again, as was their wont, in the same places. The sled was drifted over solid. I wanted to call the dogs and talk to them, but I was afraid of their hunger—they would pester me for food.

"Let sleeping dogs lie," I quoted.

How that wind blew! While I raised the bag out of the trench I felt it through my parkey, and mighty glad I was to burrow back to shelter. But first I had to go through the same performance of freeing my socks and clothing from the all-pervading powdery white. I was more particular now than before, though it cost me effort and great shivering. I began to *feel* thoroughly what before had been only a *mental* realization—that the bag was my only refuge from death.

Hunger, a tantalizing supper, then restlessness again. Sleep I induced by reciting, sometimes aloud, sometimes in my mind, various poems, songs and snatches of plays. But soon I would wake and wonder what time it was. Having few matches left, I consulted my watch in a new way. I unscrewed the glass face and very delicately and carefully felt for the hands. I could tell the time thus to within a few minutes. My mittens I kept loose in the bag. I did not want to wet them in the least by the involuntary perspiration of my hands.

Toward morning my feet grew very cold; and when daylight came I decided I would do two very necessary things at one time—remove the snow from the bag and warm my feet. I got out and kicked the snow off, and then, on the dry bag, danced a sailor's hornpipe until I was out of breath and my feet tingled. It must have seemed a queer sight, had any one been able to see me. During this performance the dogs, one at a time, rose, great fragments of the caked snow domes falling from them. They would have come to me, but they were too much awed by my singular gyrations. One by one they settled down again, and I returned to the bag.

It was the thirty-first day of December, and its dawn was as forbidding as the last—

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just the rushing white, seething and hissing. Had I dared indulge in the luxury of nerves, I could easily have got into a very bad condition, weak as I was from insufficient food. I munched a good deal of snow, and made quite a ceremony of it to kill time. I tried games—loading a ship with objects whose spelling would begin with A or B or C, and thinking of all the qualities, good and bad, of "My Grandmother's Cat!"

Late in the morning I thought I heard a sound above the seethe of the blizzard, and in a moment my little window darkened and a muzzle was thrust into it. It was Muggins, sympathetic—and still penitent!

"Lie down!" I told him, and his ear being very close he could not fail to hear.

He slunk off, but other dogs—all of them, I think, though I could not recognize each one by his snout—came in turn to call on me, and object, I suppose, to our inaction. They were ravenous, of course, and saw no reason for staying on that dismal slope. And I have no doubt whatever that they would have found the road-house or got quickly back to Candle, especially without the sled. But the time had not come to take the death-chance of a dash; and meanwhile I knew both from experience of similar situations and from the stories of others that those five dogs would stay there as long as I did. All but one were friends of years, and he had pride enough to "stick around" with the other four.

I think I must have weakened in morale if not in will, because I dreaded the night. I was afraid I should wake up to find myself packed under the drift and not strong enough to heave it up. I could not bear the idea of being motionless. I feared some kind of a spasm. I am sure that thirty-six hours before that fear would have found no place in my mind. But it dominated me now, so that before it was really necessary I got out of bed—and was immediately surrounded by eager, complaining dogs whom I harshly commanded to "Lie down!"—uprooted the bag, kicked in the piled-up snow, and replaced the bag, which was now as high, almost, as the drifted-over sled. My diminished morale spoke up also in my reluctance to remove the snow thoroughly from my clothing. How I despised the summoning of the energy to brush and flog, brush and flog! I would have given a hundred dollars for a whisk-broom.

After supper, for which I opened the second can of milk—and boldly overmeasured the twelfth of it—I went to sleep. I slept pretty well, due to my weakness, perhaps. But, oh, the perishing cold of my feet and legs, which woke me up in less than two hours. I longed for drift snow to mantle the bag as before, for I was too high. The snow blew across me but did not lodge, and I was miserable all night, tapping the bottom of the bag with my feet, pounding them together, and even drawing them up and striking them with my palms. I became very much exhausted at this, and suddenly formed the resolution to have a midnight supper. I had an excellent excuse—to save milk would not aid me to safety if I had no feet! I ate about five knife-bladefuls of the sticky stuff—it was the best possible food for one in my dilemma, had there only been enough of it.

It helped wonderfully, and at once. Nevertheless I remained too cold to sleep, and I saw the old year out by feeling the minute hand of my watch overtake the hour hand at the top of the dial. During all those first small hours of the new year I had to pound my will to pound my feet and hands—to drive myself to drive my weak and tired muscles to drive the reserve of blood into those freezing extremities.

Although I had kept the port-hole almost completely closed, and was unaware of sound, it seems that throughout that night I must have continuously discerned the seethe of the blizzard through the thick bag, because shortly before my will to pound crumpled completely something persisted in telling me that it was stiller outside, and I broke my resolution not to peer out until morning. I thrust my ear to the opening of the bag and listened. There was silence! Closing the canvas quickly, I finger-read my watch. It was not much after six.

"Now then," said I, "it will begin to be light in two hours. But isn't there a late moon?"

I seemed to remember how the moon had been. I thrust my head clear out, twisted it around and saw the old moon's crescent. Also there were stars all over the sky.

Should I wait for dawn—and perhaps the wind again, and blindness? Or should I take a chance with what light there was? It was a momentous question! I compromised. I would wait one hour. No longer. And as this seemed my chance for life, I did not intend to make it less by

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keeping too much milk outside of me. I ate nearly half the remaining contents of the can—a meal indeed compared with the driblets I had subsisted on.

I found myself hoping—all my old optimism surging back upon me; and I sang a coon song, and followed it with "The Good Old Summer Time," not really appropriate, perhaps, but very heartening. At seven o'clock I crawled out of that bag, stood up and looked around. I could faintly discern the continuation of the bank, sloping down to the level ice. But whether that ice was the lagoon or the sea beyond it I had no means of knowing.

I called the dogs, and they rose up and shook themselves, flooding me with clouds of snow, and fawning on me with their backs and paws and smiling mouths.

I wished they knew how to dig out a sled. I dreaded the exertion it required. Indeed, I almost despaired of accomplishing it, for the snow had virtually cemented it in. I was obliged to dig under and throw off thick plates of crust before I could wrench the runners sidewise and break it out. Once loose I turned it over, shook out the harness and hitched up the dogs. Then I threw in the sleeping-bag and said "Mush on!" to Muggins.

Yes, I had put Muggins in his place as leader, thinking that his superior intelligence and knowledge of the country would enable him, through his sense of sight alone, to discover where we were and in what direction to turn.

Muggins whirled around and led down to where the trail had been. I had intended to make him deliberately decide which direction to take, but he curved off to the right before he got to the trail. I suppose he had known for hours where he was. It transpired also that his scent was restored—perhaps by his fast. He was the old Muggins. He stuck his head slightly downward at the old slant at which he carried it on an obscure trail, and pattered the creaking snow with his little hairy feet, sometimes at a trot, sometimes at a gallop.

My own feet had grown warm with the first exertion of work, but being in no condition to run, especially at that mad pace, I had to stand on the sled, and they began to grow cold again, and my hands too. Also the slight breeze that remained was partly in my face, and I felt the "mask" forming—the name we used to give to a freezing face. Where was that half can of milk? Behind—in the snow? I looked in the bag. Heaven be praised, it was there! I cut the cover completely away and dug out the milk as rapidly as I could, cleaning the can. The stuff actually put new life into me, or new warmth, at least.

The dawn came, but before it grew light I recognized a headland here and there and knew we were on the back track to Candle from the lagoon. More, I perceived from our run across the side lagoon of Minnehaha Creek that I had spent sixty-two blizzard hours within a four-minute trot of the road-house at Keewalik. It would not have been the first time that a man had perished thus, close to safety, the classic case being that of the road-house keeper who froze to death in groping his way between his shed and his house—thirty yards.

My life, at least, was safe; for nothing in the way of a new blizzard could have kept those dogs from pulling that sled into Candle. But I was not a little concerned about my feet and face, that would freeze, it seemed, despite the vim with which I danced and clapped.

I was in more danger than I possibly could have imagined, for when the dogs raced up the bank at Candle and tore through the street to the store, I knocked in vain upon the locked door—shouted and rapped, again and again. Then I remembered the usual festivities of New Year's Eve. I surmised that Bob Froberger, in common with most of the other residents, had gone to bed only a few hours before, exhausted by their merrymaking.

The spirit thermometer fastened to the jam of the door registered fifty-six degrees below zero. My feet grew lumpy, my face hardened, my fingers stiffened as I pounded that icy door. But it was not until the dogs howled lugubriously in unison that the door was finally opened by a robed young giant rubbing his eyes.

Those eyes stared hard. Dazed from sleep though he was, he knew at once that I had not left the sandspit road-house at seven in the morning on New Year's Day. He guessed the truth.

"Gee!" he muttered. "You nearly froze to death in that blizzard!"

"Not by a jugful," I denied witheringly, "I nearly froze to death *right here in front of my own store!*" I felt like scolding him for an hour. Nerves, of course.

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THE MINER'S FEAR OF FIRE

by **John L. Considine**

FIRE damp, common enough in the coal mines, is but little known in the precious-metal mines of the Far West. Yet it has been found to exist in some of the mines of Nevada, notably the Comstock. There it is probably generated by decaying pine timber.

On one occasion a mining superintendent of Gold Hill entered an abandoned drift of the Segregated Belcher mine and, while passing along it, happened to lift his candle to the roof to examine the rock. Much to his astonishment he set fire to a stratum of carburetted hydrogen—the "book name" for fire damp—which produced a brilliant flash that extended the entire length of the drift. On another occasion miners in the Gould & Curry mine at Virginia City had a similar experience, but a little more enlivening. On tapping an old drift an explosion occurred that singed the hair and whiskers of the miners.

In the early days of Washoe it sometimes happened that adjoining mining companies drifted into each other's works, far below the surface. On such occasions there was war down in the bowels of the earth. In case pistols and similar weapons were not used, the battles were fought after the Chinese stink-pot plan. Each company sought to smoke the other out. One instance in which these underground amenities of the amiable miner were indulged in was when the Kossuth and the Alhambra folks ceased to admire each other.

The works of the two companies made an unexpected connection far below the surface. As to what passages at arms may have occurred in and about the breach below, when it was first opened, the surface world is not informed. However, the Alhambra folks presently found something burning. They were not long in doubt as to the nature of the fumigation. The odor wafted to them was not that of sandalwood, neither that of frankincense nor myrrh. That which reached them was the hot, pungent, stifling smoke and gas that told of burning pitch-pine.

The Kossuth folks had secretly prepared and lighted in a drift of their mine connecting with the Alhambra shaft a large bonfire of pine-wood. There being a draft into and up the shaft named, the men working therein soon found themselves in danger of suffocation and made all possible haste to reach the surface.

The superintendent of the Alhambra mine narrowly escaped losing his life. When he was hoisted to the top of the shaft, several hundred feet, he was asphyxiated to the verge of insensibility and fell back, but luckily caught at the edge of a plank and held on long enough to give those standing near time to snatch him away. Had he fallen to the bottom of the shaft it would have been certain death, for, had he not been dashed to pieces by the fall, the smoke and gases ascending the shaft would have prevented his friends from going down to his assistance, and he would have inevitably perished.

Turning the tables on the Kossuthites was now tried by the men of the Alhambra. They covered the mouth of their shaft with planks and wet blankets in order if possible to force the smoke back into the Kossuth mine. The smoke still appearing to gather in their shaft several large casks of water were got ready, the planks and blankets were raised, and a flood of water turned suddenly down. To what extent this experiment discommoded the Kossuthites was never made public, but the indications were that they received at least a temporary hoist from their own petard, as shortly afterward their numbers above ground were observed to have increased.

The drastic methods employed by the aggressors in this affair will be the better appreciated when it is understood that nothing is so much dreaded by the miner as fire. When millions of tons of rock begin to settle down he is not frightened. He goes among them when they are being splintered in all directions and are cracking like pistols; coolly puts in double timbers and braces, drives wedges, and builds up sections with rock, for he knows that the settling must be gradual, and that if it is not stopped it can only continue until

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all the timbers in the place are pressed out as thin as wafers—shortly before which time he will depart.

When caves of ore fall from the breasts in a stope he knows that they only endanger the few men who happen to be under or near them. When the premature explosion of a blast occurs only those in the immediate vicinity are killed or wounded. But when there is a fire in a mine, the life of every man is in peril.

One reason why a fire in a mine is so much dreaded is because there are so few avenues of escape open to the miners. Probably there is but a single shaft—if the mine is connected with no other—and up this, a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, or more, he must go to escape. The smoke and deadly gases may reach the shaft before he arrives, and then he can but sit down and await his death.

In case of a fire there is liable to be a panic. A panic in a church or other building on the surface is a terrible thing; then what must be a panic in a mine where there are eight hundred or a thousand men perhaps, all to go up a single shaft a thousand feet or more, a cageload at a time? At such times, too, there are explosions of gases which extinguish all of the lights, and the men rushing to and fro are exposed to danger of tumbling headlong into scores of pitfalls in the shape of chutes, winzes and other excavations.

All these things being often in the miner's mind give him a wonderful delicacy of nostril. He can scent a fire from afar. He knows the smell of burning fuse, of giant powder, of black powder and of everything with which fire ordinarily comes in contact in a mine, and the scent of these is no more noticed than is noticed the air he breathes on the surface of the earth; but let any unusual substance be ignited and, like the hunted stag, his nose is in the air at once.

Let but a splinter of pine be held in a candle and soon the smell of the burning wood is detected by the miners above and around, and there is a commotion such as is seen when a hive of bees is disturbed—men drop down from, and rush out of all manner of places where no men were seen before. A bit of burning rag or anything of that nature creates uneasiness.

On one occasion (relates a reporter) I was in the 1500-foot level of the Consolidated Virginia mine when a gentleman from San Francisco was getting some samples of ore. These he tied up in small canvas sacks. When he tied up the first, he found that in changing his clothes above, he had left his knife.

Having no knife with which to cut the string he had tied about the sack, he held it in the flame of a candle and burned it off. The string was of cotton and a length of about two inches was consumed in all. In less than a minute afterward a man from some part of the mine hastily approached and anxiously inquired of the underground foreman—

"What is burning?"

"Is there anything burning?" returned the foreman, giving us a wink.

"Yes, sir, there is something burning in this part of the mine."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I smell it. It's cotton rags, or something of that sort."

The foreman then showed the man the cotton string that had been burned off, and the miner left, giving the San Francisco man a sour look as he went.

Even a dead rat in any close or heated part of the mine annoys the men and is speedily hunted out and sent above. So with everything else from which there can arise the slightest smell.

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THE SEA-HAWK

A FIVE-PART STORY PART 2

by

RAFAEL SABATINI

Author of "The Hostage," "Captain Blood's Dilemma," etc.

The first part of the story briefly retold in story form.

SIR OLIVER TRESSILIAN found life very good to live. He had achieved honor and renown upon the Spanish Main; had been knighted by England's Virgin Queen, and his wooing of Mistress Rosamund Godolphin ran a smooth course.

But Peter, her brother, opposed the match, urged on thereto by Sir John Killigrew, the girl's guardian.

"I'll not have my sister wed a pirate, a vampire—glutted with the blood of dead men," said Master Peter.

And he struck Sir Oliver with his cane.

"I shall expect your friends and the length of your sword," said he.

"I do not fight with hucksters," replied Sir Oliver. At the departure of Master Peter, he at once hastened to the house of Sir John Killigrew.

Him he challenged and, in a short passage of arms, wounded him—but not mortally. Then, getting him to Godolphin Court, he told Rosamund of the duel; pleading his cause with a fiery ardor; begging her to discountenance the evil reports of her brother concerning him and promising to avoid the impetuous youth lest Master Peter provoke him to a duel. And she, for her part, promised not to listen to the tales of Master Peter and Sir John; would strive rather to win them over.

To some extent she succeeded in her endeavors. Sir John half-withdrew his opposition to the match. But not so Master Peter.

So it happened that—a week it was before Christmas—Sir Oliver met Peter at the village smithy.

"You dog!" Peter cried, and his lash came down and cut a long, red wheal across Sir Oliver's cheek.

Then with a thick laugh Master Peter rode away.

"Stay but a little while for me," roared Sir Oliver. "You'll ride no more, my drunken fool."

He vaulted into the saddle and whirled away in furious pursuit.

He had not gone far, however, when, recalling his promise to Mistress Rosamund, he gave up the chase and returned home.

Presently Lionel, Sir Oliver's half-brother, entered the room. His face was deathly pale, his right hand pressed against his side and the fingers of it were all smeared with blood.

"My God!" Sir Oliver cried. "Who has done this?"

"Peter Godolphin," came the answer. "I gave better than I took. He is as cold by now as the snow on which I left him. We fought in the dark, without witnesses. It will be called murder. No one must know."

And so Sir Oliver, because of his great love for his half-brother, helped to cover up Lionel's crime; confident that no one had witnessed the duel and that the woman—the wanton—who had caused the quarrel would remain silent for her own sake.

But next morning rumor had it that Sir Oliver had killed Master Peter, and he, riding in haste to Godolphin Court, sought audience with Rosamund.

"You false deceiver," she cried when he protested his innocence. "There are those who heard you vow his death. From where he lay they found a trail of blood upon the snow that ran to your own door. Will you still lie"?

"God forgive you, Rosamund," said Sir Oliver, and went out.

Taking Master Blaine and the parson—witnesses of his quarrel with Master Peter—with him, Sir Oliver went to the justice and, removing his clothes, showed them his body free of recent wounds. The justice indited a document so testifying and added his seal as signature thereto.

And so the days passed. Sir Oliver shunned by all as a murderer; while Lionel was full of fears that Sir Oliver would clear himself of the charge, thus exposing his guilt.

In early March Master Jasper Leigh, a desperate

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adventurer of the sea, warned Lionel that Mistress Rosamund and Sir John Killigrew were planning to have Sir Oliver taken by the queen's officers.

This news Lionel carried to Sir Oliver.

"What will you do?" he asked, his knees loosened by a sudden fear.

And Sir Oliver told of the document which would clear him and yet not implicate Lionel.

But Lionel, small of soul, envying his half-brother's wealth, himself in love with Rosamund, conspired with Master Leigh to trepan Sir Oliver away from England aboard the *Swallow*.

The plot was successful. Sir Oliver's apparent flight confirmed the belief that he had murdered Master Peter. But for Lionel a new existence set in from that day, and he sunned himself in the favor of the country-side.

Now Master Leigh, having sailed his ship into the Bay of Biscay, bethought to make for himself more money. To that end he told his prisoner of Lionel's treachery and offered to take Sir Oliver home in token of certain payments.

Sir Oliver, embittered, eager to punish the traitor, agreed.

And so Master Jasper gave the order to "put about," but the *Swallow* had run in too close to the shore and was attacked by a Spanish ship.

Came a shot across the bows of the *Swallow*.

"'Tis a clear invitation to heave to," said Sir Oliver.

Came another shot, another, and another.

"——!" roared Leigh. "She's bilging!"

It was true. The *Swallow* had received her death blow and she was settling down.

Satisfied she could do no further harm the Spaniard hove to, intent on picking up slaves to man the galleys of the King of Spain.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CAPTIVE

SAKR-EL-BAHR, the hawk of the sea, the scourge of the Mediterranean and the terror of Christian Spain, lay prone on the heights of Cape Spartel.

Above him on the crest of the cliff ran the dark green line of the orange groves of Araish—the reputed Garden of the Hesperides of the ancients, where the golden apples grew. A mile or so to eastward were dotted the huts and tents of a Bedouin encampment on the fertile emerald pasture-land that spread away, as far as eye could range, toward Ceuta. Nearer, astride of a grey rock, an almost naked goatherd, a lithe brown stripling with a cord of camel-hair about his shaven head, intermittently made melancholy and unmelodious sounds upon a reed pipe. From somewhere in the blue vault of heaven overhead came the joyous trilling of a lark, from below the silken rustling of the tideless sea.

Sakr-el-Bahr lay prone upon a cloak of woven camel-hair amid luxuriating fern and samphire, on the very edge of the shelf of cliff to which he had climbed. On either side of him squatted a negro from the Sus, both naked of all save white loin-cloths, their muscular bodies glistening like ebony in the dazzling sunshine of mid-May. They wielded crude fans fashioned from the yellowing leaves of date palms, and their duty was to wave these gently to and fro above their lord's head, to give him air and to drive off the flies.

Sakr-el-Bahr was in the very prime of life, a man of a great length of body, with a deep Herculean torso and limbs that advertised a giant strength. His hawk-nosed face ending in a black forked beard was of a swarthiness accentuated to exaggeration by the snowy white turban wound about his brow. His eyes, by contrast, were singularly light. He wore over his white shirt a long green tunic of very light silk, woven along its edges with arabesques in gold; a pair of loose calico breeches reached to his knees; his brown muscular calves were naked, and his feet were shod in a pair of Moorish shoes of crimson leather, with up-curling and very pointed toes. He had no weapons other than the heavy-bladed knife with a jewelled hilt that was thrust into his girdle of plaited leather.

A yard or two away on his left lay another prone figure, elbows on the ground, and hands arched above his brow to shade his eyes, gazing out to sea. He, too, was a tall and powerful man, and when he moved there was a glint of armor from the chain mail in which his body was cased and from the steel casque about which he had swathed his green turban. Beside him lay an enormous curved simitar in a sheath of brown leather that was heavy with steel ornaments. His face was handsome, and bearded, but swarthier far than his companion's, and the backs of his long fine hands were almost black.

Sakr-el-Bahr paid little heed to him. Lying there he looked down the slope, clad with stunted cork-trees and evergreen oaks; here and there was the golden gleam of broom; yonder over a spur of whitish rock sprawled the green and living scarlet of a cactus. Below him about the caves of Hercules was a space of sea whose clear depths shifted with its slow movement from

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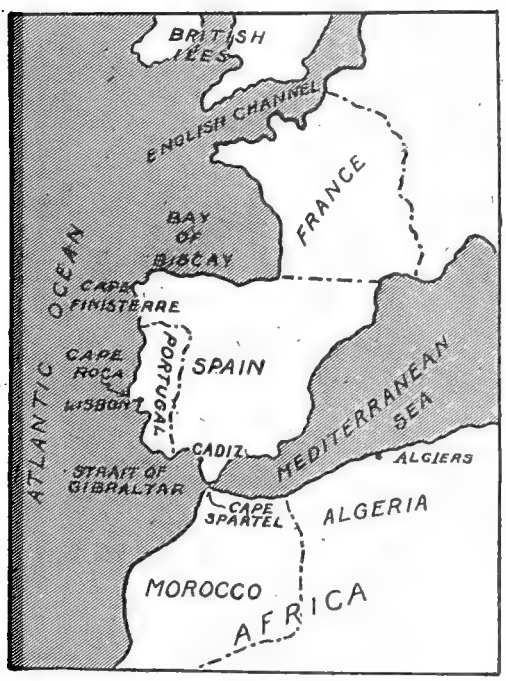
the deep green of emerald to all the colors of the opal. A little farther off behind a projecting screen of rock that formed a little haven two enormous masted galleys, each of fifty oars, and a smaller galliot of thirty rode gently on the slight heave of the water, the vast, yellow oars standing out almost horizontally from the sides of each vessel like the pinions of some gigantic bird. That they lurked there either in concealment or in ambush was very plain. Above them circled a flock of sea-gulls noisy and insolent.

Sakr-el-Bahr looked out to sea, across the straits toward Tarifa and the faint distant European coastline just visible through the



limpid Summer air. But his glance was not concerned with that hazy horizon; it went no further than a fine white-sailed ship that, close-hauled, was beating up the straits some four miles off. A gentle breeze was blowing from the east, and with every foot of canvas spread to catch it she stood as close to it as was possible.

Nearer she came on her larboard tack, and not a doubt but her master would be scanning the hostile African littoral for a sight of those desperate rovers who haunted it and who took toll of every Christian ship that ventured over-near. Sakr-el-Bahr smiled to think how little the presence of his galleys could be suspected, how innocent must look the sun-bathed shore of Africa to the Christian skipper's diligently searching spy-glass. And there from his height, like the hawk they had dubbed him poised in the cobalt heavens to plumb down upon his prey, he watched the great white ship and waited until she should come within striking distance.

A promontory to eastward made something of a lee that reached out almost a mile from shore. From the watchers' aerie the line of demarcation was sharply drawn; they could see the point at which the white crests of the wind-whipped wavelets ceased and the water became smoother. Did she but venture as far southward on her present tack, she would be slow to go about again, and that should be their opportunity. And all unconscious of the lurking peril she held steadily to her course, until not half a mile remained between her and that inauspicious lee.

Excitement stirred the mail-clad corsair; he kicked his heels in the air, then swung round to the impassive and watchful Sakr-el-Bahr.

"She will come! She will come!" he cried in the Frankish jargon—the *lingua franca* of the African littoral.

"*Insh' Allah!*" was the laconic answer—"If God will."

A tense silence fell between them again as the ship drew nearer so that now with forward heave of her they caught a glint of the white belly under her black hull. Sakr-el-Bahr shaded his eyes, and concentrated his vision upon the square ensign flying from her mainmast. He could make out not only the red and yellow quarterings, but the devices of the castle and the lion.

"A Spanish ship, Biskaine," he growled to his companion. "It is very well. The praise to the One!"

"Will she venture in?" wondered the other.

"Be sure she will venture," was the confident answer. "She suspects no danger, and it is not often that our galleys are to be found so far westward. Aye, there she comes in all her Spanish pride."

Even as he spoke she reached that line of demarcation. She crossed it, for there was still a moderate breeze on the leeward side of it, intent no doubt upon making the utmost of that southward run.

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"Now!" cried Biskaine—Biskaine-el-Borak was he called from the lightning-like impetuousness in which he was wont to strike.

"Not yet," was the calm, restraining answer. "Every inch nearer shore she creeps the more certain is her doom. Time enough to sound the charge when she goes about. Give me to drink, Abiad," he said to one of his negroes, whom in irony he had dubbed "the White."

The slave turned aside, swept away a litter of ferns and produced an amphora of porous red clay; he removed the palm-leaves from the mouth of it and poured water into a cup. Sakr-el-Bahr drank slowly, his eyes never leaving the vessel, whose every ratline was clearly defined by now in the pellucid air. They could see men moving on her decks, and the watchman stationed in the foremast fighting-top. She was not more than half a mile away when suddenly came the maneuver to go about.

Sakr-el-Bahr leaped instantly to his great height and waved a long green scarf. From one of the galleys behind the screen of rocks a trumpet rang out in immediate answer to that signal; it was followed by the shrill whistles of the bo'suns, and that again by the splash and creak of oars, as the two larger galleys swept out from their ambush. The long armored poops were a-swarm with turbaned corsairs, their weapons gleaming in the sunshine; a dozen at least were astride of the cross-tree of each mainmast, all armed with bows and arrows, and the ratlines on each side of the galleys were black with men who swarmed there like locusts ready to envelop and smother their prey.

THE suddenness of the attack flung the Spaniard into confusion. There was a frantic stir aboard her, trumpet blasts and shoutings and wild scurryings of men hither and thither to the posts to which they were ordered by their too reckless captain. In that confusion her maneuver to go about went all awry and precious moments were lost during which she stood floundering, with idly flapping sails.

In his desperate haste the captain headed her straight to leeward, thinking that by running thus before the wind he stood the best chance of avoiding the trap. But there was not wind enough in that sheltered spot to make the attempt successful. The galleys sped straight on at an angle to the direction in which the Spaniard was moving, their yellow dripping oars flashing furiously, as the bo'suns plied their whips to urge every ounce of sinew in the slaves.

Of all this Sakr-el-Bahr gathered an impression as, followed by Biskaine and the negroes, he swiftly made his way down that aerie that had served him so well. He sprang from red oak to cork-tree and from cork-tree to red oak; he leaped from rock to rock, or lowered himself from ledge to ledge, gripping a handful of heath or a projecting stone, but all with the speed and nimbleness of an ape.

He dropped at last to the beach, then sped across it at a run, and went bounding along a black reef until he stood alongside of the galliot which had been left behind by the other corsair vessels. She awaited him in deep water the length of her oars from the rock, and as he came alongside these oars were brought to the horizontal, and held there firmly. He leaped down upon them, his companions following him, and using them as a gangway, reached the bulwarks. He threw a leg over the side, and alighted on a decked space between two oars and the two rows of six slaves that were manning each of them.

Biskaine followed him and the negroes came last. They were still astride of the bulwarks when Sakr-el-Bahr gave the word. Up the middle gangway ran a bo'sun and two of his mates cracking their long whips of bullock-hide. Down went the oars, there was a heave, and they shot out in the wake of the other two to join the fight.

Sakr-el-Bahr, simitar in hand, stood on the prow, a little in advance of the mob of eager babbling corsairs who surrounded him, quivering in their impatience to be let loose upon the Christian foe. Above, along the yard-arm and up the ratlines swarmed his bowmen. From the masthead floated out his standard, of crimson charged with a green crescent.

The naked Christian slaves groaned, strained and sweated under the Moslem lash that drove them to the destruction of their Christian brethren.

Ahead the battle was already joined. The Spaniard had fired one single hasty shot which had gone wide, and now one of the corsairs' grappling-irons had seized her on the larboard quarter, a withering hail of arrows was pouring down upon her decks from the

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Moslem cross-trees; up her sides crowded the eager Moors, ever most eager when it was a question of tackling the Spanish dogs who had driven them from their Andalusian Caliphate. Under her quarter sped the other galley to take her on the starboard side, and even as she went her archers and slingers hurled death aboard the galleon.

It was a short, sharp fight. The Spaniards in confusion from the beginning, having been taken utterly by surprize, had never been able to order themselves in a proper manner to receive the onslaught. Still, what could be done they did. They made a gallant stand against this pitiless assailant. But the corsairs charged home as gallantly, utterly reckless of life, eager to slay in the name of Allah and His Prophet and scarcely less eager to die if it should please the All-pitiful that their destinies should be here fulfilled. Up they went, and back fell the Castilians, outnumbered by at least ten to one.

When Sakr-el-Bahr's galliot came alongside, that brief encounter was at an end, and one of his corsairs was aloft, hacking from the mainmast the standard of Spain and the wooden crucifix that was nailed below it. A moment later and to a thundering roar of, "*Alhandollilah!*" the green crescent floated out upon the breeze.

Sakr-el-Bahr thrust his way through the press in the galleon's waist; his corsairs fell back before him, making way, and as he advanced they roared his name deliriously and waved their simitars to acclaim him this hawk of the sea, as he was named, this most valiant of all the servants of Islam. True he had taken no actual part in the engagement. It had been too brief and he had arrived too late for that. But his had been the daring to conceive an ambush at so remote a western point, and his the brain that had guided them to this swift sweet victory in the name of Allah the One.

The decks were slippery with blood, and strewn with wounded and dying men, whom already the Moslems were heaving overboard—dead and wounded alike when they were Christians, for to what end should they be troubled with maimed slaves?

About the mainmast were huddled the surviving Spaniards, weaponless and broken in courage.

Sakr-el-Bahr stood forward, his light eyes considering them grimly. They must number close upon a hundred, adventurers in the main who had set out from Cadiz in high hope of finding fortune in the Indies. Their voyage had been a very brief one; their fate they knew—to toil at the oars of the Moslem galleys, or, at best, to be taken to Algiers or Tunis and sold there into the slavery of some wealthy Moor.

Sakr-el-Bahr's glance scanned them appraisingly, and rested finally on the captain, who stood slightly in advance, his face livid with rage and grief. He was richly dressed in the Castilian black, and his velvet thimble-shaped hat was heavily plumed and decked by a gold cross.

Sakr-el-Bahr salaamed ceremoniously to him.

"*Fortuna de guerra, señor capitân,*"* said he in fluent Spanish. "What is your name?"

"I am Don Paulo de Guzman," the man answered, drawing himself erect, and speaking with conscious pride in himself and manifest contempt of his interlocutor.

"So! A gentleman of family! And well-nourished and sturdy, I should judge. In the *sôk* at Algiers you might fetch two hundred philips. You shall ransom yourself for five hundred."

"*Por las Entrañas de Dios!*" Swore Don Paulo, who, like all pious Spanish Catholics, favored the oath anatomical.

What else he would have added in his fury is not known, for Sakr-el-Bahr waved him contemptuously away.

"For your profanity and want of courtesy we will make the ransom a thousand philips, then," said he. And to his followers: "Away with him! Let him have courteous entertainment against the coming of his ransom."

He was borne away cursing.

Of the others Sakr-el-Bahr made short work. He offered the privilege of ransoming himself to any who might claim it, and the privilege was claimed by three. The rest he consigned to the care of Biskaine, who acted as his *kayia*, or lieutenant. But before doing so he bade the ship's bo'sun stand forward, and demanded to know what slaves there might be aboard. There were, he learned, but a dozen, employed upon menial duties on the ship—three Jews, seven Moslems, and two heretics—and they had been driven under the hatches when the peril threatened.

By Sakr-el-Bahr's orders these were

*"Fortune of war, captain."

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dragged forth from the blackness into which they had been flung. The Moslems upon discovering that they had fallen into the hands of their own people and that their slavery was at an end, broke into cries of delight, and fervent praise of Allah than whom they swore there was no other God. The three Jews, lithe, stalwart young men in black tunics that fell to their knees and black skull-caps upon their curly black locks, smiled ingratiatingly, hoping for the best since they were fallen into the hands of people who were nearer akin to them than Christians and allied to them, at least, by the bond of common enmity to Spain and common suffering at the hands of Spaniards.

The two heretics stood in stolid apathy, realizing that with them it was but a case of passing from Charybdis to Scylla, and that they had as little to hope for from heathen as from Christian. One of these was a sturdy bow-legged fellow, whose garments were little better than rags; his weather-beaten face was of the color of mahogany and his eyes of a dark blue under tufted eyebrows that once had been red—like his hair and beard—but were now thickly intermingled with grey. He was spotted like a leopard on the hands by enormous dark brown freckles.

Of the entire dozen he was the only one that drew the attention of Sakr-el-Bahr. He stood despondently before the corsair, with bowed head and his eyes upon the deck; a weary, dejected, spiritless slave who would as soon die as live. Thus some few moments during which the stalwart Moslem stood regarding him; then as if drawn by that persistent scrutiny he raised his dull, weary eyes. At once they quickened, the dullness passed out of them; they were bright and keen as of old. He thrust his head forward, staring in his turn; then in a bewildered way he looked about him at the ocean of swarthy faces under turbans of all colors, and back again at Sakr-el-Bahr.

"God's light!" He said at last, in English, to vent his infinite amazement. Then reverting to the cynical manner that he had ever affected, and effacing all surprize:

"Good day to you, Sir Oliver," said he. "I suppose ye'll give yourself the pleasure of hanging me."

"Allah is great!" said Sakr-el-Bahr impassively.

CHAPTER IX

THE RENEGADE

HOW it came to happen that Sakr-el-Bahr, the Hawk of the Sea, the Moslem rover, the scourge of the Mediterranean, the terror of Christians and the beloved of Asad-ed-Din, Basha of Algiers, would be one and the same as Sir Oliver Tressilian, the Cornish gentleman of Penarrow, is at long length set forth in the chronicles of Lord Henry Coade.

Sir Oliver was one of a score of men who were rescued from the sea by the crew of the Spanish vessel that had sunk the *Swallow;* another was Jasper Leigh, the skipper. All of them were carried to Lisbon, and there handed over to the Court of the Holy Office. Since they were heretics all—or nearly all—it was fit and proper that the Brethren of St. Dominic should undertake their conversion in the first place.

Sir Oliver came of a family that never had been famed for rigidity in religious matters, and he was certainly not going to burn alive if the adoption of other men's opinions upon an extremely hypothetical future state would suffice to save him from the stake. He accepted Catholic baptism with an almost contemptuous indifference. As for Jasper Leigh it will be conceived that the elasticity of the skipper's conscience was no less than Sir Oliver's, and he was certainly not the man to be roasted for a trifle of faith.

No doubt there would be great rejoicings in the Holy House over the rescue of these two unfortunate souls from the certain perdition that had awaited them. It followed that as converts to the Faith they were warmly cherished, and tears of thanksgiving were profusely shed over them by the Hounds of God. So much for their heresy, They were completely purged of it, having done penance in proper form at an *Auto* held on the Rocio at Lisbon, candle in hand and *sanbenito* on their shoulders. The Church dismissed them with her blessing and an injunction to persevere in the ways of salvation to which with such meek kindness she had inducted them.

Now this dismissal amounted to a rejection. They were, as a consequence, thrown back upon the secular authorities, and the secular authorities had yet to punish them for their offence upon the seas. No offence

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could be proved, it is true. But the courts were satisfied that this lack of offence was but the natural result of a lack of opportunity. Conversely, they reasoned, it was not to be doubted that with the opportunity the offence would have been forthcoming. Their assurance of this was based upon the fact that when the Spaniard fired across the bows of the *Swallow* as an invitation to heave to, she had kept upon her course. Thus, with unanswerable Castilian logic was the evil conscience of her skipper proven.

Captain Leigh protested on the other hand that his action had been dictated by his lack of faith in Spaniards and his firm belief that all Spaniards were pirates to be avoided by every honest seaman who was conscious of inferior strength of armaments. It was a plea that won him no favor with his narrow-minded judges.

Sir Oliver fervently urged that he was no member of the crew of the *Swallow*, that he was a gentleman who found himself aboard her very much against his will, being the victim of a villainous piece of trepanning executed by her venal captain. The court heard his plea with respect, and asked to know his name and rank. He was so very indiscreet as to answer truthfully. The result was extremely educative to Sir Oliver; it showed him how systematically conducted was the keeping of the Spanish archives. The court produced documents enabling his judges to recite to him most of that portion of his life that had been spent upon the seas, and many an awkward little circumstance which had slipped his memory long since, which he now recalled, and which certainly was not calculated to make his sentence lighter.

Had he not been in the Barbados in such a year, and had he not there captured the galleon *Maria de las Dolores?* What was that but an act of villainous piracy? Had he not scuttled a Spanish carack four years ago in the bay of Funchal? Had he not been with that pirate Hawkins in the affair at San Juan de Ulloa? And so on. Questions poured upon him and engulfed him.

He almost regretted that he had given himself the trouble to accept conversion and all that it entailed at the hands of the Brethren of St. Dominic. It began to appear to him that he had but wasted time and escaped the clerical fire to be dangled on a secular rope as an offering to the vengeful gods of outraged Spain.

So much, however, was not done. The galleys in the Mediterranean were in urgent need of men at the time, and to this circumstance Sir Oliver, Captain Leigh, and some others of the luckless crew of the *Swallow* owed their lives, though it is to be doubted whether any of them found the matter one for congratulation. Chained each man to a fellow, ankle to ankle, with but a short length of links between, they formed part of a considerable herd of unfortunates who were driven across Portugal into Spain and then southward to Cadiz.

The last that Sir Oliver saw of Captain Leigh was on the morning on which they set out from the reeking Lisbon gaol. Thereafter throughout that weary march each knew the other to be somewhere in that wretched regiment of galley-slaves; but they never came face to face again.

In Cadiz Sir Oliver spent a month in a vast enclosed space that was open to the sky, but nevertheless of an indescribable foulness, a place of filth, disease, and suffering beyond human conception.

At the end of that month he was one of those picked out by an officer who was manning a galley that was to convey the Infanta to Naples. He owed this to his vigorous constitution which had successfully withstood the infections of that mephitic place of torments, and to the fine thews which the officer pummelled and felt as though he were acquiring a beast of burden—which, indeed, is precisely what he was doing.

The galley to which our gentleman was dispatched was a vessel of fifty oars, each manned by seven men. They were seated upon a sort of staircase that followed the slope of the oar, running from the gangway in the vessel's middle down to the shallow bulwarks.

The place allotted to Sir Oliver was that next the gangway. Here, stark naked as when he was born, he was chained to the bench, and in those chains he remained without a single moment's intermission for six whole months.

Between himself and the hard timbers of his seat there was naught but a flimsy and dirty sheepskin. From end to end the bench was not more than ten feet in length, whilst the distance separating it from the next one was a bare four feet. In that cramped space of ten feet by four, Sir Oliver and his six oar-mates had their miserable existence, waking and sleeping—

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for they slept in their chains at the oar without sufficient room in which to lie at stretch.

Anon Sir Oliver became hardened and inured to that unspeakable existence, that living death of the galley-slave. But that first long voyage to Naples was ever to remain the most terrible experience of his life. For spells of six or eight endless hours at a time and on one occasion for no less than ten hours did he pull at his oar without a single moment's pause. With one foot on the stretcher, the other on the bench in front of him, grasping his part of that appallingly heavy fifteen-foot oar, he would bend his back to thrust forward—and upward so to clear the shoulders of the groaning, sweating slaves in front of him—then he would lift the end so as to bring the blade down to the water, and having gripped he would rise from his seat to throw his full weight into the pull, and so fall back with clank of chain upon the groaning bench to swing forward once more, and so on until his senses reeled, his sight became blurred, his mouth parched, and his whole body a living, straining ache. Then would come the sharp fierce cut of the boatswain's whip to revive energies that flagged however little, and sometimes to leave a bleeding stripe upon his naked back.

Thus day in day out, now broiled and blistered by the pitiless southern sun, now chilled by the night dews whilst he took his cramped and unrefreshing rest, indescribably filthy and dishevelled, his hair and beard matted with endless sweat, unwashed save by the rains which in that season were all too rare, choked almost by the stench of his miserable comrades and infested by filthy crawling things begotten of decaying sheep-skins and Heaven alone knows what other foulnesses of that floating hell.

He was sparingly fed upon weevilled biscuit and vile messes of tallowy rice, and to drink he was given lukewarm water that was often stale, saving that sometimes when the spell of rowing was more than usually protracted the boatswains would thrust lumps of bread sodden in wine into the mouths of the toiling slaves to sustain them.

The scurvy broke out on that voyage, and there were other diseases among the rowers, to say nothing of the festering sores begotten of the friction of the bench which were common to all, and which each must endure as best he could. With the slave whose disease conquered him or who, reaching the limit of his endurance, permitted himself to swoon, the boatswains had a short way. The diseased were flung overboard; the swooning were dragged out upon the gangway or bridge and flogged there to revive them; if they did not revive they were flogged on until they were a horrid bleeding pulp, which was then heaved into the sea.

Once or twice when they stood to windward the smell of the slaves being wafted abaft and reaching the fine gilded poop where the Infanta and her attendants traveled, the helmsmen were ordered to put about, and for long weary hours the slaves would hold the galley in position, backing her up gently against the wind so as not to lose way.

The number that died in the first week of that voyage amounted to close upon a quarter of the total. But there were reserves in the prow, and these were drawn upon to fill the empty places. None but the fittest could survive this terrible ordeal.

Of these was Sir Oliver, and of these too was his immediate neighbor at the oar, a stalwart, powerful, impassive, uncomplaining young Moor, who accepted his fate with a stoicism that aroused Sir Oliver's admiration. For days they exchanged no single word together, their religions marking them out, they thought, for enemies despite the fact that they were fellows in misfortune. But one evening when an aged Jew who had collapsed in merciful unconsciousness was dragged out and flogged in the usual manner, Sir Oliver, chancing to behold the scarlet prelate who accompanied the Infanta looking on from the poop-rail with hard, unmerciful eyes, was filled with such a passion at all this inhumanity and at the cold pitilessness of that professed servant of the Gentle and Pitiful Saviour, that aloud he cursed all Christians in general and that scarlet Prince of the Church in particular.

He turned to the Moor beside him, and addressing him in Spanish:

"Hell," he said, "was surely made for Christians, which may be why they seek to make earth like it."

Fortunately for him the creak and dip of the oars, the clank of chains, and the lashes beating sharply upon that wretched Jew were sufficient to muffle his voice. But the Moor heard him, and his dark eyes gleamed.

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"There is a furnace seven times heated awaiting them, O my brother," he replied, with a confidence which seemed to be the source of his present stoicism. "But art thou, then, not a Christian?"

He spoke in that queer language of the North African seaboard, that *lingua franca*, which sounded like some French dialect interspersed with Arabic words. But Sir Oliver made out his meaning almost by intuition. He answered him in Spanish again, since although the Moor did not appear to speak it yet it was plain he understood it.

"I renounce from this hour," he answered in his passion. "I will acknowledge no religion in whose name such things are done. He preaches self-denial as the way to heaven, and by his own tenets is he damned."

He growled an obscene oath as he heaved the great oar forward.

"A Christian, I?" he cried, and laughed for the first time since he had been chained to that bench of agony. "I am done with Christians and Christianity."

"Verily we are God's, and to Him shall we return," said the Moor.

That was the beginning of a friendship between Sir Oliver and this man, whose name was Yusuf-ben-Moktar. The Moslem conceived that in Sir Oliver he saw one upon whom the grace of Allah had descended, one who was ripe to receive the Prophet's message. Yusuf was devout, and he applied himself to the conversion of his fellow-slave. Sir Oliver listened to him, however, with indifference. Having discarded one creed he would need a deal of satisfying on the score of another before he adopted it, and it seemed to him that all the glorious things urged by Yusuf in praise of Islam he had heard before in praise of Christianity. But he kept his counsel on that score, and meanwhile his intercourse with the Moslem had the effect of teaching him the *lingua franca*, so that at the end of six months he found himself speaking it like a Mauretanian with all the Moslem's imagery and with more than the ordinary seasoning of Arabic.

IT WAS toward the end of that six months that the event took place which was to restore Sir Oliver to liberty. In the meanwhile those limbs of his which had ever been vigorous beyond the common wont had acquired an elephantine strength. It was ever thus at the oar. Either you died under the strain, or your thews and sinews grew to be equal to their relentless task. Sir Oliver in those six months was become a man of steel and iron, impervious to fatigue, superhuman almost in his endurance.

They were returning home from a trip to Genoa when one evening as they were standing off Minorca in the Balearic Isles they were surprized by a fleet of four Moslem galleys which came skimming round a promontory to surround and engage them.

Aboard the Spanish vessel there broke a terrible cry of, "Asad-ed-Din"—the name of the most redoubtable Moslem corsair since the Italian renegade Ochiali—the Ali Pasha who had been killed at Lepanto. Trumpets blared and drums beat on the poop, and the Spaniards in morion and corslet, armed with calivers and pikes, stood to defend their lives and liberty. The gunners sprang to the culverins.

But fire had to be kindled and linstocks ignited, and in the confusion much time was lost—so much that not a single cannon shot was fired before the grappling-irons of the first galley clanked upon and gripped the Spaniard's bulwarks. The shock of the impact was terrific. The armoured prow of the Moslem galley—Asad-ed-Din's own—smote the Spaniard a slanting blow amidships that smashed fifteen of the oars as if they had been so many withered twigs.

There was a shriek from the slaves, followed by such piteous groans as the damned in hell may emit. Fully two score of them had been struck by the shafts of their oars as these were hurled back against them. Some had been killed outright, others lay limp and crushed, some with broken backs, others with shattered limbs and ribs.

Sir Oliver would assuredly have been of these but for the warning, advice, and example of Yusuf, who was well versed in galley-fighting and who foresaw clearly what must happen. He thrust the oar upward and forward as far as it would go, compelling the others at his bench to accompany his movement. Then he slipped down upon his knees, released his hold of the timber, and crouched down until his shoulders were on a level with the bench.

He had shouted to Sir Oliver to follow his example, and Sir Oliver, without even knowing what the maneuver should portend, but

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gathering its importance from the other's urgency of tone, promptly obeyed. The oar was struck an instant later, and ere it snapped off it was flung back, braining one of the slaves at the bench and mortally injuring the others, but passing clean over the heads of Sir Oliver and Yusuf. A moment later the bodies of the oarsmen of the bench immediately in front were flung back atop of them with yells and curses.

When Sir Oliver staggered to his feet he found the battle joined. The Spaniards had fired a volley from their calivers and a dense cloud of smoke hung above the bulwarks; through this surged now the corsairs, led by a tall, lean, elderly man with a flowing white beard and a swarthy eagle face. A crescent of emeralds flashed from his snowy turban; above it rose the peak of a steel cap, and his body was cased in chain mail. He swung a great simitar, before which the Spaniards went down like wheat to the reaper's sickle. He fought like ten men, and to support him poured a never-ending stream of Moslems to the cry of: *"Din! Din! Allah, Y'Allah!"*

Back and yet back went the Spaniards before that irresistible onslaught.

Sir Oliver found Yusuf struggling in vain to rid himself of his chain, and went to his assistance. He stooped, seized it in both hands, set his feet against the bench, exerted all his strength, and tore the staple from the wood. Yusuf was free, save, of course, that a length of heavy chain was dangling from his steel anklet. In his turn he did the like service by Sir Oliver, though not quite as speedily, for strong man though he was, either his strength was not equal to the Cornishman's or else the latter's staple had been driven into sounder timber. In the end, however, it yielded, and Sir Oliver too was free. Then he set the foot that was hampered by the chain upon the bench, and with the staple that still hung from the end of it he pried open the link that attached it to his anklet.

That done he took his revenge. Crying *"Din!"* as loudly as any of the Moslem boarders, he flung himself upon the rear of the Spaniards brandishing his chain. In his hands it became a terrific weapon. He used it as a scourge, lashing it to right and left of him, splitting here a head and crushing there a face, until he had hacked a way clean through the Spanish press, which, bewildered by his sudden rear attack, made but little attempt to retaliate upon the escaped galley-slave. After him, whirling the remaining ten feet of the broken oar, came Yusuf.

Sir Oliver confessed afterward to knowing very little of what happened in those moments. He came to a full possession of his senses to find the fight at an end, a cloud of turbaned corsairs standing guard over a huddle of Spaniards, others breaking open the cabin and dragging thence the chests that it contained, others again armed with chisels and mallets passing along the benches liberating the surviving slaves, of whom the great majority were children of Islam.

Sir Oliver found himself face to face with the white-bearded leader of the corsairs, who was leaning upon his simitar and regarding him with eyes at once amused and amazed. Our gentleman's naked body was splashed from head to foot with blood, and in his right hand he still clutched that yard of iron links with which he had wrought such ghastly execution. Yusuf was standing at the corsair leader's elbow speaking rapidly.

"By Allah, was ever such a lusty fighter seen!" cried the latter. "The strength of the Prophet is within him thus to smite the unbelieving pigs."

Sir Oliver grinned savagely.

"I was returning them some of their whip-lashes—with interest," said he.

And those were the circumstances under which he came to meet the formidable Asad-ed-Din, Basha of Algiers; those the first words that passed between them.

Anon, when aboard Asad's own galley he was being carried to Barbary, he was washed and his head was shaved all but the forelock, by which the Prophet should lift him up to heaven when his earthly destiny should come to be fulfilled. He made no protest. They washed and fed him and gave him ease; and so that they did these things to him they might do what else they pleased. At last arrayed in flowing garments that were strange to him, and with a turban wound about his head, he was conducted to the poop, where Asad sat with Yusuf under an awning, and he came to understand that it was in compliance with the orders of Yusuf that he had been treated as if he were a True-Believer.

Yusuf-ben-Moktar was discovered as a person of great consequence, the nephew of Asad-ed-Din, and a favorite with that

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Exalted of Allah the Sublime Portal himself, a man whose capture by Christians had been a thing profoundly deplored. Accordingly his delivery from that thraldom was matter for rejoicing. Being delivered, he bethought him of his oar-mate, concerning whom indeed Asad-ed-Din manifested the greatest curiosity, for in all this world there was nothing the old corsair loved so much as a fighter, and in all his days, he vowed, never had he seen the equal of that stalwart galley-slave, never the like of his performance with that murderous chain. Yusuf had informed him that the man was a fruit ripe for the Prophet's plucking, that the grace of Allah was upon him, and in spirit already he must be accounted a good Moslem.

When Sir Oliver, washed, perfumed, and arrayed in white caftan and turban, which gave him the air of being even taller than he was, came into the presence of Asad-ed-Din, it was conveyed to him that if he would enter the ranks of the Faithful of the Prophet's House and devote the strength and courage with which Allah the One had endowed him to the upholding of the True Faith and to the chastening of the enemies of Islam, great honor, wealth and dignity were in store for him.

Of all that proposal, made at prodigious length and with great wealth of Eastern circumlocution, the only phrase that took root in his rather bewildered mind was that which concerned the chastening of the enemies of Islam. The enemies of Islam, he conceived, were his own enemies; and he further conceived that they stood in great need of chastening, and that to take a hand in that chastening would be a singularly grateful task. So he considered the proposals made him. He considered, too, that the alternative—in the event of his refusing to make the protestations of Faith required of him—was that he must return to the oar of a galley, of a Moslem galley now.

Now that was an occupation of which he had had more than his fill, and since he had been washed and restored to the normal sensations of a clean human being he found that whatever might be within the scope of his courage he could not envisage returning to the oar. We have seen the ease with which he had abandoned the religion in which he was reared for the Roman faith, and how utterly deluded he had found himself. With the same degree of ease did he now go over to Islam, and with much greater profit. Moreover, he embraced the religion of Mahomet with a measure of fierce conviction that had been entirely lacking from his earlier apostasy.

He had arrived at the conclusion whilst aboard the galley of Spain, as we have seen, that Christianity as practised in his day was a grim mockery of which the world were better rid. It is not to be supposed that his convictions that Christianity was at fault went the length of making him suppose that Islam was right, or that his conversion to the faith of Mahomet was anything more than superficial. But forced as he was to choose between the rower's bench and the poop-deck, the oar and the simitar, he boldly and resolutely made the only choice that in his case could lead to liberty and life.

Thus he was received into the ranks of the Faithful whose pavilions await them in Paradise set in an orchard of never-failing fruit, among rivers of milk, of wine, and of clarified honey. He became the Kayia or lieutenant to Yusuf on the galley of that corsair's command, and seconded him in half a score of engagements with an ability and a conspicuity that made him swiftly famous throughout the ranks of the Mediterranean rovers.

Some six months later in a fight off the coast of Sicily with one of the galleys of the Religion—as the vessels of the Knights of Malta were called—Yusuf was mortally wounded in the very moment of victory. He died an hour later in the arms of Sir Oliver, naming the latter his successor in the command of the galley and enjoining upon all implicit obedience to him until they should be returned to Algiers and the Basha should make known his further will in the matter.

THE Basha's will was to confirm his nephew's dying appointment of a successor, and Sir Oliver found himself in full command of a galley. From that hour he became Oliver-Reis, but very soon his valor and fury earned him the by-name of Sakr-el-Bahr, the Hawk of the Sea. His fame grew rapidly, and it spread across the tideless sea to the very shores of Christendom. Soon he became Asad's lieutenant, the second in command of all the Algerine galleys, which meant in fact that he was the

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commander-in-chief, for Asad was growing old and took the sea more and more rarely now. Sakr-el-Bahr sallied forth in his name and his stead, and such was his courage, his address, and his good fortune that never did he go forth to return empty-handed.

It was clear to all that the favor of Allah was upon him, that he had been singled out by Allah to be the very glory of Islam. Asad, who had ever esteemed him, grew to love him. An intensely devout man, could he have done less in the case of one for whom the Pitying the Pitiful showed so marked a predilection? It was freely accepted that when the destiny of Asad-ed-Din should come to be fulfilled Sakr-el-Bahr must succeed him in the Bashalik of Algiers, and that thus Oliver-Reis would follow in the footsteps of Barbarossa, Ochiali, and other Christian renegades who had become corsair-princes of Islam.

In spite of certain hostilities which his rapid advancement begot, and of which we shall hear more presently, once only did his power stand in danger of suffering a check. Coming one morning into the reeking bagnio at Algiers, some six months after he had been raised to his captaincy, he found there a score of countrymen of his own, and he gave orders that their fetters should instantly be struck off and their liberty restored them.

Called to account by the Basha for this action he took a high-handed way, since no other was possible. He swore by the beard of the Prophet that if he were to draw the sword of Mahomet and to serve Islam upon the seas, he would serve it in his own way, and one of his ways was that his own countrymen were to have immunity from the edge of that same sword. Islam, he swore, should not be the loser, since for every Englishman he restored to liberty he would bring two Spaniards, Frenchmen, Greeks, or Italians into bondage.

He prevailed, but only upon condition that since captured slaves were the property of the state, if he desired to abstract them from the state he must first purchase them for himself. Since they would then be his own property he could dispose of them at his good pleasure. Thus did the wise and just Asad resolve the difficulty which had arisen, and Oliver-Reis bowed wisely to that decision.

Thereafter what English slaves were brought to Algiers he purchased, manumitted, and found means to send home again. True, it cost him a fine price yearly, but he was fast amassing such wealth as could easily support this tax.

He found one day among some English seamen brought captive to Algiers by Biskaine-el-Borak—who was become his own second in command—a young Cornish lad from Helston named Pitt, whose father he had known.

He took this lad home with him to the fine palace which he inhabited near the Bab-el-Oueb, treated him as an honored guest, and sat through a whole Summer night in talk with him, questioning him upon this person and that person, and thus gradually drawing from him all the little history of his native place during the two years that were sped since he had left it. In this we gather an impression of the wistful longings, the fierce nostalgia that must have overcome the renegade and his endeavors to allay it by his endless questions. The Cornish lad had brought him up sharply and agonizingly with that past of his upon which he had closed the door when he became a Moslem and a corsair.

The only possible inference is that in those hours of that Summer's night repentance stirred in him, and a wild longing to return. Rosamund should reopen for him that door which, hard-driven by misfortune, he had slammed. That she would do so when once she knew the truth he had no faintest doubt. And there was now no reason why he should conceal the truth, why he should continue to shield that dastardly half-brother of his, whom he had come to hate as fiercely as he had erstwhile loved him.

In secret he composed a long letter giving the history of all that had happened to him since his kidnaping, and setting forth the entire truth of that and of the deed that had led to it. And, moreover, it was not a mere matter of passionate protestations of innocence, or of unsupported accusation of his brother. It told her of the existence of proofs that must dispel all doubt. It told her of that parchment indited by Master Baine and witnessed by the parson, which document was to be delivered to her together with the letter. Further, it bade her seek confirmation of that document's genuineness, did she doubt it, at the hands of Master Baine himself.

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That done, it besought her to lay the whole matter before the Queen, and thus secure him faculty to return to England and immunity from any consequences of his subsequent renegade act to which his sufferings had driven him. He loaded the young Cornishman with gifts, gave him that letter to deliver in person, and added instructions that should enable him to find the document he was to deliver with it. That precious parchment had been left between the leaves of an old book on falconry in the library at Penarrow, where it would probably be found still undisturbed since his brother would not suspect its presence and was himself no scholar. Pitt was to seek out old Nicholas at Penarrow and enlist his aid to obtain possession of that document, if it still existed.

Then Sakr-el-Bahr found means to conduct Pitt to Genoa, and there put him aboard an English vessel.

Three months later he received an answer—a letter from Pitt, which reached him by way of Genoa—which was at peace with the Algerines, and served them as a channel of communication with Christianity. In this letter Pitt informed him that he had done all that Sir Oliver had desired him; that he had found the document by the help of Nicholas, and that in person he had waited upon Mistress Rosamund Godolphin, who dwelt now with Sir John Killigrew at Arwenack, delivering to her the letter and the parchment; but that upon learning on whose behalf he came she had in his presence flung both unopened upon the fire and dismissed him with his tale untold.

Sakr-el-Bahr spent the night under the skies in his fragrant orchard, and his slaves reported in terror that they had heard sobs and weeping. If indeed his heart wept, it was for the last time; thereafter he was more inscrutable, more ruthless, cruel and mocking than men had ever known him, nor from that day did he ever again concern himself to manumit a single English slave. His heart was become a stone.

Thus five years passed, counting from that Spring night when he was trepanned by Jasper Leigh, and his fame spread, his name became a terror upon the seas, and fleets put forth from Malta, from Naples, and from Venice to make an end of him and his ruthless piracy. But Allah kept watch over him, and Sakr-el-Bahr never delivered battle but he wrested victory to the simitars of Islam.

Then in the Spring of that fifth year there came to him another letter from the Cornish Pitt, a letter which showed him that gratitude was not as dead in the world as he supposed it, for it was purely out of gratitude that the lad whom he had delivered from thraldom wrote to inform him of certain matters that concerned him. This letter reopened that old wound; it did more: it dealt him a fresh one. He learned from it that the writer had been constrained by Sir John Killigrew to give such evidence of Sir Oliver's conversion to Islam as had enabled the courts to pronounce Sir Oliver as one to be presumed dead at law, granting the succession to his half-brother, Master Lionel Tressilian. Pitt professed himself deeply mortified at having been forced unwittingly to make Sir Oliver so evil a return for the benefits received from him, and added that sooner would he have suffered them to hang him than have spoken could he have foreseen the consequences of his testimony.

So far Sir Oliver read unmoved by any feeling other than cold contempt. But there was more to follow. The letter went on to tell him that Mistress Rosamund was newly returned from a two years' sojourn in France to become betrothed to his half-brother Lionel, and that they were to be wed in June. He was further informed that the marriage had been contrived by Sir John Killigrew in his desire to see Rosamund settled and under the protection of a husband, since he himself was proposing to take the seas and was fitting out a fine ship for a voyage to the Indies. The writer added that the marriage was widely approved, and was deemed to be an excellent measure for both houses, since it would weld into one the two contiguous estates of Penarrow and Godolphin Court.

Oliver-Reis laughed when he had read thus far. The marriage was approved not for itself, it would seem, but because by means of it two stretches of earth were united into one. It was a marriage of two parks, of two estates, of two tracts of arable and forest, and that two human beings were concerned in it was apparently no more than an incidental circumstance.

Then the irony of it all entered his soul and spread it with bitterness. After dismissing him for the supposed murder of her brother, she was to take the actual murderer to her arms. And he—that cur, that false villain!—out of what depths of

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hell did he derive the courage to go through with this mummery? Had he no heart, no conscience, no sense of decency, no fear of God?

He tore the letter into fragments and set about effacing the matter from his thoughts. Pitt had meant kindly by him, but had dealt cruelly. In his efforts to seek distraction from the torturing images ever in his mind he took to the sea with three galleys, and thus some two weeks later came face to face with Master Jasper Leigh aboard the Spanish carack which he captured under Cape Spartel.

CHAPTER X

HOMEWARD BOUND

IN THE cabin of the captured Spaniard, Jasper Leigh found himself that evening face to face with Sakr-el-Bahr, haled thither by the corsair's gigantic Nubians.

Sakr-el-Bahr had not yet pronounced his intentions concerning the piratical little skipper, and Master Leigh, full conscious that he was a villain, feared the worst, and had spent some miserable hours in the forecastle awaiting a doom which he accounted foregone.

"Our positions have changed, Master Leigh, since last we talked in a ship's cabin," was the renegade's inscrutable greeting.

"Indeed," Master Leigh agreed. "But I hope ye'll remember that on that occasion I was your friend."

"At a price," Sakr-el-Bahr reminded him. "And at a price you may find me your friend today."

The rascally skipper's heart leaped with hope.

"Name it, Sir Oliver," he answered eagerly. "And so that it lies within my wretched power I swear I'll never boggle at it. I've had enough of slavery," he ran on in a plaintive whine. "Five years of it, and four of them spent aboard the galleys of Spain, and no day in all of them but that I prayed for death. Did you but know what I ha' suffered."

"Never was suffering more merited, never punishment more fitting, never justice more poetic," said Sakr-el-Bahr in a voice that made the skipper's blood run cold. "You would have sold me, a man who did you no hurt, indeed a man who once befriended you—you would have sold me into slavery for a matter of two hundred pounds——"

"Nay, nay," cried the other fearfully, "as God's my witness 'twas never part of my intent. Ye'll never ha' forgot the words I spoke to you, the offer that I made to carry you back home again."

"Aye, at a price, 'tis true," Sakr-el-Bahr repeated. "And it is fortunate for you that you are today in a position to pay a price that should postpone your dirty neck's acquaintance with a rope. I need a navigator," he added in explanation, "and what five years ago you would have done for two hundred pounds, you shall do today for your life. How say you: Will you navigate this ship for me?"

"Sir," cried Jasper Leigh, who could scarce believe that this was all that was required of him, "I'll sail it to hell at your bidding."

"I am not for Spain this voyage," answered Sakr-el-Bahr. "You shall sail me precisely as you would have done five years ago, back to the mouth of the Fal, and set me ashore there. Is that agreed?"

"Aye, and gladly," replied Master Leigh without a second's pause.

"The conditions are that you shall have your life and your liberty," Sakr-el-Bahr explained. "But do not suppose that arrived in England you are to be permitted to depart. You must sail us back again, though once you have done that I shall find a way to send you home if you so desire it, and perhaps there will be some measure of reward for you if you serve me faithfully throughout. Follow the habits of a lifetime by playing me false and there's an end to you. You shall have for constant bodyguard these two lilies of the desert," and he pointed to the colossal Nubians who stood there invisible almost in the shadow but for the flash of teeth and eyeballs.

"They shall watch over you, and see that no harm befalls you so long as you are honest with me, and they shall strangle you at the first sign of treachery. You may go. You have the freedom of the ship, but you are not to leave it here or elsewhere save at my express command."

Jasper Leigh stumbled out counting himself fortunate beyond his expectations or deserts, and the Nubians followed him and hung behind him ever after like some vast twin shadow.

To Sakr-el-Bahr entered now Biskaine

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with a report of the prize captured. Beyond the prisoners, however, and the actual vessel, which had suffered nothing in the fight, the cargo was of no account. Outward bound as she was it was not to be expected that any treasures would be discovered in her hold. They found great store of armaments and powder and a little money; but naught else that was worthy of the corsairs' attention.

Sakr-el-Bahr briefly issued his surprizing orders.

"Thou'lt set the captives aboard one of the galleys, Biskaine, and thyself convey them to Algiers, there to be sold. All else thou'lt leave aboard here, and two hundred picked corsairs to go a voyage with me overseas, men that will act at once as mariners and fighters."

"Art thou, then, not returning to Algiers, O Sakr-el-Bahr?"

"Not yet. I am for a longer voyage. Convey my service to Asad-ed-Din, whom Allah guard and cherish, and tell him to look for me in some six weeks' time."

This sudden resolve of Oliver-Reis created no little excitement aboard the galleys. The corsairs knew nothing of navigation upon the open seas, none of them had ever been beyond the Mediterranean, few of them indeed had ever voyaged as far west as Cape Spartel, and it is doubtful if they would have followed any other leader into the perils of the open Atlantic. But Sakr-el-Bahr, the child of Fortune, the protected of Allah, had never yet led them to aught but victory, and he had but to call them to heel and they would troop after him whithersoever he should think well to go. So now there was little trouble in finding the two hundred he desired for his fighting crew. Rather was the difficulty to keep the number of those eager for the adventure within the bounds he had indicated.

You are not to suppose that in all this Sir Oliver was acting upon any preconcerted plan. Whilst he had lain on the heights watching that fine ship beating up against the wind it had come to him that with such a vessel under him it were a fond adventure to sail to England, to descend upon that Cornish coast abruptly as a thunderbolt, and present the reckoning to his craven dastard of a brother. He had toyed with the fancy, dreamily almost, as men build their castles in Spain. Then in the heat of conflict it had entirely escaped his mind, to return in the shape of a resolve when he came to find himself face to face with Jasper Leigh.

The skipper and the ship conjointly provided him with all the means to realize that dream he had dreamed. There was none to oppose his will, no reason not to indulge his cruel fancy. Perhaps, too, he might see Rosamund again, might compel her to hear the truth from him. And there was Sir John Killigrew. He had never been able to determine whether Sir John had been his friend or his foe in the past; but since it was Sir John who had been instrumental in setting up Lionel in Sir Oliver's place—by inducing the courts to presume Sir Oliver's death on the score that being a renegade he must be accounted dead at law—and since it was Sir John who was contriving this wedding between Lionel and Rosamund, why, Sir John, too, should be paid a visit and should be informed of the precise nature of the thing he did.

With the forces at his disposal in those days of his absolute lordship of life and death along the African littoral, to conceive was with Oliver-Reis no more than the prelude to execution. The habit of swift realization of his every wish had grown with him, and that habit guided now his course.

He made his preparations quickly, and on the morrow the Spanish carack—lately labelled *Nuestra Señora de las Llagas*, but with that label carefully effaced from her quarter—trimmed her sails and stood out for the open Atlantic, navigated by Captain Jasper Leigh. The three galleys under the command of Biskaine-el-Borak crept slowly eastward and homeward to Algiers, hugging the coast, as was the corsair habit.

The wind favored Oliver so well that within ten days of rounding Cape St. Vincent he had his first glimpse of the Lizard.

CHAPTER XI

THE RAID

IN THE estuary of the River Fal a splendid ship, on the building of which the most cunning engineers had been employed and no money spared, rode proudly at anchor just off Smithick under the very shadow of the heights crowned by the fine house of Arwenack. She was fitting out for a distant voyage, and for days the work of bringing stores and munitions aboard had

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been in progress, so that there was an unwonted bustle about the little forge and the huddle of cottages that went to make up the fishing village, as if in earnest of the great traffic that in future days was to be seen about that spot. For Sir John Killigrew seemed at last to be on the eve of prevailing and of laying there the foundations of the fine port of his dreams.

To this state of things his friendship with Master Lionel Tressilian had contributed not a little. The opposition made to his project by Sir Oliver—and supported, largely at Sir Oliver's suggestion, by Truro and Helston—had been entirely withdrawn by Lionel; more, indeed Lionel had actually gone so far in the opposite direction as to support Sir John in his representations to Parliament and the Queen. It followed naturally enough that just as Sir Oliver's opposition of that cherished project had been the seed of the hostility between Arwenack and Penarrow, so Lionel's support of it became the root of the stanch friendship that sprang up between himself and Sir John.

What Lionel lacked of his brother's keen intelligence he made up for in cunning. He realized that although at some future time it was possible that Helston and Truro and the Tressilian property there might come to suffer as a consequence of the development of a port so much more advantageously situated, yet that could not be in his own lifetime; and meanwhile he must earn in return Sir John's support for his suit of Rosamund Godolphin and thus find the Godolphin estates merged with his own. This certain immediate gain was to Master Lionel well worth the other future possible loss.

It must not, however, be supposed that Lionel's courtship had thenceforward run a smooth and easy course. The mistress of Godolphin Court showed him no favor, and it was mainly that she might abstract herself from the importunities of his suit that she had sought and obtained Sir John Killigrew's permission to accompany the latter's sister to France when she went there with her husband, who was appointed English ambassador to the Louvre. Sir John's authority as her guardian had come into force again with the decease of her brother.

Master Lionel moped awhile in her absence; but cheered by Sir John's assurance that in the end he should prevail, he quitted Cornwall in his turn and went forth to see the world. He spent some time in London about the Court, where, however, he seems to have prospered little, and then he crossed to France to pay his devoirs to the lady of his longings.

His constancy, the humility with which he made his suit, the obvious intensity of his devotion began at last to wear away that gentlewoman's opposition, as dripping water wears away a stone. Yet she could not bring herself to forget that he was Sir Oliver's brother—the brother of the man she had loved, and the brother of the man who had killed her own brother. Between them stood, then, two things—the ghost of that old love of hers and the blood of Peter Godolphin.

Of this she reminded Sir John on her return to Cornwall after an absence of some two years, urging these matters as reasons why an alliance between herself and Lionel Tressilian must be impossible.

Sir John did not at all agree with her.

"My dear," he said, "there is your future to be thought of. You are now of full age and mistress of your own actions. Yet it is not well for a woman and a gentlewoman to dwell alone. As long as I live, or as long as I remain in England, all will be well. You may continue indefinitely your residence here at Arwenack, and you have been wise, I think, in quitting the loneliness of Godolphin Court. Yet consider that that loneliness may be yours again when I am not here."

"I should prefer that loneliness to the company you would thrust upon me," she answered him.

"Ungracious speech!" he protested. "Is this your gratitude for that lad's burning devotion, for his patience, his gentleness, and all the rest?"

"He is Oliver Tressilian's brother," she replied.

"And has he not suffered enough for that already? Is there to be no end to the price that he must pay for his brother's sins? Besides, consider that when all is said they are not even brothers. They are but half-brothers."

"Yet too closely kin," she said. "If you must have me wed I beg you'll find me another husband."

He was persistent, and his persistence was increased when he came to conceive

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his notion to take the seas again. His conscience would not permit him to heave anchor until he had bestowed her safely in wedlock. Lionel too was persistent, in a quiet, almost self-effacing way that never set a strain upon her patience, and was therefore the more difficult to combat.

In the end she gave way under the pressure of these men's wills, and did so with the best grace she could summon, resolved to drive from her heart and mind the one real obstacle of which, for very shame, she had made no mention to Sir John. The fact is that in spite of all, her love for Sir Oliver was not dead. It was stricken down, it is true, until she herself failed to recognize it for what it really was. But she caught herself thinking of him frequently and wistfully; she found herself comparing him with his brother; and for all that she had bidden Sir John find her some other husband than Lionel, she knew full well that any suitor brought before her must be submitted to that same comparison to his inevitable undoing.

All this she accounted evil in herself. It was in vain that she lashed her mind with the reminder that Sir Oliver was Peter's murderer. As time went on she found herself actually making excuses for her sometime lover; she would admit that Peter had driven him to the step, that for her sake Sir Oliver had suffered insult upon insult from Peter, until, being but human, the cup of his endurance had overflowed in the end, and weary of submitting to the other's blows he had risen up in his anger and smitten in his turn.

She would scorn herself for such thoughts as these, yet she could not dismiss them. In act she could be strong—as witness how she had dealt with that letter which Oliver sent her out of Barbary by the hand of Pitt—but her thoughts she could not govern, and her thoughts were full often traitors to her will. There were longings in her heart for Oliver which she could not stifle, and there was ever the hope that he would one day return, although she realized that from such a return she might look for nothing.

When Sir John finally slew the hope of that return he did a wiser thing than he conceived. Never since Oliver's disappearance had they heard any news of him until Pitt came to Arwenack with that letter and his story. They had heard, as had all the world, of the corsair Sakr-el-Bahr, but they had been far indeed from connecting him with Oliver Tressilian. Now that his identity was established by Pitt's testimony, it was an easy matter to induce the courts to account him dead and to give Lionel the coveted inheritance.

This to Rosamund was a small matter. But a great one was that Sir Oliver was dead at law, and must be so in fact, should he ever again set foot in England. It extinguished finally that curiously hopeless and almost subconscious hope of hers that one day he would return. Thus it helped her perhaps to face and accept the future which Sir John was resolved to thrust upon her.

Her betrothal was made public, and she proved if not an ardently loving, at least a docile and gentle mistress to Lionel. He was content. He could ask no more in reason at the moment, and he was buoyed up by every lover's confidence that given opportunity and time he could find the way to awaken a response. And it must be confessed that already during their betrothal he gave some proof of his reason for this confidence. She had been lonely, and he dispelled her loneliness by his complete surrender of himself to her; his restraint and his cautious, almost insidious creeping along a path, which a more clumsy fellow would have taken at a dash, made companionship possible between them and very sweet to her. Upon this foundation her affection began gradually to rise, and seeing them together and such excellent friends, Sir John congratulated himself upon his wisdom and went about the fitting out of that fine ship of his—the *Silver Heron*—for the coming voyage.

Thus they came within a week of the wedding, and Sir John was all impatience now. The marriage bells were to be his signal for departure; as they fell silent the *Silver Heron* should spread her wings.

It was the evening of the first of June; the peal of the curfew had faded on the air and lights were being set in the great dining-room at Arwenack where the company was to sup. It was a small party. Just Sir John and Rosamund with Lionel, who had lingered on that day, and Lord Henry Goade, the Queen's Lieutenant of Cornwall together with his lady. They were visiting Sir John and they were to remain yet a week his guests at Arwenack that they might grace the coming nuptials.

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Above in the house there was great stir of preparation for the departure of Sir John and his ward, the latter into wedlock, the former into unknown seas. In the turret chamber a dozen sempstresses were at work upon the bridal outfit under the directions of that Sally Pentreath who had been no less assiduous in the preparation of swaddling clothes and the like on the eve of Rosamund's appearance in this world.

AT THE very hour at which Sir John was leading his company to table Sir Oliver Tressilian was setting foot ashore not a mile away.

He had deemed it wiser not to round Pendennis Point. So in the bay above Swanpool on the western side of that promontory he had dropped anchor as the evening shadows were deepening. He had launched the ship's two boats, and in these he had conveyed some thirty of his men ashore. Twice had the boats returned, until a hundred of his corsairs stood ranged along that foreign beach. The other hundred he left on guard aboard. He took so great a force upon an expedition for which a quarter of the men would have sufficed so as to ensure by overwhelming numbers the avoidance of all unnecessary violence.

Absolutely unobserved he led them up the slope toward Arwenack through the darkness that had now closed in. To tread his native soil once more went near to drawing tears from him. How familiar was the path he followed with such confidence in the night; how well-known each bush and stone by which he went with his silent multitude hard upon his heels. Who could have foretold him such a return as this? Who could have dreamed when he roamed amain in his youth here with dogs and fowling-piece, that he would creep one night over these dunes a renegade Moslem leading a horde of infidels to storm the house of Sir John Killigrew of Arwenack?

Such thoughts begot a weakness in him; but he made a quick recovery when his mind swung to all that he had so unjustly suffered, when he considered all that he came thus to avenge.

First to Arwenack to Sir John and Rosamund to compel them to hear the truth at last, and then away to Penarrow for Master Lionel and the reckoning. Such was the project that warmed him, conquered his weakness and spurred him, relentless, onward and upward to the heights and the fortified house that dominated them.

He found the massive iron-studded gates locked, as was to have been expected at that hour. He knocked, and presently the postern gaped, and a lantern was advanced. Instantly that lantern was dashed aside and Sir Oliver had leaped over the sill into the courtyard. With a hand gripping the porter's throat to choke all utterance, Sir Oliver heaved him out to his men, who swiftly gagged him.

That done they poured silently through that black gap of the postern into the spacious gateway. On he led them, at a run almost, toward the tall mullioned windows whence a flood of golden light seemed invitingly to beckon them.

With the servants who met them in the hall they dealt in the same swift silent fashion as they had dealt with the gatekeeper, and such was the speed and caution of their movements that Sir John and his company had no suspicion of their presence until the door of the dining-room crashed open before their eyes.

The sight which they beheld was one that for some moments left them mazed and bewildered. They imagined that here was some mummery, some surprize prepared for the bridal couple by Sir John's tenants or the folk of Smithick and Penycumwick, and were encouraged in this belief by the circumstance that not a single weapon gleamed in all that horde of outlandish intruders. Although they came full-armed against any eventualities, yet by their leader's orders not a blade was bared. What was to do was to be done with their naked hands alone and without bloodshed. Such were the orders of Sakr-el-Bahr, and Sakr-el-Bahr's were not orders to be disregarded.

Himself he stood forward at the head of that legion of brown-skinned men arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, their heads swathed in turbans of every hue. He considered the company in grim silence, and the company in amazement considered this turbaned giant with the masterful face that was tanned to the color of mahogany, the black forked beard, and those singularly light eyes glittering like steel under his black brows.

Thus a little while in silence, then with a sudden gasp Lionel Tressilian sank back in his tall chair as if bereft of strength.

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The agate eyes flashed upon him smiling cruelly.

"I see that you, at least, recognize me," said Sakr-el-Bahr in his deep voice. "I was assured I could depend upon the eyes of brotherly love to pierce the change that time and stress have wrought in me."

Sir John was on his feet, his lean swarthy face flushing darkly, an oath on his lips. Rosamund sat on as if frozen with horror, considering Sir Oliver with dilating eyes, whilst her hands clawed the table before her. They too recognized him now, and realized that here was no mummery. That something sinister was intended Sir John could not for a moment doubt. But of what that something might be he could form no notion. It was the first time that Barbary rovers were seen in England. That famous raid of theirs upon Baltimore in Ireland did not take place until some thirty years after this date.

"Sir Oliver Tressilian!" Killigrew gasped, and—

"Sir Oliver Tressilian!" echoed Iord Henry Goade.

"Not Sir Oliver Tressilian," came the answer, "but Sakr-el-Bahr, the scourge of the sea, the terror of Christendom, the desperate corsair your lies, cupidity, and falseheartedness have fashioned out of a sometime Cornish gentleman." He embraced them all in his denunciatory gesture. "Behold me here with my sea-hawks to present a reckoning long overdue."

Sir John leapt to snatch a weapon from the armored walls.

Sakr-el-Bahr barked out a single word in Arabic, and at that word a half-dozen of his supple blackamoors sprang upon the knight like greyhounds upon a hare and bore him writhing to the ground.

Rosamund, white to the lips, continued to look on, whilst Lionel, overcome, covered his face with his hands in sheer horror. One and all of them expected to see some ghastly deed of blood performed there, coldly and callously as the wringing of a capon's neck. But no such thing took place. The corsairs merely turned Sir John upon his face, dragged his wrists behind him to make them fast, and having performed that duty with a speedy, silent dexterity they abandoned him.

Sakr-el-Bahr watched their performance with those grimly smiling eyes of his. When it was done he spoke again and pointed to Lionel, who leaped up in sudden terror, with a cry that was entirely inarticulate. Lithe brown arms encircled him like a legion of snakes. Powerless, he was lifted in the air and borne swiftly away. For an instant he found himself held face to face with his turbaned brother. Into that pallid, terror-stricken human mask the renegade's eyes stabbed like two daggers. Then deliberately and after the fashion of the Moslem he was become he spat upon it.

"Away!" he growled, and through the press of corsairs that thronged the hall behind him a lane was swiftly opened and Lionel was swallowed up, lost to the view of those within the room.

"What murderous deed do you intend?" cried Sir John indomitably.

He had risen and stood grimly dignified in his bonds.

"Will you murder your own brother as you murdered mine?" demanded Rosamund, speaking now for the first time, and rising as she spoke, a faint flush coming to overspread her pallor.

She saw him wince; she saw the mocking lustful anger perish in his face, leaving it vacant for a moment. Then it became grim again with a fresh resolve. Her words had altered all the current of his intentions. They fixed in him a dull, fierce rage. They silenced the explanations which he was come to offer, and which he scorned to offer here after that taunt.

"It means you love that—whelp, that thing that was my brother," he said, sneering. "I wonder will you love him still when you come to be better acquainted with him? Though, faith, naught would surprize me in a woman and her love. Yet I am curious to see—curious to see."

He laughed.

"I have a mind to gratify myself. I will not separate you—not just yet."

He advanced upon her.

"Come thou with me, lady," he commanded, and held out his hand.

Face to face stood now Sir Oliver with Rosamund—face to face after five long years, and he realized that in every moment of that time the certainty had never departed from him of some such future meeting.

"Come, lady," he bade her sternly.

A moment she looked at him with hate and loathing in the clear depths of her deep blue eyes. Then swiftly as lightning she

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snatched a knife from the board and drove it at his heart. But his hand moved as swiftly to seize her wrist, and the knife clattered to the ground, its errand unfulfilled.

A shuddering sob escaped her then to express at once her horror of her own attempt and of the man who held her. That horror mounting until it overpowered her, she sank suddenly against him in a swoon.

Instinctively his arms went round her, and a moment he held her thus, recalling the last occasion on which she had lain against his breast, on an evening five years and more ago under the gray wall of Godolphin Court above the river.

He shifted his grip to her waist, heaved her to his mighty shoulder as though she were a sack of grain, and swung about, his business at Arwenack accomplished—indeed, more of it accomplished than had been his intent, and also something less.

"Away, away!" he cried to his rovers, and away they sped as fleetly and silently as they had come, no man raising now so much as a voice to hinder them.

Through the hall and across the courtyard flowed that human tide; out into the open and along the crest of the hill it surged, then away down the slope toward the beach where their boats awaited them. Sakr-el-Bahr ran as lightly as though the swooning woman he bore were no more than a cloak he had flung across his shoulder. Ahead of him went a half-dozen of his fellows carrying his gagged and pinioned brother.

Once only before they dipped from the heights of Arwenack did Oliver check. He paused to look across the dark shimmering water to the woods that screened the house of Penarrow from his view. It had been part of his purpose to visit it, as we know. But the necessity had now been removed, and he was conscious of a pang of disappointment, of a hunger to look again upon his home. But to shift the current of his thoughts just then came two of his officers—Othmani and Ali, who had been muttering one with the other. As they overtook him, Othmani set now a hand upon his arm, and pointed down toward the twinkling lights of Smithick and Penycumwick.

"My lord," he cried, "there will be lads and maidens there should fetch fat prices in the Sôk-el-Abeed."

"No doubt," said Sakr-el-Bahr, scarce heeding him, heeding indeed little in this world but his longings to look upon Penarrow.

"Why, then, my lord, shall I take fifty True-Believers and make a raid upon them. It were an easy task, all unsuspicious as they must be of our presence."

Sakr-el-Bahr came out of his musings.

"Othmani," said he, "art a fool, the very father of fools, else wouldst thou have come to know by now that those who once were of my own race, those of the land from which I am sprung, are sacred to me. Here we take no slave but these we have. On, then, in the name of Allah!"

But Othmani was not yet silenced.

"And is our perilous voyage across these unknown seas into this far heathen land to be rewarded by no more than just these two captives? Is that a raid worthy of Sakr-el-Bahr?"

"Leave Sakr-el-Bahr to judge," was the curt answer.

"But reflect, my lord: there is another who will judge. How shall our Basha, the glorious Asad-ed-Din, welcome thy return with such poor spoils as these? What questions will he set thee, and what account shalt thou render him for having imperilled the lives of all these True-Believers upon the seas for so little profit?"

"He shall ask me what he pleases, and I shall answer what I please and as Allah prompts me. On, I say!"

And on they went, Sakr-el-Bahr conscious now of little but the warmth of that body upon his shoulder, and knowing not, so tumultuous were his emotions, whether it fired him to love or hate.

They gained the beach; they reached the ship whose very presence had continued unsuspected. The breeze was fresh and they stood away at once. By sunrise there was no more sign of them than there had been at sunset, there was no more clue to the way they had taken than to the way they had come. It was as if they had dropped from the skies in the night upon that Cornish coast, and but for the mark of their swift, silent passage, but for the absence of Rosamund and Lionel Tressilian the thing must have been accounted no more than a dream of those few who had witnessed it.

Aboard the carack, Sakr-el-Bahr bestowed Rosamund in the cabin over the quarter, taking the precaution to lock the door that led to the stern-gallery. Lionel

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he ordered to be dropped into a dark hole under the hatchway, there to lie and meditate upon the retribution that had overtaken him until such time as his brother should have determined upon his fate—for this was a matter upon which the renegade was still undecided.

Himself he lay under the stars that night and thought of many things. One of these things, which plays some part in the story, though it is probable that it played but a slight one in his thoughts, was begotten of the words Othmani had used. What, indeed, would be Asad's welcome of him on his return if he sailed into Algiers with nothing more to show for that long voyage and the imperilling of the lives of two hundred True-Believers than just those two captives whom he intended, moreover, to retain for himself? What capital would not be made out of that circumstance by his enemies in Algiers and by Asad's Sicilian wife who hated him with all the bitterness of a hatred that had its roots in the fertile soil of jealousy?

This may have spurred him in the cool dawn to a very daring and desperate enterprise which Destiny sent his way in the shape of a tall-masted Dutchman homeward bound. He gave chase, for all that he was full conscious that the battle he invited was one of which his corsairs had no experience, and one upon which they must have hesitated to venture with another leader than himself. But the star of Sakr-el-Bahr was a star that never led to aught but victory, and their belief in him, the very javelin of Allah, overcame any doubts that may have been begotten of finding themselves upon an unfamiliar craft and on a rolling, unfamiliar sea.

This fight is given in great detail by my Lord Henry from the particulars afforded him by Jasper Leigh. But it differs in no great particular from other sea-fights, and it is none of my purpose to surfeit you with such recitals. Enough to say that it was stern and fierce, entailing great loss to both combatants; that cannon played little part in it, for knowing the quality of his men Sakr-el-Bahr made haste to run in and grapple. He prevailed of course as he must ever prevail by the very force of his personality and the might of his example. He was the first to leap aboard the Dutchman, clad in mail and whirling his great simitar, and his men poured after him shouting his name and that of Allah in a breath.

Such was ever his fury in an engagement that it infected and inspired his followers. It did so now, and the shrewd Dutchmen came to perceive that this heathen horde was as a body to which he supplied the brain and soul. They attacked him fiercely in groups, intent at all costs upon cutting him down, convinced almost by instinct that were he felled the victory would easily be theirs. And in the end they succeeded. A Dutch pike broke some links of his mail and dealt him a flesh wound which went unheeded by him in his fury; a Dutch rapier found the breach thus made in his defences, and went through it to stretch him bleeding upon the deck. Yet he staggered up, knowing as fully as did they that if he succumbed then all was lost. Armed now with a short ax which he had found under his hand when he went down, he hacked a way to the bulwarks, set his back against the timbers, and hoarse of voice, ghastly of face, spattered with the blood of his wound he urged on his men until the victory was theirs—and this was fortunately soon. And then as if he had been sustained by no more than the very force of his will, he sank down in a heap among the dead and wounded huddled against the vessel's bulwarks.

Grief-stricken his corsairs bore him back aboard the carack. Were he to die then was their victory a barren one indeed. They laid him on a couch prepared for him amidships on the main deck, where the vessel's pitching was least discomfiting. A Moorish surgeon came to tend him, and pronounced his hurt a grievous one, but not so grievous as to close the gates of hope.

This pronouncement gave the corsairs all the assurance they required. It could not be that the Gardener would already pluck so fragrant a fruit from Allah's garden. The Pitiful must spare Sakr-el-Bahr to continue the glory of Islam.

Yet they were come to the straits of Gibraltar before his fever abated and he recovered complete consciousness, to learn of the final issue of that hazardous fight into which he had led those children of the Prophet.

The Dutchman, Othmani informed him, was following in their wake, with Ali and some others aboard her, steering ever in the wake of the carack which continued to be navigated by that Nasrani dog, Jasper

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Leigh. When Sakr-el-Bahr learned the value of the capture, when he was informed that in addition to a hundred able-bodied men under the hatches, to be sold as slaves in the Sôk-el-Abeed, there was a cargo of gold and silver, pearls, amber, spices, and ivory, and such lesser matters as gorgeous silken fabrics, rich beyond anything that had ever been seen upon the seas at any one time, he felt that the blood he had shed had not been wasted.

Let him sail safely into Algiers with these two ships both captured in the name of Allah and his Prophet, one of them an argosy so richly fraught, a floating treasure-house, and he need have little fear of what his enemies and the crafty, evil Sicilian woman might have wrought against him in his absence.

Then he made inquiry touching his two English captives to be informed that Othmani had taken charge of them, and that he had continued the treatment meted out to them by Sakr-el-Bahr himself when first they were brought aboard.

He was satisfied, and fell into a gentle healing sleep, whilst, on the decks above, his followers rendered thanks to Allah the Pitying the Pitiful, the Master of the Day of Judgment, who Alone is All-Wise, All-Knowing.

CHAPTER XII

THE LION OF THE FAITH

ASAD-ED-DIN, the Lion of the Faith, Basha of Algiers, walked in the evening cool in the orchard of the Kasbah upon the heights above the city, and at his side stepping daintily, came Fenzileh, his wife, the first lady of his harem, whom eighteen years ago he had carried off in his mighty arms from that little whitewashed village above the Straits of Messina which his followers had raided.

She had been a lissom maid of eighteen in those far-off days, the child of humble peasant-folk, and she had gone uncomplaining to the arms of her swarthy ravisher. Today, at thirty-six, she was still beautiful, more beautiful indeed than when first she had fired the passion of Asad-Reis—as he then was, one of the captains of the famous Ali-Basha. There were streaks of red in her heavy black tresses, her skin was of a soft pearliness that seemed translucent, her eyes were large, of a golden-brown, agleam with somber fires, her lips were full and sinuous. She was tall and of a shape that in Europe would have been accounted perfect, which is to say that she was a thought too slender for Oriental taste; she moved along beside her lord with a sinuous, languorous grace, gently stirring her fan of ostrich plumes. She was unveiled; indeed it was her immodest habit to go naked of face more often than was seemly, which is but the least of the many undesirable infidel ways which had survived her induction into the Faith of Islam—a necessary step before Asad, who was devout to the point of bigotry, would consent to make her his wife.

He had found her such a wife as it is certain he could never have procured at home; a woman who, not content to be his toy, the plaything of his idle hour, insinuated herself into affairs, demanded and obtained his confidences, and exerted over him much the same influence as the wife of a European prince might exert over her consort. In the years during which he had lain under the spell of her ripening beauty he had accepted the situation willingly enough; later, when he would have curtailed her interferences, it was too late; she had taken a firm grip of the reins, and Asad was in no better case than many a European husband—an anomalous and outrageous condition this for a Basha of the Prophet's House.

It was also a dangerous one for Fenzileh; for should the burden of her at any time become too heavy for her lord there was a short and easy way by which he could be rid of it.

Dauntless was she now, as she paced there in the cool of the orchard, under the pink and white petals of the apricots, the flaming scarlet of pomegranate blossoms, and through orange-groves where the golden fruit glowed amid foliage of somber green. She was at her eternal work of poisoning the mind of her lord against Sakr-el-Bahr, and in her maternal jealousy she braved the dangers of such an undertaking, fully aware of how dear to the heart of Asad-ed-Din was that absent renegade corsair. It was this very affection of the Basha's for his lieutenant that was the fomenter of her own hate of Sakr-el-Bahr, for it was an affection that transcended Asad's love for his own son and hers, and it led to the common rumor that for Sakr-el-Bahr was reserved

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the high destiny of succeeding Asad in the Bashalik.

"I tell thee thou'rt abused by him, O source of my life."

"I hear thee," answered Asad sourly. "And were thine own hearing less infirm, woman, thou wouldst have heard me answer thee that thy words weigh for naught with me against his deeds. Words may be but a mask upon our thoughts; deeds are ever the expression of them. Bear thou that in mind, O Fenzileh."

"Do I not bear in mind thine every word, O fount of wisdom?" she protested, and left him, as she often did, in doubt whether she fawned or sneered. "And it is his deeds I would have speak for him, nor indeed my poor words and still less his own."

"Then, by the head of Allah, let those same deeds speak, and be thou silent."

The harsh tone of his reproof and the scowl upon his haughty face, gave her pause for a moment. He turned about.

"Come!" he said. "Soon it will be the hour of prayer."

And he paced back toward the yellow huddle of walls of the Kasbah that overtopped the green of that fragrant place.

He was a tall, gaunt man, stooping slightly at the shoulders under the burden of his years; but his eagle face was masterful, and some lingering embers of his youth still glowed in his dark eyes. Thoughtfully, with a jewelled hand, he stroked his long white beard; with the other he leaned upon her soft, plump arm, more from habit than for support, for he was full vigorous still.

High in the blue overhead a lark burst suddenly into song, and from the depths of the orchard came a gentle murmur of doves as if returning thanks for the lessening of the great heat now that the sun was sinking rapidly toward the world's edge and the shadows were lengthening.

Came Fenzileh's voice again, more musical than either yet laden with words of evil, poison wrapped in honey.

"O my dear lord, thou'rt angered with me now. Wo me! That never may I counsel thee for thine own glory as my heart prompts me, but I must earn thy coldness."

"Abuse not him I love," said the Basha shortly. "I have told thee so full oft already."

She nestled closer to him, and her voice grew softer, more akin to the amorous cooing of the doves.

"And do I not love thee, O master of my soul? Is there in all the world a heart more faithful to thee than mine? Is not thy life my life? Have not my days been all devoted to the perfecting of thine happiness? And wilt thou then frown upon me if I fear for thee at the hands of an intruder of yesterday?"

"Fear for me?" he echoed, and laughed jeeringly. "What shouldst thou fear for me from Sakr-el-Bahr?"

"What all Believers must ever fear from one who is no true Moslem, from one who makes a mock and travesty of the True Faith that he may gain advancement."

The Basha checked in his stride, and turned upon her angrily.

"May thy tongue rot, thou mother of lies!"

"I am as the dust beneath thy feet, O my sweet lord, yet am I not what thine heedless anger calls me."

"Heedless?" quoth he. "Not heedless but righteous to hear one whom the Prophet guards, who is the very Javelin of Islam against the breast of the unbeliever, who carries the scourge of Allah against the infidel Frankish pigs, so maligned by thee! No more, I say! Lest I bid thee make good thy words, and pay the liar's price if thou shouldst fail."

"And should I fear the test?" she countered, nothing daunted. "I tell thee, O father of Marzak, that I should hail it gladly. Why, hear me now. Thou settest store by deeds, not words. Tell me, then, is it the deed of a True-Believer to waste substance upon infidel slaves, to purchase them that he may set them free?"

Asad moved on in silence. That erstwhile habit of Sakr-el-Bahr's was one not easy to condone. It had occasioned him his moments of uneasiness, and more than once had he taxed his lieutenant with the practise ever to receive the same answer, the answer which he now made to Fenzileh.

"For every slave that he so manumitted, he brought a dozen into bondage."

"Perforce, else would he be called to account. 'Twas so much dust he flung into the face of true Moslems. Those manumissions prove a lingering fondness for the infidel country whence he springs. Is there room for that in the heart of a true member of the Prophet's immortal House? Hast ever known me languish for the Sicilian shore from which in thy might thou

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wrested me, or have I ever besought of thee the life of a single Sicilian infidel in all these years that I have lived to serve thee? Such longings are betrayed, I say, by such a practise, and such longings could have no place in one who had uprooted infidelity from his heart.

"And now this voyage of his beyond the seas—risking a vessel that he captured from the arch-enemy of Islam, which is not his to risk but thine in whose name he captured it; and together with it he imperils the lives of two hundred True-Believers. To what end? To bear him overseas, perchance that he may look again upon the unhallowed land that gave him birth. So Biskaine reported. And what if he should founder on the way?"

"Thou at least wouldst be content, thou fount of malice," growled Asad.

"Call me harsh names, O sun that warms me! Am I not thine to use and abuse at thy sweet pleasure? Pour salt upon the heart thou woundest; since it is thy hand I'll never murmur a complaint. But heed me—heed my words; or since words are of no account with thee, then heed his deeds which I am drawing to thy tardy notice. Heed them, I say, as my love bids me even though thou shouldst give me to be whipped or slain for my temerity."

"Woman, thy tongue is like the clapper of a bell with the devil swinging from the rope. What else dost thou impute?"

"Naught else, since thou dost but mock me, withdrawing thy love from thy fond slave."

"The praise to Allah, then," said he. "Come, it is the hour of prayer!"

But he praised Allah too soon. Woman-like, though she protested she had done, she had scarce begun as yet.

"There is thy son, O father of Marzak."

"There is, O mother of Marzak," said he.

"And a man's son should be the partner of his soul. Yet is Marzak passed over for this foreign upstart; yet does this Nasrani of yesterday hold the place in thy heart and at thy side that should be Marzak's."

"Could Marzak fill that place?" he asked. "Could that beardless boy lead men as Sakr-el-Bahr leads them, or wield the simitar against the foes of Islam and increase as Sakr-el-Bahr increases the glory of the Prophet's Holy law upon the earth?"

"If Sakr-el-Bahr does this, he does it by thy favor, O my lord. And so might Marzak, young though he be. Sakr-el-Bahr is but what thou hast made him—no more, no less."

"There art thou wrong, indeed, O mother of error. Sakr-el-Bahr is what Allah hath made him. He is what Allah wills. He shall become what Allah wills. Hast yet to learn that Allah has bound the fate of each man about his neck."

And then a golden glory suffused the deep sapphire of the sky heralding the setting of the sun and made an end of that altercation conducted by her with a daring as singular as the patience that had endured it. He quickened his steps in the direction of the courtyard. That golden glow paled as swiftly as it had spread, and night fell as suddenly as if a curtain had been dropped.

In the purple gloom that followed the white cloisters of the courtyard glowed with a faintly luminous pearliness. Dark forms of slaves stirred as Asad entered from the garden followed by Fenzileh, her head now veiled in a thin blue silken gauze. She flashed across the quadrangle and vanished through one of the archways, even as the distant voice of a Mueddin broke plaintively upon the brooding stillness reciting the Shehad:

"La illaha, illa Allah! Wa Muhammad er Rasool Allah!"

A slave spread a carpet, a second held a great silver bowl, into which a third poured water. The Basha, having washed, turned his face toward Mecca, and testified to the unity of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful, King of the Day of Judgment, whilst the cry of the Mueddin went echoing over the city from minaret to minaret.

As he rose from his devotions, there came a quick sound of steps without, and a sharp summons. Turkish janissaries of the Basha's guard, invisible almost in their flowing black garments, moved to answer that summons and challenge those who came.

From the dark vaulted entrance of the courtyard leaped a gleam of lanterns containing tiny clay lamps in which burned a wick that was nourished by mutton fat. Asad, waiting to learn who came, halted at the foot of the white glistening steps whilst from doors and lattices of the palace flooded light to suffuse the courtyard and set the marbles shimmering.

A dozen Nubian javelin-men advanced, then ranged themselves aside whilst into the light stepped the imposing, gorgeously

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robed figure of Asad's wazeer, Tsamanni. After him came another figure in mail that clanked faintly and glimmered as he moved.

"Peace and the Prophet's blessings upon thee, O mighty Asad!" was the wazeer's greeting.

"And peace upon thee, Tsamanni," was the answer. "Art the bearer of news?"

"Of great and glorious tidings, O exalted one! Sakr-el-Bahr is returned."

"The praise to Him!" exclaimed the Basha, with uplifted hands; and there was no mistaking the thrill of his voice.

There fell a soft step behind him and a shadow from the doorway. He turned. A graceful stripling in turban and caftan of cloth of gold salaamed to him from the topmost step. And as he came upright and the light of the lanterns fell full upon his face the astonishingly white fairness of it was revealed—a woman's face it might have been, so softly rounded was it in its beardlessness.

Asad smiled wryly in his white beard, guessing that the boy had been sent by his ever-watchful mother to learn who came and what the tidings that they bore.

"Thou hast heard, Marzak?" he said. "Sakr-el-Bahr is returned."

"Victoriously, I hope," the lad lied glibly.

"Victorious beyond aught that was ever known," replied Tsamanni. "He sailed at sunset into the harbor, his company aboard two mighty Frankish ships, which are but the lesser part of the great spoil he brings."

"Allah is great," was the Basha's glad welcome of this answer to those insidious promptings of his Sicilian wife. "Why does he not come in person with his news?"

"His duty keeps him yet awhile aboard, my lord," replied the wazeer. "But he hath sent his *kayia* Othmani here to tell the tale of it."

"Thrice welcome be thou, Othmani."

He beat his hands together, whereat slaves placed cushions for him upon the ground. He sat, and beckoned Marzak to his side.

"And now thy tale!"

And Othmani standing forth related how they had voyaged to distant England in the ship that Sakr-el-Bahr had captured, through seas that no corsair yet had ever crossed, and how on their return they had engaged a Dutchman that was their superior in strength and numbers; how none the less Sakr-el-Bahr had wrested victory by the help of Allah, his protector, how he had been dealt a wound that must have slain any but one miraculously preserved for the greater glory of Islam, and of the surpassing wealth of the booty which at dawn tomorrow should be laid at Asad's feet for his division of it.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CONVERT

THAT tale of Othmani's being borne anon to Fenzileh by her son was gall and wormwood to her jealous soul. Evil enough to know that Sakr-el-Bahr was returned in spite of the fervent prayers for his foundering which she had addressed both to the God of her forefathers and to the God of her adoption. But that he should have returned in triumph bringing with him heavy spoils that must exalt him further in the affection of Asad and the esteem of the people was bitterness indeed. It left her mute and stricken, bereft even of the power to curse him.

Anon, when her mind recovered from the shock she turned it to the consideration of what at first seemed a trivial detail in Othmani's tale as reported by Marzak.

"It was most singularly odd that he should have undertaken that long voyage to England to wrest thence just those two captives; that being there he should not have raided in true corsair fashion and packed his ship with slaves. Most singularly odd!"

They were alone behind the green lattices through which filtered the perfumes of the garden and the throbbing of a nightingale's voice laden with the tale of its love for the rose. Fenzileh reclined upon a divan that was spread with silken Turkey carpets, and one of her gold-embroidered slippers had dropped from her henna-stained toes. Her lovely arms were raised to support her head, and she stared up at the lamp of many colors that hung from the fretted ceiling.

Marzak paced the length of the chamber back and forth, and there was silence save for the soft swish of his slippers along the floor.

"Well?" she asked him impatiently at last. "Does it not seem odd to thee?"

"Odd, indeed, O my mother," the youth replied, coming to a halt before her.

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"And canst think of naught that was the cause of it?"

"The cause of it?" quoth he, his lovely young face, so closely modeled upon her own, looking blank and vacant.

"Aye, the cause of it," she cried impatiently. "Canst do naught but stare? Am I the mother of a fool? Wilt thou simper and gape and trifle away thy days whilst that dog-descended Frank tramples thee underfoot, using thee but as a stepping-stone to the power that should be thine own? And that be so, Marzak, I would thou hadst been strangled in my womb."

He recoiled before the Italian fury of her, was dully resentful even, suspecting that in such words from a woman, were she twenty times his mother, there was something dishonoring to his manhood.

"What can I do?" he cried.

"Dost ask me? Art thou not a man to think and act? I tell thee that misbegotten son of a Christian and a Jew will trample thee in the dust. He is greedy as the locust, wily as the serpent, and ferocious as the panther. By Allah! I would I had never borne a son. Rather might men point at me the finger of scorn and call me mother of the wind than that I should have brought forth a man who knows not how to be a man."

"Show me the way," he cried. "Set me a task; tell me what is to do and thou shalt not find me lacking, O my mother. Until then spare me these insults, or I come no more to thee."

At this threat that strange woman heaved herself up from her soft couch. She ran to him and flung her arms about his neck, set her cheek against his own. Not eighteen years in the Basha's harem had stifled the European mother in her, the passionate Sicilian woman, fierce as a tiger in her maternal love.

"O my child, my lovely boy," she almost sobbed. "It is my fear for thee that makes me harsh. If I am angry it is but my love that speaks, my rage for thee to see another come usurping the place beside thy father that should be thine. Ah! But we will prevail, sweet son of mine. I shall find a way to return that foreign offal to the dung-heap whence it sprang. Trust me, O Marzak! *Sh!* Thy father comes. Away! Leave me alone with him."

She was wise in that, for she knew that alone Asad was more easily controlled by her, since the pride was absent which must compel him to turn and rend her did she speak so before others. Marzak vanished behind the screen of fretted sandalwood that masked one doorway even as Asad loomed in the other.

He came forward smiling, his slender brown fingers combing his long beard, his white *djellaba* trailing behind him along the ground.

"Thou hast heard, not a doubt, O Fenzileh," said he. "Art thou answered enough?"

She sank down again upon her cushions and idly considered herself in a steel mirror set in silver.

"Answered?" she echoed lazily, with infinite scorn and a hint of rippling contemptuous laughter running through the word. "Answered indeed. Sakr-el-Bahr risks the lives of two hundred children of Islam and a ship that, being taken, was become the property of the State upon a voyage to England that had no object but the capturing of two slaves—two slaves, when, had his purpose been sincere, it might have been two hundred."

"Ha! And is that all that thou hast heard?" he asked her, mocking in his turn.

"All that signifies," she replied, still mirroring herself. "I heard as a matter of lesser import that on his return meeting fortuitously a Frankish ship that chanced to be richly laden he seized it in thy name."

"Fortuitously, sayest thou?"

"What else?" She lowered the mirror, and her bold, insolent eyes met his own quite fearlessly. "Thou'lt not tell me that it was any part of his design when he went forth?"

He frowned; his head sank slowly in thought. Observing the advantage gained she thrust it home.

"It was a lucky wind that blew that Dutchman into his path, and luckier still her being so richly fraught that he may dazzle thine eyes with the sight of gold and gems, and so blind thee to the real purpose of his voyage."

"Its real purpose?" he asked dully. "What was its real purpose?"

She smiled a smile of infinite knowledge to hide her utter ignorance, her inability to supply even a reason that should wear an air of truth.

"Dost ask me, O perspicuous Asad? Are not thine eyes as sharp, thy wits as

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keen at least as mine, that what is clear to me should be hidden from thee? Or hath this Sakr-el-Bahr bewitched thee with enchantments of Babyl?"

He strode to her and caught her wrist in a cruelly rough grip of his sinewy old hand.

"His purpose, thou jade! Pour out the foulness of thy mind. Speak!"

She sat up, flushed and defiant.

"I will not speak," said she.

"Thou wilt not? Now, by the Head of Allah! Dost dare to stand before my face and defy me, thy lord? I'll have thee whipped, Fenzileh. I have been too tender of thee these many years—so tender that thou hast forgot the rods that await the disobedient wife. Speak then ere thy flesh is bruised or speak thereafter, at thy pleasure."

"I will not," she repeated. "Though I be flung to the hooks not another word will I say of Sakr-el-Bahr. Shall I unveil the truth to be spurned and scorned and dubbed a liar and the mother of lies?"

Then abruptly changing she fell to weeping.

"O source of my life!" she cried to him. "How cruelly unjust to me art thou!"

She was groveling now, a thing of supplest grace, her lovely arms entwining his knees.

"When my love for thee drives me to utter what I see I earn but thy anger, which is more than I can endure. I swoon beneath the weight of it."

He flung her off impatiently.

"What a weariness is a woman's tongue!" he cried and stalked out again, convinced from past experiences that did he linger he would be whelmed in a torrent of words.

BUT her poison was shrewdly administered, and slowly did its work. It abode in his mind to torture him with the doubts that were its very essence. No reason, however well-founded, that she might have urged for Sakr-el-Bahr's strange conduct could have been half so insidious as her suggestion that there was a reason. It gave him something vague and intangible to consider. Something that he could not repel since it had no substance he could grapple with. Impatiently he awaited the morning and the coming of Sakr-el-Bahr himself, but he no longer awaited it with the ardent whole-hearted eagerness as of a father awaiting the coming of a beloved son.

Sakr-el-Bahr himself paced the poop deck of the carack and watched the lights perish one by one in the little town that straggled up the hillside before him. The moon came up and bathed it in a white hard light, throwing sharp inky shadows of rustling date palm and spear-like minaret, and flinging shafts of silver athwart the peaceful bay.

His wound was healed, and he was fully himself once more. Two days ago he had come on deck for the first time since the fight with the Dutchman, and he had spent there the greater portion of the time since then. Once only had he visited his captives. He had risen from his couch to repair straight to the cabin in the poop where Rosamund was confined. He had found her pale and very wistful, but with her courage entirely unbroken.

The Godolphins were a stiff-necked race, and Rosamund bore in her frail body the spirit of a man. She looked up when he entered, started a little in surprize to see him at last, for it was the first time he stood before her since he had carried her off from Arwenack some four weeks ago. Then she had averted her eyes, and sat there, elbows on the table, as if carved of wood, as if blind to his presence and deaf to his words.

To the expressions of regret—and they were sincere, for already he repented him his unpremeditated act so far as she was concerned—she returned no slightest answer, gave no sign indeed that she heard a word of it. Baffled, he stood gnawing his lip a moment, and gradually, unreasonably perhaps, anger welled up from his heart. He turned and went out again. Next he had visited his brother, to consider in silence a moment the haggard, wild-eyed, unshorn wretch who shrank and cowered before him in the consciousness of guilt. At last he returned to the deck, and there as I have said, he spent the greater portion of the last three days of that strange voyage, reclining for the most part in the sun and gathering strength from its ardor.

To-night as he paced under the moon a stealthy shadow crept up the companion to call him gently by his English name—

"Sir Oliver!"

He started as if a ghost had suddenly leaped up to greet him. It was Jasper Leigh who hailed him thus.

"Come up," he said. And when the fellow stood before him on the poop—

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"I have told you already that here is no Sir Oliver. I am Oliver-Reis or Sakr-el-Bahr, as you please, one of the Faithful of the Prophet's House. And now what is your will?"

"Have I not served you faithfully and well?" quoth Captain Leigh.

"Who has denied it?"

"None. But neither has any acknowledged it. When you lay wounded below it had been an easy thing for me to ha' played the traitor. I might ha' sailed these ships into the mouth of Tagus. I might so, by God!"

"You'd have been carved in pieces on the spot," said Sakr-el-Bahr.

"I might have hugged the land and run the risk of capture and then claimed my liberation from captivity."

"And found yourself back on the galleys of his Catholic Majesty. But there! I grant that you have dealt loyally by me. You have kept your part of the bond. I shall keep mine, never doubt it."

"I do not. But your part of the bond was to send me home again."

"Well?"

"The —— of it is that I know not where to find a home, I know not where home may be after these years. If ye send me forth I shall become a wanderer of no account."

"What else am I to do with you?"

"Faith now, I am as full weary of Christians and Christendom as you was yourself when the Moslems took the galley on which you toiled. I am a man of parts, Sir Ol— Sakr-el-Bahr. No better navigator ever sailed a ship from an English port, and I ha' seen a mort o' fighting and know the art of it upon the sea. Can ye make naught of me here?"

"You would become a renegade like me?" His tone was bitter.

"I ha' been thinking that 'renegade' is a word that depends upon which side you're on. I'ld prefer to say that I've a wish to be converted to the faith of Mahound."

"Converted to the faith of piracy and plunder and robbery upon the seas is what you mean," said Sakr-el-Bahr.

"Nay, now. To that I should need no converting, for all that I were afore," Captain Leigh admitted frankly. "I ask but to sail under another flag than the Jolly Roger."

"You'll need to abjure strong drink," said Sakr-el-Bahr.

"There be compensations," said Master Leigh.

Sakr-el-Bahr considered. The rogue's appeal smote a responsive chord in his heart. It would be good to have a man of his own race beside him, even though it were but such a rascal as this.

"Be it as you will," he said at last. "You deserve to be hanged in spite of what promises I made you. But no matter for that. So that you become a Moslem I will take you to serve beside me, one of my own lieutenants to begin with, and so long as you are loyal to me, Jasper, all will be well. But at the first sign of faithlessness a rope and the yard-arm, my friend, and an airy dance into hell for you."

The rascally skipper stooped in his emotion, caught up Sakr-el-Bahr's hand and bore it to his lips.

"It is agreed," he said. "Ye have shown me mercy who have little deserved it from you. Never fear for my loyalty. My life belongs to you, and worthless thing though it may be, ye may do with it as ye please."

Despite himself Sakr-el-Bahr tightened his grip upon the rogue's hand, and Jasper shuffled off and down the companion again, touched to the heart for once in his rough villainous life by a clemency that he knew to be undeserved, but which he swore should be deserved ere all was done.

CHAPTER XIV

MARZAK-BEN-ASAD

IT TOOK no less than forty camels to convey the cargo of that Dutch argosy from the mole to the Kasbah, and the procession—carefully marshaled by Sakr-el-Bahr, who knew the value of such pageants to impress the mob—was such as never yet had been seen in the narrow streets of Algiers upon the return of any corsair. It was full worthy of the greatest Moslem conqueror that sailed the seas, of one who, not content to keep to the tideless Mediterranean as had hitherto been the rule of his kind, had ventured forth upon the wider ocean.

Ahead marched a hundred of his rovers in their short caftans of every conceivable color, their waists swathed in gaudy scarves, some of which supported a very arsenal of assorted cutlery; many wore body armor of mail and the gleaming spike of a casque

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thrust up above their turbans. After them, dejected and in chains, came the fivescore prisoners taken aboard the Dutchman, urged along by the whips of the corsairs who flanked them. Then marched another regiment of corsairs, and after these the long line of stately, sneering camels, shuffling cumbrously along and led by shouting Saharowis. After them followed yet more corsairs, and then, mounted on a white Arab jennet, his head swathed in a turban of cloth of gold, came Sakr-el-Bahr.

In the narrower streets, with their white and yellow washed houses, which presented blank windowless walls broken here and there by no more than a slit to admit light and air, the spectators huddled themselves fearfully into doorways to avoid being crushed to death by the camels, whose burdens bulging on either side entirely filled those narrow ways. But the more open spaces, such as the strand on either side of the mole, the square before the *sôk* and the approaches of Asad's fortress, were thronged with a motley roaring crowd.

There were stately Moors in flowing robes cheek by jowl with half-naked blacks from the Sus and the Draa; lean, enduring Arabs in their spotless white *djellabas* rubbed shoulders with Berbers from the highlands in black camel-hair cloaks; there were Levantine Turks, and Jewish refugees from Spain ostentatiously dressed in European garments, tolerated there because bound to the Moor by ties of common suffering and common exile from that land that once had been their own.

Under the glaring African sun this amazing crowd stood assembled to welcome Sakr-el-Bahr; and welcome him it did with such vocal thunder that an echo of it from the mole reached the very Kasbah on the hill-top to herald his approach.

By the time, however, that he reached the fortress his procession had dwindled by more than half. At the *sôk* his forces had divided, and his corsairs, headed by Othmani, had marched the captives away to the bagnio whilst the camels had continued up the hill. Under the great gateway of the Kasbah they padded into the vast courtyard to be ranged along two sides of it by their Saharowi drivers, and there brought clumsily to their knees. After them followed but some two score corsairs as a guard of honor to their leader. They took their stand upon either side of the gateway after profoundly salaaming to Asad-ed-Din. The Basha sat in the shade of an awning enthroned upon a divan, attended by his wazeer Tsamanni and by Marzak, and guarded by a half-dozen janissaries, whose sable garments made an effective background to the green and gold of his jewelled robes. In his white turban glowed an emerald crescent.

The Basha's countenance was dark and brooding as he watched the advent of that line of burdened camels. His thoughts were still laboring with the doubt of Sakr-el-Bahr which Fenzileh's crafty speech and craftier reticence had planted in them. But at sight of the corsair leader himself his countenance cleared suddenly, his eyes sparkled, and he rose to his feet to welcome him as a father might welcome a son who had been through perils in a service dear to both.

Sakr-el-Bahr entered the courtyard on foot, having dismounted at the gate. Tall and imposing, with his head high and his forked beard thrusting forward, he stalked with great dignity to the foot of the divan, followed by Ali and a mahogany-faced fellow, turbaned and red-bearded, in whom it needed more than a glance to recognize the rascally Jasper Leigh, now in all the panoply of your complete renegado.

Sakr-el-Bahr went down upon his knees and prostrated himself solemnly before his prince.

"The blessing of Allah and His peace upon thee, my lord," was his greeting.

And Asad, stooping to lift that splendid figure in his arms, gave him a welcome that caused the spying Fenzileh to clench her teeth behind the fretted lattice that concealed her.

"The praise to Allah and to our Lord Mahomet that thou art returned and in health, my son. Already hath my old heart been gladdened by the news of thy victories in the service of the Faith."

Then followed the display of all those riches wrested from the Dutch, and greatly though Asad's expectations had been fed already by Othmani, the sight now spread before his eyes by far exceeded all those expectations.

In the end all was dismissed to the treasury, and Tsamanni was bidden to go cast up the account of it and mark the share that fell to the portion of those concerned—for in these ventures all were

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partners, from the Basha himself, who represented the State, down to the meanest corsair who had manned the victorious vessels of the Faith, and each had his share of the booty, greater or less according to his rank, one twentieth of the total falling to Sakr-el-Bahr himself.

IN THE courtyard were left none but Asad, Marzak, and the janissaries, and Sakr-el-Bahr with Ali and Jasper. It was then that Sakr-el-Bahr presented his new officer to the Basha, as one upon whom the grace of Allah had descended, a great fighter and a skilled seaman, who had offered up his talents and his life to the service of Islam, who had been accepted by Sakr-el-Bahr, and stood now before Asad to be confirmed in his office.

Marzak interposed petulantly, to exclaim that already were there too many erstwhile Nasrani dogs in the ranks of the soldiers of the Faith, and that it was unwise to increase their number and presumptuous in Sakr-el-Bahr to take so much upon himself.

Sakr-el-Bahr measured him with an eye in which scorn and surprize were nicely blended.

"Dost say that it is presumptuous to win a convert to the banner of Our Lord Mahomet?" quoth he. "Go read the Most Perspicuous Book and see what is there enjoined as a duty upon every True-Believer. And bethink thee, O son of Asad, that when thou dost in thy little wisdom cast scorn upon those whom Allah has blessed and led from the night wherein they dwelt into the bright noontide of Faith, thou dost cast scorn upon me and upon thine own mother, which is but a little matter, and thou dost blaspheme the Blessed name of Allah, which is to tread the ways that lead unto the Pit."

Angry but defeated and silenced, Marzak fell back a step and stood biting his lip and glowering upon the corsair, what time Asad nodded his head and smiled approval.

"Verily art thou full learned in the True Belief, Sakr-el-Bahr," he said. "Thou art the very father of wisdom as of valor."

And thereupon he gave welcome to Master Leigh, whom he hailed to the ranks of the Faithful under the designation of Jasper-Reis.

That done, the renegade and Ali were both dismissed, as were also the janissaries, who, quitting their position behind Asad, went to take their stand on guard at the gateway. Then the Basha beat his hands together, and to the slaves who came in answer to his summons he gave orders to set food, and he bade Sakr-el-Bahr to come sit beside him on the divan.

Water was brought that they might wash. That done, the slaves placed before them a savory stew of meat and eggs with olives, limes, and spices.

Asad broke bread with a reverently pronounced, "*Bismillah!*" and dipped his fingers into the earthenware bowl, leading the way for Sakr-el-Bahr and Marzak, and as they ate he invited the corsair himself to recite the tale of his adventure.

When he had done so, and again Asad had praised him in high and loving terms, Marzak set him a question.

"Was it to obtain just these two English slaves that thou didst undertake this perilous voyage to that distant land?"

"That was but a part of my design," was the calm reply. "I went to rove the seas in the Prophet's service, as the result of my voyage gives proof."

"Thou didst not know that this Dutch argosy would cross thy path," said Marzak, in the very words his mother had prompted him.

"Did I not?" quoth Sakr-el-Bahr, and he smiled confidently, so confidently that Asad scarce needed to hear the words that so cunningly gave the lie to the innuendo.

"Had I no trust in Allah, the All-wise, the All-knowing?"

"Well answered, by the Koran!" Asad approved him heartily, the more heartily since it rebutted insinuations which he desired above all to hear rebutted.

But Marzak did not yet own himself defeated. He had been soundly schooled by his guileful Sicilian mother.

"Yet there is something in all this I do not understand," he murmured, with false gentleness.

"All things are possible to Allah!" said Sakr-el-Bahr, in tones of incredulity, as if he suggested—not without a suspicion of irony—that it was incredible there should be anything in all the world that could elude the penetration of Marzak.

The youth bowed to him in acknowledgment.

"Tell me, O mighty Sakr-el-Bahr," he begged, "how it came to pass that having reached those distant shores thou wert

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content to take thence but two poor slaves, since with thy followers and the favor of the All-seeing thou might easily have taken fifty times that number."

And he looked ingenuously into the corsair's swarthy, rugged face, whilst Asad frowned thoughtfully, for the thought was one that had occurred to him already.

It became necessary that Sakr-el-Bahr should lie to clear himself. Here no high-sounding phrase of Faith would answer. An explanation was unavoidable, and he was conscious that he could not afford one that did not go a little lame.

"Why, as to that," said he, "these prisoners were wrested from the first house upon which we came, and their capture occasioned some alarm. Moreover, it was night-time when we landed, and I dared not adventure the lives of my followers by taking them farther from the ship and attacking a village which might have risen to cut off our good retreat."

The frown remained stamped upon the brow of Asad, as Marzak slyly observed.

"Yet Othmani," said he, "urged thee to fall upon a slumbering village all unconscious of thy presence, and thou didst refuse."

Asad looked up sharply at that, and Sakr-el-Bahr realized with a tightening about the heart something of the undercurrents at work against him and all the pains that had been taken to glean information that might be used to his undoing.

"Is it so?" demanded Asad, looking from his son to his lieutenant with that lowering look that rendered his face evil and cruel.

Sakr-el-Bahr took a high tone. He met Asad's glance with an eye of challenge.

"And if it were so, my lord?" he demanded.

"I asked thee is it so."

"Aye, but knowing thy wisdom I disbelieved my ears," said Sakr-el-Bahr. "Shall it signify what Othmani may have said? Do I take my orders or am I to be guided by Othmani? If so, best set Othmani in my place, give him the command and the responsibility for the lives of the Faithful who fight beside him." He ended with an indignant snort.

"Thou art over-quick to anger," Asad reproved him, scowling still.

"And by the Head of Allah, who will deny my right to it? Am I to conduct such an enterprise as this from which I am returned laden with spoils that might well be the fruits of a year's raiding, to be questioned by a beardless stripling as to why I was not guided by Othmani?"

He heaved himself up and stood towering there in the intensity of a passion that was entirely simulated. He must bluster here, and crush down suspicion with whorling periods and broad, fierce gesture.

"To what should Othmani have guided me?" he demanded scornfully. "Could he have guided me to more than I have this day laid at thy feet? What I have done speaks eloquently with its own voice. What he would have had me do might well have ended in disaster. Had it so ended, would the blame of it have fallen upon Othmani? Nay, by Allah! but upon me. And upon me rest then the credit, and let none dare question it without better cause."

Now these were daring words to address to the tyrant Asad, and still more daring was the tone, the light hard eyes aflash and the sweeping gestures of contempt with which they were delivered. But of his ascendancy over the Basha there was no doubt. And here now was proof of it.

Asad almost cowered before his fury. The scowl faded from his face to be replaced by an expression of dismay.

"Nay, nay, Sakr-el-Bahr, this tone!" he cried.

Sakr-el-Bahr, having slammed the door of conciliation in the face of the Basha, now opened it again. He became instantly submissive.

"Forgive it," he said. "Blame the devotion of thy servant to thee and to the Faith he serves with little reck to life. In this very expedition was I wounded nigh unto death. The livid scar of it is a dumb witness to my zeal. Where are thy scars, Marzak?"

Marzak quailed before the sudden blaze of that question, and Sakr-el-Bahr laughed softly in contempt.

"Sit," Asad bade him. "I have been less than just."

"Thou art the very fount and spring of justice, O my lord, as this thine admission proves," protested the corsair.

He sat down again, folding his legs under him.

"I will confess to you that being come so near to England in that cruise of mine I determined to land and seize one who some years ago did injure me, and between whom

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and me there was a score to settle. I exceeded my intentions in that I carried off two prisoners instead of one. These prisoners," he ran on, judging that the moment of reaction in Asad's mind was entirely favorable to the preferment of the request he had to make, "are not in the bagnio with the others. They are still confined aboard the carack I seized."

"And why is this?" quoth Asad, but without suspicion now.

"Because, my lord, I have a boon to ask in some reward for the service I have rendered."

"Ask it, my son."

"Give me leave to keep these captives for myself."

Asad considered him, frowning again slightly. Despite himself, despite his affection for Sakr-el-Bahr, and his desire to soothe him now that rankling poison of Fenzileh's infusing was at work again in his mind.

"My leave thou hast," said he. "But not the law's, and the law runs that no corsair shall subtract so much as the value of an asper from his booty until the division has been made and his own share allotted him," was the grave answer.

"The law?" quoth Sakr-el-Bahr. "But thou art the law, exalted lord."

"Not so, my son. The law is above the Basha, who must himself conform to it so that he be just and worthy of his high office. And the law I have recited thee applies even should the corsair raider be the Basha himself. These slaves of thine must forthwith be sent to the bagnio to join the others that tomorrow all may be sold in the *sôk*. See it done, Sakr-el-Bahr."

The corsair would have renewed his pleadings, but that his eye caught the eager white face of Marzak and the gleaming, expectant eyes, looking so hopefully for his ruin. He checked, and bowed his head with an assumption of indifference.

"Name thou their price then, and forthwith will I pay it into thy treasury."

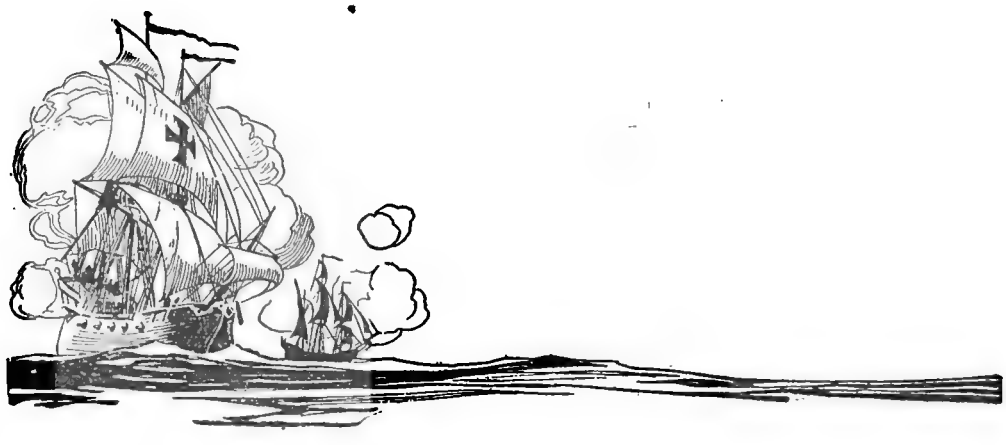
But Asad shook his head.

"It is not for me to name their price, but for the buyers," he replied. "I might set the price too high, and that were unjust to thee, or too low, and that were unjust to others who would acquire them. Deliver them over to the bagnio."

"It shall be done," said Sakr-el-Bahr, daring to insist no further and dissembling his chagrin.

Very soon thereafter he departed upon that errand, giving orders, however, that Rosamund and Lionel should be kept apart from the other prisoners until the hour of the sale on the morrow, when perforce they must take their place with the rest.

TO BE CONTINUED



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THE DERRINGER

by **Lewis Appleton Barker**

IT IS seldom that the maker of an article that may be produced in different forms, manufactures one so superior to all others, or sells so many more than all others, that his surname comes to be applied indiscriminately to any article of the kind. Colt, although the inventor of the first successful revolver, did not give his name to that class of weapon as a whole. We speak of the Colt revolver, the Dahlgren bayonet; but in the case of any small pistol of a certain type, sometimes even if double-barreled, it is termed a derringer.

Henry Derringer was a gun and pistol manufacturer in Philadelphi (1786-1868). His father, Henry Sr., had made Kentucky flint-lock rifles in Richmond, Va., from 1800 to 1806, and in Philadelphia from then until his death. The son turned out Model 1817 rifles, between 1820 and 1830, and a carbine in 1843.

The arm, however, which rendered him famous and transferred his last name into a common noun, was a small single-shot pocket pistol, capable of being carried in the vest pocket, and of which great quantities were manufactured and sold from 1840 to 1870. This pistol was ordinarily about 5¼ inches in length, the barrel being 2½ inches, and of about 37 caliber. It was loaded at the muzzle with powder and ball and was fired by means of a percussion cap. Although a toy in size and of no use at any distance, it was anything but a plaything at close range. The barrel, which was one-tenth of an inch in thickness, with front and rear sights, had seven deep riflings, and was octagonal at the top as to three sides, becoming rounded where it fitted the stock, which came to the muzzle.

The wood was carefully chosen and beautifully polished, checkered at the butt, and was inlaid with German silver under the muzzle, at either side around the pin which holds the barrel to the stock, under the forward part of the lock-plate, and at the butt. The trigger-guard, also, was of German silver, with pineapple and other engraving, and there was a silver name-plate.

The screw-heads, as well as the base of the barrel, were engraved. The barrel itself was of plum brown, showing the twist, and the lock-plate of polished brown steel, engraved. Both these were inscribed, "Derringer, Philadelphia," and when made to be sold by a particular agent elsewhere had also the latter's name and address on the barrel.

The writer has one, undoubtedly made to order, with double gold breech-bands, and an engraved cap-box in the butt—none of which was in the stock pistol—marked, "N. Currey & Bro. San Franco Cal Agents."

In the ante-bellum days no gentleman west of Pennsylvania felt secure without one or more of these tiny cannon about his person. Judge Stephen A. Douglas, who ran against Lincoln, habitually carried a pair in his waistcoat pockets. They were also used extensively by gamblers, particularly in the far West during the days of '49—in some cases up their sleeves, whence they could produce and use them with marvelous rapidity. Across a table they were deadly.

Such a pair, made to order, also in the writer's possession, are only 4¼ inches in length, and have barrels but 1¾ inches long. When loaded, the ball is practically flush with the muzzle. Another has a total length of 6¼ inches, with a 3¼-inch barrel.

The most beautiful pair of percussion pistols of any kind, however, with the exception of a set of dueling-pistols made by Blanchard of Paris—the master workman in such things—that the writer has ever seen, is a pair in his possession, with case, bullet-mold and all accessories, that were made to order for a Kentucky gentleman.

The same description as the California pistol would apply to these, save that they are of 50 caliber, their entire length being 8 inches, with barrels of 4¼ inches. The stock in this pair, too, ends at a point 1¼ inches from the muzzle, and they have ramrods—not provided with the ordinary derringer—tipped with gold, at the other end of one of which is a screw for removing a plugged ball and of the other a slot for a cleaning-rag.

They have also a solid gold name-plate, and, as they were to be used for dueling, are provided with adjustable hair or set triggers. The barrels are marked "Wolf & Durranger, Louisville Ky Agents," in addition to the "Derringer" mark.

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THE TENTH MAN

by Robert Simpson

Author of "The Goat-Man," "John Jock Todd," etc.

MORRISON drew a rough circle on a sheet of letter paper, and in the center of the circle he placed a dot. Then he ran lines from the dot to the rim of the circle until it was divided into ten more or less equal parts.

Into each division he wrote a name.

Cutting out the paper circle and pasting it on a piece of cardboard, he pierced the dot with a long thin nail and stepped from the office of Marsden & Co.'s Warri agent out on to the veranda. He took the improvised wheel, a tack hammer and a piece of white chalk with him.

One of the veranda uprights served his purpose admirably, so he gently hammered the nail into it about a third of its length. Making sure that the wheel spun freely, he drew, on the upright immediately above it, a downward-pointing arrow with the chalk.

After which he looked out toward the river where the *Valiant* was thrashing the muddy gray waters into white froth as she swung into mid-stream, headed for Lokoja.

Blindly, still with his cold and almost colorless eyes fixed on the *Valiant*, Morrison spun the wheel once; then a second time; and a third.

A heavy trade canoe, laden with oil, rocked in the *Valiant's* wake, and a light, two-paddle shell bobbed like a cork and seemed ready at any moment to swamp.

Morrison watched it for a few seconds, then turned to the wheel again without any appearance of being amused by the game he was playing.

The chalk arrow pointed directly to the name:

KINGDON.

HUGH MORRISON was Marsden & Co.'s agent general. For six to nine months in every twelve he traveled from factory to factory, from Lagos to Old Calabar, palpably reducing the temperature wherever he went.

Neither agents nor assistants enjoyed these visits. His approach was the signal for gloom and water with one's meals, and his departure the occasion for a quart bottle.

Some men cursed Morrison and swore that he was bloodless. Others, when he was human enough to whistle, damned him because he whistled so drearily out of tune. And still others disliked him intensely because he was "so confoundedly prim" and so utterly devoid of a sense of humor.

When he had carefully removed the nail from the veranda upright, he tore up the cardboard wheel and threw the pieces into Carter's waste basket. The tack hammer, the nail and the piece of chalk he gave to a Kroo-boy steward to be returned to their proper places, and then he went into Carter's bedroom to wash his hands.

"The Tenth Man," copyright, 1922, by Robert Simpson.

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Carter, or what was left of him, was in bed. He was Marsden & Co.'s agent at Warri. Intermittent malaria, jaundice and pint glasses of three-star brandy at frequent intervals had proven rather more than Carter could stand. Morrison had arrived in time to put a period upon his insistence that he was not sick, and had ordered him invalided home.

The mosquito curtains about the bed were thrown back, and Carter's fever-dulled eyes followed every punctilious move Morrison made. And when the latter was carefully drying his hands Carter asked in a whispery voice—

"Have you decided who's going to take over?"

Morrison folded the towel, hung it on its rack, saw that the ends were even, gave his prim bow tie a straightening touch and answered simply enough—

"Kingdon."

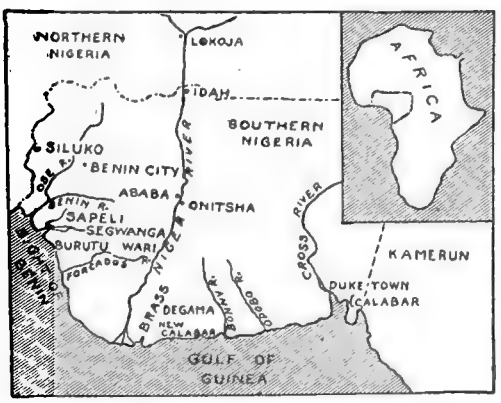
"Kingdon! Who——"

"Shop clerk at Degama. An American, I believe."

"Oh!" in a blank, descending voice. "I never heard of him. Must be a good man, though."

Morrison had no further remarks to make on the subject.

KINGDON, of Degama and Massachusetts, stood on the customs wharf at Forcados shortly after four on a Tuesday afternoon, looking for something that would carry him up to Warri. Warri was forty to fifty miles up-river.



He had come up from Degama on a homebound gin-tank and had transferred to a low-draft branch boat in Lagos Roads. Branch boats, which were small and dirty and built only for the purpose of negotiating the shifting sand-bar that kept ships of deeper draft out of Lagos, did not go any farther than Forcados and Burutu.

Kingdon had come ashore in a surf boat, and a single sweeping glance that embraced all of the broad expanse of rumpled waters discovered the fact that, aside from the branch boat, the only things that floated on the river just then were a black-hulled cargo boat that had just come down-river and was not in the least likely to go up again, and a few immaterial canoes that slapped lazily by on their way up to Burutu.

So Kingdon turned about, and, walking up to the corrugated iron customs house at the end of the wharf, entered the office and inquired mildly—

"Do you know if I can get a launch up to Warri this afternoon?"

A colored customs officer who wore spectacles, and who had never recovered from the effect of his uniform, looked up from the solemn perusal of a manifest and said blandly over his glasses—

"No."

"You mean you don't know whether I can or not?"

"I mean no," the gentleman from Sierra Leone declared unbendingly. "Is not an answer in the negative sufficient, or must I indulge in superfluous elucidation?"

Kingdon went out on to the wharf again. For some little time he stood among his effects scanning the river, up and down and across. At a pinch he could go off to the cargo boat and induce the captain to lodge and feed him; that is, if he could find a boat or a canoe that would carry him there.

Just as he was cogitating the problem a surf boat put off from the cargo steamer; and among other things it contained a tall white man who was in possession of two brown tin cabin trunks.

Kingdon did not know the man. But he knew the trunks. They were the unmistakable hall-mark of a novice in the employ of Marsden & Co.—a part of the tropical outfit advanced by the firm to all first-timers.

No self-respecting agent in embryo brought them with him on his second trip. Kingdon's, for instance, were black and shiny and looked more like strong-boxes than trunks. Officially they were known as uniform cases.

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"Hello," Kingdon greeted the newcomer from the wharf end. "Marsden's? My name's Kingdon."

"Glad to meet you," the big, rangy man admitted without any enthusiasm. "Mine is Balloch."

He leaped to the wharf as he spoke, shook hands rather perfunctorily and looked Kingdon over.

"Where are you bound?" he asked matter-of-factly when he had come to a decision that did not appear to alter his first impression.

"Warri."

"Yes?" drawlingly. "So am I. Morrison just transferred me round there to relieve the beach clerk who is goin' into the shop at Siluko. These your goods and chattels?"

"Yes. I've been trying to dig up a launch."

Balloch took another look at Kingdon's uniform cases.

"Second trip, eh?"

"No; my fourth," Kingdon answered obligingly.

Balloch elevated his eyebrows.

"That's a —— of a long time," he admitted, and accorded Kingdon the same compliment as he had paid the trunks. "Well, let's see about a launch or something," he said suddenly, and strode largely toward the customs office, leaving Kingdon to follow at his leisure.

"Afternoon," Balloch greeted the bespectacled customs clerk tersely. "Know anything about a launch that's likely to go up to Warri today?"

"No."

"No—what?"

"I know nothing about the movement of Warri launches."

"Then begin to know instanter. Edge! I'm in a hurry."

"Sir! I am not a servant. My duties are those of the customs department, and I am not accustomed——"

"Want me to climb the rail?"

"This—this is preposterous!"

"It'll be disastrous if you make me climb over. Take off your specs and you'll see me better."

"A—a degrading outrage! Utterly without parallel or precedent! I will take the matter up——"

"Just a moment," Kingdon's voice interrupted from the doorway. "There's a launch coming down-river now."

"I have been insulted and calumniated, sir!" the customs officer informed Kingdon, and stood up suddenly on legs that proved to be unusually short and fat. "The dignity of my office, the sacred symbol of my uniform, have been ruthlessly torn from their foundations by iconoclastic feet!"

"He's a ruddy liar," Balloch protested indignantly.

"All right," quietly. "Let's take a closer look at the launch that's coming in."

"I have been insulted!" the stumpy customs officer yelled. "I will report to the commissioner! At once. I——"

"——! Do I have to listen to him bleat at me like that?"

"Don't talk rot," Kingdon advised conversationally, plucking gently at Balloch's shirt sleeve.

"Eh? Where do you come in? Who asked for your advice?"

"Nobody. I'm giving it gratis. I'm the agent you are going to report to, you know."

"Wha—what's that?"

Balloch backed out of the customs office, leaving the little colored officer to sputter to his heart's content.

"You're going to be agent at Warri?"

Kingdon nodded indifferently and walked to the end of the wharf again to make the acquaintance of the incoming launch. Balloch stayed where he was, looking not at all embarrassed—just shocked beyond words.

And though he took surreptitious stock of Kingdon many times ere they reached Warri shortly before midnight, there was nothing definite in the result he achieved.

But it seemed incredible that he should be expected to take advice and orders from—he looked directly at Kingdon—from *that!*

WHEN Kingdon officially took over the Warri factory he received the keys from Lenner, the senior assistant.

Hugh Morrison had gone on to Segwanga, Sapeli and the Benin River district, and Carter had gone home. It was possible that Morrison would return. But in the mean time Lenner had been in full charge and liked it.

He was on his second trip; Kingdon on his fourth. But this disparity in length of service did not deter Lenner from convincing himself that a rank injustice had

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been done when Morrison had awarded the Warri agency to Kingdon. Consequently there was something akin to pathos in his expression when he met Kingdon for the first time.

If Kingdon observed it he betrayed no evidence of that fact. He accepted the keys, the combination of the safe and the occupancy of the agent's end of the house, and took a rough inventory of the shop and warehouse stock, as if the Warri agency were as ordinary as a pair of gray flannel pants.

Also he spoke quietly to Lenner on the subject of display benches and the spaces under them, so that Lenner might understand just how a trading-shop ought to look if it were properly taken care of.

It was not until several hours later that Lenner apprehended the drift of Kingdon's homilies on shop management. He immediately closed the shop and climbed the stairs to the living-quarters above, three steps at a time.

He burst into Kingdon's office on a typical wave of tropical indignation, which is a combination of 130 degrees Fahrenheit, five-grain quinin pills, intermittent malaria fever, swamp fog, colored smells, loneliness, liquor and a liver.

"Am I to understand that you're not satisfied with the way I run and keep my shop?" he demanded without any sort of preface.

Kingdon was lying on a wicker couch reading Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and appreciating it too. He put the book aside and sat up.

"There are shops and shops, Lenner," he said, his attention shifting from political economy to his senior assistant's grievance with scarcely a pause. "Marsden & Co.'s shops are always the best kept and the best managed anywhere in the Oil Rivers. It wouldn't do to have Warri falling behind the others."

"What the —— do you mean?" Lenner demanded, his eyes flaming recklessly with fight.

"There is a certain spirit of orderliness and precision about Marsden's shops that I've always liked," Kingdon proceeded to elucidate impersonally. "Of course, if one has ideas of one's own on the subject, that creates a sort of *impasse*. After so many years it isn't easy to change established conceptions, such as Marsden & Co. have on shop and beach management. So in a case of the kind the simplest thing to do is to stick to the Marsden idea or be transferred to something more congenial. Tell Balloch I'll want the gig crew in half an hour, will you please?"

Lenner paused, swallowed with great difficulty and regarded Kingdon for a little while with a rather foolish, puzzled expression that would have been comical if it had not been almost tragic.

His pride was writhing impotently, while his tongue groped hopelessly in search of words. Bluster would not do, and it was equally apparent that, contrary to expectations, intimidation had suddenly become a rather anemic joke.

"You—er—you mean you're going to recommend my transfer?" he asked at last with a faint sputter of antagonism.

"Tell Balloch I'll want the gig crew in half an hour, will you please?"

"—— it! Doesn't a civil question demand a civil answer?"

Kingdon picked up his book and proceeded where he had left off, calling at the same time for a boy. Lenner hesitated, but only for a moment. When he went out there was a stoop to his shoulders and a scuff to his feet that had not been there when he came in.

WARRI was the headquarters of the provincial Government in the Western Province of southern Nigeria, not because of its size or its superiority in the volume of business done, but simply because of its political and geographical significance.

Except for the red-brick "palace" recently erected farther up-river for the accommodation of the provincial commissioner and his staff, Warri's appearance was similar to that of the majority of Niger Delta trade and Government centers.

Its trading-factories and the old red-brown consulate, strung along the right bank of the Warri River, were, with slight architectural variations, the corrugated-iron-and-pitch-pine replicas of every other trading-factory and consulate between Siluko and Old Calabar.

But the presence of the provincial commissioner, a whole regiment of the W. A. F. F.'s (West African Frontier Force) the chief of police, the provincial head of the P. W. D. (Public Works Department) the

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P. M. O. (Provincial Medical Officer) and the several heads of the various other departments, together with their numerous assistants, both white and black, gave to the name of Government in Warri a preponderance over trade which it enjoyed in no other settlement in the Western Province.

It accounted also for a greater activity in the business of road-making than was usually the case elsewhere.

Balloch, however, did not appreciate the precise significance of any of this when, several mornings later, while he was enjoying the sight of twenty puncheons of oil being rolled into the yard, a colored sergeant of police, accompanied by three privates, calmly proceeded to appropriate the owner of the oil, together with all of his boys.

The native trader in question was a magnificent specimen of ebony manhood, known as John Ogu. The John was wholly gratuitous, but the Ogu literally meant "war," and for several lurid minutes Marsden & Co.'s oil yard and wharf reeked with invective that emanated from a violently agitated smother of legs and arms and gleaming, near-naked black bodies.

Then Balloch came to himself.

"Here! What the——"

He said the rest of it principally with his hands and feet; separated Ogu from a policeman by cracking their heads together, and finally, with the assistance of his Kroo-boys, brought order out of chaos and demanded of the sergeant of police indignantly:

"What's matter? What you come here and make palaver for?"

The sergeant was greatly exercised just then by the appearance of his uniform. It was rather dusty and ruffled; and, giving his whole attention to the task of brushing it off, he did not answer Balloch's question as rapidly as Balloch liked. In fact he ignored it.

"You! Bushman! You no hear me talk?"

The police sergeant looked up and regarded Balloch tolerantly.

"Me?" he questioned as if he thought the joke a fairly good one. "Me, be bushman! I think you be new white man for this place. You look um?"

And he indicated his stripes.

"I be se'ge'nt. I be Se'ge'nt Damm, and chief for police say I be —— good se'ge'nt. All man savez I be big man for Gov'ment beach."

Balloch grunted disparagingly.

"What's matter you come make palaver with John Ogu on this beach? He be t'ief?"

At once, Ogu protested volubly against so infamous a possibility; and Sergeant Damm, in imitation of the provincial commissioner's best manner, shouted thunderously:

"Quiet! You no savez me and dis white man talk for weself? You no get sense for your head or your belly. Quiet!"

Ogu hurled a stream of Jakri obscenities at the sergeant's head until Balloch shut them both up. Then Balloch asked again impatiently:

"What he do? What's matter you bring police palaver for this beach?"

"Be road palaver. Ogu no work for road long time. All time Gov'ment say he go work for road—he say he go trade. P. W. D. say he —— nonsense too much. So we come take him 'way."

Balloch bridled at once. Such practise was against all precedent. It offended the inviolable dignity of trade.

"You're going to yank this man and his boys off *this* beach right in the middle of trading to put them to work on the roads!"

Balloch laughed derisively.

"Like —— you are. Vamoose! Edge! Wag your legs back to the consulate. When trade palaver finis', road palaver begin. Savez?"

Ogu and his boys approved vociferously. Sergeant Damm and his three aides did not, and the sergeant's conception of his own importance took no thought of consequences.

"You be small boy!" he told Balloch with all the assurance that life in and about the consulate had given him. "I be Gov'ment man. I be big man for Gov'ment beach. You no fit to talk so for me!"

Balloch's cheeks went dead white—even his lips. And when he moved it was with the speed of a springbok and the devastating force of an elephant. Sergeant Damm's flat and naked feet rose from the ground, and he laid himself backward over a convenient hogshead of tobacco just as if he had been spread out to dry.

Even Kingdon, as far away as the oil-yard gate, heard the ugly crunch of the blow.

"Balloch!"

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The beach clerk heard Kingdon's voice as he might have heard the rumble of far-off waters. He stood looking at the unmoving sergeant, waiting with what he thought was an unusual exercise of patience for Damm to get up so that he could hit him right this time.

Then he felt Kingdon's fingers on his arm.

"You'll be lucky if you haven't broken his neck," Kingdon said quietly. "Sit down till I look him over."

The sergeant's escort picked him off the hogshead amid a heavy silence in which the scurrying of two lizards across the tops of a row of empty earthenware casks sounded not unlike the beating of a kettle-drum. The Accra cooper, at the other end of the yard, stopped his monotonous circling round an up-ended puncheon of oil to enjoy the leisure which the excitement excused; and when Kingdon went down on one knee to "look him over" even Ogu's sputtering desire to express himself was stilled.

"He'll be all right after a while," Kingdon announced to Balloch presently. "But his jaw won't forget it in a month."

Then to the Kroo headman who was standing by:

"Take him on top. My office. You come, too, Balloch, and tell me your side of it."

"He gave me lip," Balloch defended dully, as he followed Kingdon out of the yard. "Told me I was a small boy."

"What did he want?"

"Wanted to yank John Ogu right off the beach in the middle of trading to put him and his boys to road-building!"

There was no exclamatory response from Kingdon.

"You should have let him do it. You're in Warri now, you know."

Balloch's expression was a study in amazed stupidity.

"You're going to let these fellows come on to this beach any time they feel like it and——"

Kingdon looked up at his beach clerk mildly.

"You'll probably have to pay a pretty heavy fine for hitting an officer of the law," he said, as if the possibility interested him from a controversial angle. "But I'll see what I can do."

And that was all Kingdon had to say on the subject then.

BALLOCH assisted Sergeant Damm to recover, heard him abuse Marsden & Co. to his heart's content when he had found his tongue again, watched him lead Ogu and his boys off the beach in triumph, and was compelled to stand by and do nothing in rebuttal.

In Sapeli it had been different. There, when the Government wanted to draft a native trader for road work and the trader shuffled from under the onerous responsibility of lending himself and his boys to the patriotic and altogether gratuitous labor of building more and better roads, the district commissioner sent along a *chit* to the trading-agent and the thing was arranged amicably between them.

No fuss; no parading of the authority of the native police. They appeared on the trading-beach when the agent sent for them; not before. And that, according to Balloch, was as it should be.

He was more convinced of this when he was requested to report at the provincial commissioner's office the following morning at ten o'clock.

Kingdon went with him after making a somewhat mysterious visit to the safe, and suggested that the journey be made on foot rather than by gig. By the time they reached provincial headquarters which were equally accessible by road or river, Balloch was perspiring freely and was not quite so incensed or argumentative.

He passed into the headquarters grounds in Kingdon's wake, as if he were invading a new world. An air of severe majesty descended upon the earth in a moment. Blue-uniformed, bare-legged native police did sentinel duty all over the place as solemnly as any Scotch beadle ever opened a vestry door for a visiting minister. Hausa and Yoruba orderlies, as unemotional as a side of bacon, were moving silently hither and yon, and before the headquarters entrance were two khaki-clad Hausa who carried rifles.

The provincial commissioner's spacious office, when they were finally ushered into it, made Balloch want to whisper. In spite of the concessions it made, in windows and doors, to its tropical location, Balloch achieved its courtroom atmosphere at once. It expressed law and order and the all-powerful hand of authority, and made the inviolable kingdom of Marsden's beach drift off into a pale obscurity.

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It was provincial headquarters, and Lionel Danby Fosdyck, C. M. G., was the provincial commissioner—and looked it.

He sat at his desk in the middle of the concrete floor and grunted something to a Yoruba orderly, who furnished Kingdon and Balloch with chairs.

He then sent for Sergeant Damm and the three policemen who had accompanied him to Marsden's beach, and with the assistance of an interpreter—a Jakri who had gone to school in Lagos—he heard the sergeant's complaint.

When Sergeant Damm and his witnesses had nothing more to say Fosdyck favored Kingdon and Balloch with his attention.

"You have heard the man's complaint," he said to Balloch coldly. "In the exercise of his duty he visited Marsden's beach to make an arrest which he had orders from the chief of his department to do. You flouted his authority, interfered on behalf of John Ogu, the delinquent, and committed a most unwarranted assault upon the complainant. Have you any defense to make?"

Balloch rubbed the sweat off the palms of his hands on his trouser legs and kept on rubbing nervously while he tried to get a grip on his tongue.

"The assault is admitted," Kingdon interposed quietly. "But——"

"I did not ask you," Fosdyck barked with the evident intention of shriveling Kingdon with a single glance.

"No, but I am responsible for the acts of Marsden & Co.'s assistants in Warri; and as I was witness to the crucial moment in this affair I am in a position to speak with some authority in the matter."

Fosdyck hesitated. His cold, gray eyes searched Kingdon, as it seemed, through and through, and Fosdyck was a man to remember after a scrutiny of that sort. Then with an impatient gesture he announced bruskly—

"I'll hear Balloch's version first."

Balloch licked his lips. His mouth was as musty as a water-tank at the end of the dry season. His gift of words seemed to have deserted him completely. He glanced furtively at the interpreter and then at the redoubtable Sergeant Damm. All at once life surged into him and he talked and talked fast.

"I hit him because he gave me lip. He called me a small boy. Told me he was a bigger man than me. And none of these tailless monkeys in a uniform can talk to me like that and expect me to just listen. I'm not a Kroo-boy or a link in the chain gang. I'm a white man—a white man, you hear? And I'll bash 'em every time they give me lip. I'm not sorry——"

"That's enough."

It was not Fosdyck who interrupted the flow of Balloch's indignation. The voice was Kingdon's, quiet and almost indifferent.

"The provincial commissioner understands your point of view," Kingdon added.

Then to Fosdyck, who apparently had been content to sit back in his chair and let Balloch talk, Kingdon said:

"He struck the sergeant under provocation. I heard distinctly what the sergeant said, and it was not the sergeant's place to express his personal opinion of my assistant regardless of what occasioned it. If he had a grievance to air it should have been aired to the chief of his department. To my mind——"

"I don't want your opinion, Mr. Kingdon. I want your evidence and nothing more than that. What did Sergeant Damm say to Balloch before the assault was committed?"

"He said, 'You be small boy,' " Kingdon repeated easily. " 'I be Gov'ment man. I be big man for Gov'ment beach. You no fit to talk so for me.' "

"You have a good memory," Fosdyck suggested slurringly.

"Yes. An excellent memory."

Fosdyck paused, and a spark showed in his eyes.

"I don't like your attitude, Kingdon. It is absurdly superior and antagonistic, and we can get along very well without it."

Kingdon made no response, but Balloch suddenly decided to speak again.

"What's the use of picking on King—er—Mr. Kingdon? Just because he's——"

Balloch stopped, decided not to put it that way and began again.

"It was me that hit the sergeant, and I'm not one —— bit sorry——"

"Shut up, Balloch," Kingdon chided softly. "You're talking through the roof."

"Quiet!"

A deep stillness fell within and without and continued until Fosdyck spoke again.

"The assault is admitted," he summed up finally, and his eyes rested on Kingdon rather than on Balloch. "Apparently it was

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in a slight manner provoked by the complainant; but in the first instance there was no justification for Balloch's interference and obstruction in the matter of the arrest of John Ogu."

"Had the sergeant a warrant?" Kingdon asked mildly.

"Warrant! He had orders from the chief of his department to bring John Ogu to the consulate, and Balloch——"

"Then it wasn't an arrest? Just a sort of official invitation to report?"

Fosdyck's long, gaunt face drew taut. The muscles of his very prominent jaws bulged alarmingly.

"Balloch interfered, obstructed and assaulted Sergeant Damm while the sergeant was engaged in the exercise of his duty," he snapped; and each word had all the booming, smashing force of Fosdyck's battering-ram personality behind it. "That is proven without a shadow of doubt. The fine is ten pounds."

"Ten quid!" Balloch gasped. "For hitting *him!*"

While Fosdyck dismissed the sergeant and his witnesses with a gesture and indicated that the case was closed, Kingdon unobtrusively produced a small canvas bag from his trousers pocket.

"I suppose the money is paid to the Treasury Department?"

For answer Fosdyck wrote an official memorandum with a pen that slashed viciously across the paper, handed it to the interpreter and barked—

"Give that to Mr. Gray."

Following the interpreter and trailing Balloch behind him, Kingdon found the Treasury office and duly paid the fine, which of course would be charged to Balloch's salary account.

"Ten quid!" Balloch breathed all to himself.

He looked at his good right hand; clenched it and reviewed it from every angle.

"And I only hit him once!"

FOR many days thereafter Balloch was firm in the belief that there was no justice in the land.

His fellow-assistants on Marsden's beach and elsewhere offered him a generous meed of sympathy and enshrined his name among the martyred.

But there was no balm in this for Balloch. Life was too sour. The sight of a policeman or a Sierra Leonese Government clerk, or even the deck-hand of a stern-wheeler, made his drooping outlook on a pale existence droop still lower until the nethermost circle of Hades was reached.

Kingdon had nothing to say. He seemed to be of the opinion that the sooner the Sergeant Damm affair was forgotten, the better it would be for every one concerned.

While the sight of John Ogu's twenty puncheons of oil, waiting patiently in the oil yard until such time as their owner was released from road work, made Balloch curse the name of Government with unfailing regularity every morning, Kingdon did not appear to give the matter a thought. His manner in the succeeding weeks was that of one who was mildly preoccupied with graver things.

Every other day or so a headquarters orderly would deliver an official-looking document to Kingdon, and in between these visitations Kingdon's house-boy would invade Fosdyck's quarters with a letter.

Presently, because the purport of these communications sprang a leak, men began to whisper—Government official to Government official, trading-agent to trading-agent, and their assistants among themselves; strictly private and partisan whisperings that had to do with "arrests without warrant," "violation of property rights" and other matters that were legal and dry and necessitated long drinks to wash them down.

At first the majority of these men punctuated their whisperings with the laughter of ridicule.

This altered in a week or so to a large, black interrogation mark; and finally agents from the other trading-beaches thought it might be as well to take a closer look at Kingdon and try to change their minds about him.

Government officers, Fosdyck excluded, found it necessary to purchase new pairs of white flannel trousers, boots and various other things in Marsden & Co.'s shop and at the same time to drop casually in on Kingdon.

Most of them left wearing a rather bewildered expression.

Apparently the excitement and the whispering astonishment of his fellows did not even amuse Kingdon. His step did not alter, his voice remained the same, his calm would have been ridiculous if it had not

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somehow or other managed to be sublime.

And one afternoon he strolled up to Fosdyck's quarters again. The D. C. saw him as he went past the old consulate and furrowed his brows and wondered mightily. Captain Hollister of the Waffs met him on the Segwanga-Sapeli road and quite subconsciously stopped for several seconds to stare after him. Kingdon nodded pleasantly to everybody who nodded to him and walked into provincial headquarters as if it were nothing more to him than his own oil yard.

Evidently Fosdyck expected him. And the provincial commissioner's manner was different. Balloch, for instance, would have regarded it with deep suspicion. It was almost complimentary; or rather, it was more antagonistic because it made the unthought-of concession that Kingdon came within an ace of existing on the same plane as he, Fosdyck himself, did.

The interview was at once proclaimed as a man-to-man affair because there was no one else in Fosdyck's office when Kingdon was ushered into it. And it could always be said in Fosdyck's favor that he lost no time in coming to the point. As a rule his first smashing drive to the heart of a difference settled it without unnecessary prologs or epilogs.

"We can settle this thing here—between ourselves," he began bruskly. "No need to bother the governor with it."

"No. Not if you're willing to put it into writing," Kindgon said quietly.

"It isn't elastic enough for that," decisively. "And what is worse, it wouldn't work."

"It's established practise."

"Established—the ——!" Fosdyck derided, and snatched up from his desk a sheet of Marsden & Co.'s letter paper which was distinguished by the fact that a part of the writing thereon had been given outstanding importance by two heavy blue-penciled lines in the margin.

Two paragraphs that epitomized the whole argument contended that:

A trading-beach, though free and open and offering no obstruction in the matter of right of way, was nevertheless, within clearly defined and established boundaries, the property of the trading-company to which it belonged.

Therefore, except in cases of riot or other breaches of the peace which the trading-company's representatives were unable to control, such property could not be invaded by police or military without a warrant or other written authority, to be presented to the trading-company's agent or his representative.

The wording and the signature were Kingdon's, but it is doubtful if any one would have thought so.

Neither did he give any indication of the more poignant circumstance that he had compelled Lionel Danby Fosdyck, C. M. G., to retreat step by step until he was now, with as good grace as possible, trying to prevent Kingdon from carrying his miniature Bill of Rights to Lagos and the governor.

Fosdyck had his own methods of achieving results, and there was nothing soft-handed about most of them. But he had found it as impossible to bluff and browbeat Kingdon into a state of pacific submission as it was difficult to reply to his arguments or smother his petitions.

Kingdon's arguments were always so simple. And the persistence that was behind them was nothing short of uncanny.

At first Fosdyck had resented them; then he was forced to be civil to them; and finally there was nothing left for him to do but invite Kingdon to talk things over.

"These contentions of yours," he said, referring to the blue-pencil-marked letter, "read plausibly enough. But an arrangement of that sort would give you traders too much leeway. It wouldn't be to your interest to act on our warrant and help us to remove these fellows from your beaches and put them to work on the roads. You'd rather have them go on trading. That's simple enough."

"We've always done it before."

"Yes. And we've always been short of road workers."

"I don't think the trading-agents have been responsible for that."

"Tommyrot! You fellows haven't an impulse that doesn't lead to the profit side of the ledger."

Kingdon smiled.

"I think you're prejudiced," he said as if the fact were not at all obvious. "Fact is, you don't like us. We've been here too long, and our way of doing things goes back too far. And you think it's time these ways of ours were modernized—given a soul perhaps."

He laughed, and Fosdyck did not like the sound of it. It was too sure of itself. And before he could reply Kingdon added:

"But I'm afraid it's still true that a pair

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of oil-smeared gray flannel pants is more potent than a uniform. You're going to need us for a little while yet."

Fosdyck guffawed loudly.

"Where the —— did you get hold of that notion? Funniest thing I've heard in months. All poppycock! Proves that your ideas are wrong, lock, stock and barrel. I think I'll let you take that trip to Lagos after all."

"I'd like it," Kingdon admitted pleasantly. "And Morrison has promised to meet me there so that I won't have to sneak into the Government House by the back door."

Fosdyck saw no humor in the possibility. His heavy eyebrows lifted sharply and fell in an ill-concealed scowl. He liked Hugh Morrison even less than he did Kingdon.

"*Hphm!* Well—what is it?" he snapped suddenly at an orderly who had precipitated himself into the room, followed by a hard-breathing, mud-streaked native in a loin cloth.

"Be trouble for road, sah," the orderly announced. "Plenty man fight."

"Where?" Fosdyck barked.

"Segwanga road, sah. P. W. D. send dis man to say John Ogu make trouble too much. P. W. D. man done die, sah."

"——!"

Fosdyck leaped across the room toward the loin-clothed runner who had brought the news and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Talk! How many man fight?"

"Be plenty time ten, sah. They make shoot palaver. Some be white-man gun. P. W. D. say send plenty soldier man, plenty —— quick."

Fosdyck released his grip on the boy's shoulder, and in that brief second or so demonstrated why he was the provincial commissioner of the Western Province. He became suddenly as cold and as immune from all evidence of excitement as a slab of granite.

"Sorry, Kingdon," he said casually as he turned about, "but we'll have to postpone——"

But Kingdon had almost reached the roadway by that time.

KINGDON passed out of the headquarters grounds and turned to the right. Evidently he was not going back to Marsden's beach.

He walked at a normal pace at first; then as the buzz of excitement in and around headquarters grew louder and louder at every step he took, he suddenly broke into a trot.

A few natives, one or two colored Government clerks and a solitary white man—all of them as yet ignorant of the information the P. W. D. runner had brought—looked at him in some surprize as he hurried past.

But in a little while, when he had put headquarters out of sight around a turn, he had the broad red Segwanga-Sapeli road almost entirely to himself.

Somewhere along that road in the direction in which he was heading, John Ogu, a valuable and ambitious native trader, was making a grave mistake.

And in Kingdon's rear the forces of Government were gathering for the express purpose of making Ogu and his misguided followers realize, in pain and bitterness and blood, how fleeting was the triumph of machete and shovel and a nondescript rifle or two, when overtaken by even a hundred of the Waffs, accompanied by a solitary machine-gun.

What Kingdon's intentions were in the matter was doubtful. He carried no weapons; and though there was no foretelling what he might find when he reached the end of his journey, he could paint a fairly accurate mental picture of it, and it was not pretty.

From the condition of the runner who had arrived at headquarters he was sure that the distance was not much over five miles. He was equally certain that his destination would be heralded to him a mile or two in advance.

Also, that if a weapon of some sort became compulsory, there undoubtedly would be some available by the time he reached the scene.

There was an even measure to his stride that suggested the long-distance runner; a tireless dog-trot with a ruling element of patience rather than perserverance.

He did not pause to seek information. At first the placid, unhurried gait of the natives he chanced to meet told him it would be a waste of time; and later, when he began to encounter stragglers who looked at him queerly and scurried past, he knew that questions were both useless and unnecessary.

Presently, in confirmation of this, he heard the deep echo of a shot, then another and another.

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Suddenly a black boy in a loin cloth, who looked like a replica of the runner who had burst into Fosdyck's office, came sharply around a corner, showed the whites of his eyes to Kingdon and passed on.

A minute or two later Kingdon leaned against a small steam roller, mopped the sweat from his face and neck and said, as if he were rather short of breath—

"Why don't you—start these fights—a little—nearer home?"

Crawford, of the P. W. D., did not laugh. He was quite alone, sitting propped up against the steam roller waiting to be hit over the head with a machete. According to Crawford's view of the situation this would happen when Ogu had finished with Mallinson and Kelly and the rest.

There was a bullet in Crawford's shoulder and a bit of pot leg in his thigh. A blow with a shovel had temporarily paralyzed his right arm. Under these circumstances he was not particularly disposed to be funny.

Kingdon quickly peeled off his own shirt and stopped the bleeding as best he could. Whereupon Crawford croaked hoarsely:

"Ruddy fool! Go 'way. They'll come back—pretty soon."

"Where are they?"

Crawford vaguely nodded toward the bush on the right side of the road, and the sound of a shot indicated more definitely the answer to Kingdon's question.

The road itself, which was being widened considerably at that point, was now entirely free from fighting. But the evidence of the fury that had raged there was amply strewn over a distance that approximated a quarter of a mile. Immediately on the other side of the steam roller the result expressed itself in a nasty-looking banked-up heap.

One or two of the native police, whose duty it was to accompany the road-working gangs to and from their labors, were among the victims. But Crawford was the only visible white man; the only combatant in sight.

If there had been any wounded among the blacks, they had crawled out of the blazing heat of the roadway into the bush. And when Kingdon, after studying the situation for a little while, had replaced Crawford's sun helmet more surely upon his head, he said:

"Fosdyck'll be along any minute now. Want me to help you into the bush out of the sun?"

"No. Go 'way. Got a—gun?"

"I've got one, thanks," Kingdon lied without any trouble. "Better keep yours. So long, old man. Minus my shirt, I'm just a little afraid of sunburn."

"Liar," Crawford mumbled thickly, as his chin sank on his red-smeared shirt.

Kingdon smiled somewhat vaguely, stepped suddenly out of the steam roller's shadow and dived into the bush.

CRAWFORD'S excusably gloomy prognostications had unknowingly done Mallinson, his immediate superior in the P. W. D., an injustice.

Mallinson had never served in the Army. But this did not prevent his generalship from being of the Washingtonian order.

With a handful of native police who carried rifles, a dozen loyal natives who were armed with shovels, machetes and a stray crowbar or two, and most ably assisted by a solemn young man whose claim to the name of Kelly had been doubtful until that afternoon, Mallinson's retreat had been as masterly as it had been inexpensive.

Holding his little force carefully together, he had enticed Ogu into the bush after him. Then he had fought both a shifting and a shifty fight—about a dozen of them all told—always retreating just when he seemed on the verge of being cut off.

He was finally discovered by Kingdon in the process of executing another cautious retreat from behind an erstwhile ju-ju worshiping hut that stood in the center of a clearing.

On the opposite side of the clearing, athwart a bush path that led directly to the road, John Ogu and his cohorts, who outnumbered Mallinson's little company by at least ten to one, were carefully sizing up the situation.

Experience had taught them that Mallinson was not to be trusted; and when they again began the inevitable circling movement their caution was mixed with a growing dread of the white man's rope that made Mallinson's retreat from the shelter of the ju-ju hut a trifle more simple than it otherwise might have been.

Mallinson, however, was not aware of this. He knew only that Ogu still stood between him and the road, and that there were painfully few bullets left to make even a pretense of holding the native trader off much longer. He had been fighting and

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retreating and fighting again, principally for time, in the hope that he could keep Ogu occupied until Fosdyck's relieving force could arrive to put a period upon his amazing folly.

Kingdon had no doubt about it. It had taken him more than half an hour's extremely cautious bush traveling to dodge around Ogu's numerous but ragged "army," and he knew that it was only a question of minutes, perhaps seconds, before Fosdyck would be heralding the fact that he was attacking Ogu in the rear.

When Mallinson had successfully withdrawn his handful of men from behind the barricade of the ju-ju hut into the safer shelter of the bush again, his troubles were practically over.

John Ogu's were only beginning.

Kingdon slithered past Kelly and a startled policeman—both of whom resembled butcher's killers—and touched Mallinson's arm.

"Fosdyck's going to start shooting——"

And Fosdyck did. Mallinson did not know whether to be more surprized at the astonishing shirtless appearance of Kingdon or at the thunderous suddenness of Fosdyck's opening volley. He had little opportunity to remain long surprized at anything.

A yell of terror leaped out of the bush on the other side of the clearing—the side nearest the road—and in the succeeding minute the clearing itself was the scene of an indescribable chaos.

Springing madly away from the immediate threat of annihilation from the rear, and governed by the awful horror of the white man's vengeance, Ogu's tatterdemalion army broke with one accord. And, like sheep, they followed their leader's first panic-stricken leap into the clearing.

A scattering little volley from Mallinson, Kelly and his police halted a threatened stampede in his direction; but for seconds that were like many hours, nothing was at all distinct; nothing save the tumult of discharging firearms and the terrible scurrying to and fro of near-naked rioters searching wildly for a loophole of escape.

There might have been a hundred of them, perhaps two. Kingdon did not attempt to count. But he knew that there were more of them than the ju-ju hut could comfortably hold, and those that lay about in the clearing and writhed, or stared with glassy eyes——

Kingdon rose from his haunches.

"Don't shoot for a minute," he whispered to Mallinson, who was hoarding each shot like a miser. "I think they've had enough."

As he spoke a sputtering fire came from the square window-holes of the ju-ju hut—a ragged combination of breech- and muzzle-loader that spoke more of frantic fear than defiance.

And when Fosdyck had answered it, and Mallinson had used up another bullet or two; and when some of the smoke had cleared away and those inside the hut began thrusting their dead through the window-holes to make more room, Kingdon again said to Mallinson.

"That's surely enough. Just a moment."

And with his wrists crossed above his head he walked out into the clearing.

There was no exclamation point in his manner of doing it. He just walked out. And as he had made a gift of his shirt to the comfort of Crawford's wounds, there was nothing at all dressy in the appearance he made.

Mallinson gasped, clutched wildly at Kingdon's trouser leg and missed.

Kingdon went straight on.

A little to the left of the ju-ju hut, on the other side of the clearing, a smattering of native police, stiffened by a Hausa or two and several white men, lost control of their trigger fingers and several bullets sped Kingdon's way before a voice that sounded astonishingly like Balloch's shouted hoarsely in awe:

"Stop, for God's sake! That's Kingdon!"

From out of the confusion within the ju-ju hut frightened marksmen hurled death at Kingdon's head for a few startled seconds, and there were other flashes of fire that came impetuously from a section of the bush to the right of the clearing.

Kingdon swayed a little. A spot of red showed luridly under his left arm. His right hung uselessly by his side. But in a moment he had steadied himself, and with his left arm still above his head he walked to the door of the ju-ju hut.

A silence, more awesome than the tumult that had preceded it, descended upon the bush and apparently upon every living thing within it.

Even Fosdyck's lantern jaws dropped a little in incredulous amaze, and he knelt on one knee behind a scrubby mangrove and allowed the queer drama to run itself out

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to its own climax. There was nothing else that any one could do. The least demonstration of force or of Government would have been fatal to Kingdon.

Fearful, blood-smeared faces or bodies huddled away from Kingdon when he stood in the hut's doorway.

"John Ogu," he called clearly enough into the frightened, milling pack. "Fight palaver finish. You and me, we go talk commish'."

The voice of John Ogu answered:

"I fear. All men go shoot."

"No man shoot. I be cap'n for Marsden beach. I swear."

Kingdon's upraised left arm wavered and he leaned against the crumbling mud doorway. There was not a spot of color in his cheeks, and his lips were growing white.

"Come. We go. John Ogu and me. So."

And Kingdon raised his arm more steadily above his head to illustrate.

"Throw 'way gun. Gun no good. We go."

Ogu's arms went slowly above his head as he came forward. His knees wavered and his whole body shook as with a fever. But he followed. And others, like children who ape their elders, followed him.

There was no shooting.

Kingdon seemed to sense where Fosdyck would be found. Or perhaps he simply directed his steps toward the bush path leading to the road because it represented a definite objective.

But he never reached it; at least, not on his own feet. Half-way he sagged drunkenly, then with a tremendous effort straightened again and said to Ogu quite distinctly:

"You go let me fall down? Commish' no like. You no fit to help—" and then, trailing vaguely into a language that was foreign to Ogu, he added in a hoarse whisper, "The profit side of the ledger—be—da——"

And he slid into a very small heap at Ogu's feet.

Even then no one in the encircling bush stirred. The thing was not finished.

Ogu looked bewildered. Passion had died out. Fear had come in. But the trifling little figure at his feet seem to speak to his child mind in an understanding tongue.

And as those who followed him backed shrinkingly away and seemed ready to bolt, Ogu cast a hesitating, apologetic look about him and stooped.

With astonishing care and tenderness he picked Kingdon up and walked slowly toward the bush path that led to the road.

His knees did not shake nor his body quiver because of Kingdon's weight, and when Fosdyck met him at the entrance to the bush path and soundlessly relieved him of his burden the provincial commissioner's arms scarcely sagged as he hurriedly carried Kingdon toward the road and a stretcher.

Fosdyck seemed to consider the task a privilege.

And in any event something less than ninety-five pounds avoirdupois is not much of a lift for a man of six foot two!

As Balloch, who jealously followed the stretcher back to Warri, demanded of no one in particular rather frequently:

"Did you ever see anything like it! Did you! And him no bigger'n a thrupenny bit!"

KINGDON did not die, largely because he had no desire to do anything so premature and unnecessary.

And John Ogu did not hang. Perhaps the latter should have done so in spite of Kingdon's amazing intercession, but Fosdyck seemed strangely to be of the opinion that a lengthy time of service in the chain gang would have an equally salutary effect.

In any case, the story of the thing that Kingdon of Massachusetts had done and of the manner in which he had demonstrated a trading-agent's right and ability to be responsible for the good government of his own beach, traveled up and down through Nigeria as something akin to a torchlight.

There was really nothing left for Lionel Danby Fosdyck, C. M. G., to do after that but to agree with Kingdon's point of view in every particular and to establish the fact by putting the said agreement officially into writing.

And up at Siluko Hugh Morrison heard of it without even a shadow of a smile. Apparently he took it all for granted. Also, finding it necessary to appoint an agent for Bonny, he drew a rough circle on a sheet of paper and in the center of the circle he placed a dot. Then he ran lines from the dot to the rim of the circle until it was divided into nine more or less equal parts.

Into each division he wrote a name.

However, Morrison was not as much of a gambler as he seemed. His bets were laid on "sure things."

When he won, this was to be expected. When he lost, he shrugged his shoulders and drew another circle.

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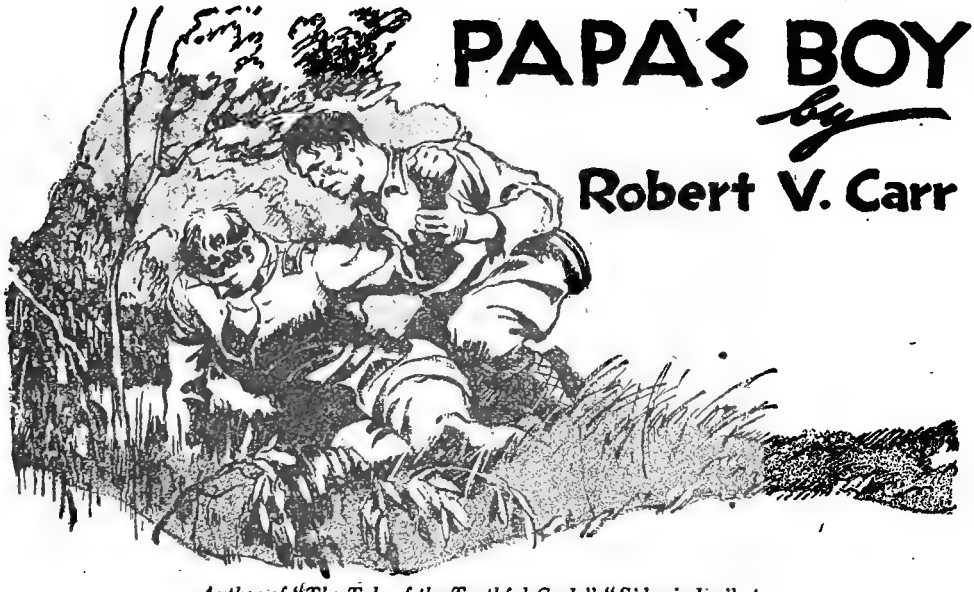

PAPA'S BOY

by

Robert V. Carr

Author of "The Tale of the Truthful Cook," "Sidewinder," etc.

I HAD been in Cuba fooling around with the insurgents. I always ducked inwardly at whizzing lead; but like the typical American fool I was always getting into a mess where I would be scared stiff. The Cubans made me a captain or some such thing and gave me a couple of old gas-pipes to spit a shell now and then at the Spaniards.

When the U. S. decided to take a wallop at poor old, tottering Spain, I slipped back home and jumped into a regiment of volunteers. And that is where I drew Papa's Boy for my company commander.

Papa's Boy did not have enough military intelligence to carry him across a parade ground. With no thought of bragging, I had him beat, mentally and physically.

But we weren't born equal, regardless of what the professional patriots say. He was born with a dad with a political pull that would move mountains or make Congress bring him a plate of beef. I was born plain Bill Morgan, with a dad with just enough influence to kick me out on the world when I was twelve years old.

When we got to Manila Papa's Boy got himself roomy quarters and a bunch of servants. I had a cot in one corner of a room holding about fifty sweaty, half-naked, foul-mouthed chicken-thieves, drunkards and poker-players. Figure it out for yourself if Papa's Boy and Bill Morgan, a sergeant of volunteer infantry, were born equal.

In San Francisco while he was downtown looking for some new skirt I was boning my head in non-com. school, studying the regulations, drilling the company or doing a stretch of guard with my beak in the Manual at odd times. When Papa's Boy got a touch of fever in Manila he had a private room, three doctors and three special nurses. When I got the fever—I was careless about myself—I was thrown into a ward that smelled like a morgue and was lucky not to be carried off by the graybacks.

Yes, Papa's Boy had it soft. He had a fairly good top who knew paper work when he wasn't drunk in some native honky-tonk, and he had me. The two lieutenants didn't count. The boys called them "Single and Double O." Sometimes the boys called the first lieutenant, "Useless," and the second, "Hesitation."

Papa's Boy never learned anything but "Com'ny attention" and "Column right" and "Column left." Once, it is true, he gave "Fours right," but that was when I was on guard. For two drills he gave nothing but, "Fours right" till I got back and stopped him. The colonel, of course, noticed it, but didn't dare cheep for fear of the political influence working day and night for my little papier-mâché captain.

I was certainly necessary to Papa's Boy. He never consulted his lieutenants, but

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ignored them completely and looked to me for everything. At times it was really funny. When the major bawled out, say, "Right of companies rear into column," it was I who kept the captain straight. I had to pass him all the commands or he'd stand dumb as a tree.

"Fours right—*ho!*" I would give him out of the corner of my mouth.

"Fours right—*ho!*" he would parrot with a tired look. Then I'd spill the rest, if my memory is right:

"Column right—*ho!* Fours left—*ho!* Com-pan-ne-e *halt!* Left dress! Front!"

As for so simple a thing as the manual of arms, to give the "Present" was the best he could do. He would say "Present arms" in a dead-tired voice, as if he were asking a flunky to hand him a glass of water. The rifles would come up in bunches; no life, no snap, no nothing.

My greatest trouble was trying to drill the officer way into him. My idea is that an officer should consider and hold himself forever and aye above his men; but while he's doing that he must not forget that no matter what happens, he alone is responsible for every sick man, every hurt man, every duty-shirker, and everything, big and little, that happens to his command.

The trouble with a lot of the cheap stuff we put in as officers is that they want the privileges with none of the responsibilities. In time of war, and the country in desperate shape, I would establish the death penalty for inefficient officers.

If an officer "lost" his command on the field, I would have him shot. If he had poor control of his men, and did not look after every pair of feet in his company, did not know every man's name and what he was good for and what he wasn't good for, if he slobbered or had pets around him, or bragged about his first sergeant—an officer who brags about his top is a lazy lop-head, for any good captain never lets a first sergeant or any other non-com. become necessary to him—I say, if I had my way, and an officer fizzled, I would not give him the privilege of resigning or being cashiered, but I would reduce him to the ranks. I would not waste him entirely.

During our Civil War something like seventy thousand officers were dropped from the rolls. Why not put them in the ranks? They can stop lead if they can't do anything else.

While I'm on this, I want to say that troops are nothing and officers are everything. A good officer can take a collection of cowardly bums and work wonders. Hard-seasoned veteran troops will go to pieces under poor, rattle-headed officers in whom they have no confidence.

Americans have the idea that an officer is a privileged character. An officer should have no privileges except the privileges of responsibility. His life should be devoted to duty, to a day-and-night consideration of the wants and needs of his men, the weaknesses and faults of his command and how best to rectify them.

He should seldom relax, and he should have no emotion or slobber. He should be mountain-high above his men, a cold, absolutely reliable being, with a cool brain and an intelligence that whips out like the head of a rattlesnake. He should be clean at all times; he should never be seen by his men enjoying good grub when they are eating slum or going hungry.

He should never be seen enjoying any comfort while there is anything that his men lack. If they are out of tobacco, it is his business to hand his last package of cigarets to a sergeant and order him to distribute them. If there are exhausted men in his command, if he is a line officer, it is his business to carry their rifles, as many of them as he can stagger under, and make no show of it.

The only time he can show any emotion or feeling is when a man is mortally wounded; then it is the officer's business, if it does not interfere with military necessity, to take the man in his arms and hold him until he dies, taking his last words and comforting him. That is my idea of what an officer should be, and such was the idea I had for Papa's Boy; but I was working against hopeless odds.

At times Papa's Boy would have me over to his quarters. I would show up at the door, strictly military, cap in hand, heels together.

"Never mind that military stuff," he would say in his tired way. "Come in, Morgie, old boy, and lay yourself on a chair. I've been wanting some one to talk to. These officers are a tiresome set. I want to talk to a man with heart and brains. Here, you, Pedro, *pronto* a drink for the sergeant."

"If the captain please, I would ask permission to speak what is in my mind."

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"You can speak anything in your mind, or anything you can think of. Please be seated. You make me nervous with that painful attitude."

So I would sit down, and he would smile at me in his funny way.

"Well, toss that drink into you and release your pent-up emotions. But I warn you not to bother me with military details."

"It is not military details, captain; but, if I may suggest it, I think it is not quite the thing for me to be drinking in your quarters. The company hears of it—your striker is bound to gossip—and they put me down as an officer's pet. That is bad for a sergeant, and makes the men unnecessarily sore. They hate a good sergeant bad enough, without that."

"What then would you advise?" he would ask in his drawling, half-joking way. "Do you insist that I associate with these officers—these ex-preachers, ex-saloonkeepers, ex-teachers of small-town schools, ex-cornbelt politicians? Heavens, man, have you no mercy!"

It was too much for me, and so we would get out the cards and go into one of our everlasting poker games in which he always lost. I think that was the way he had of giving his captain's pay to me. You understand he did not need his pay, as his father gave him a heavy allowance, the old man being a multi-millionaire. I also forgot to state that the company never lacked for anything, as the captain always bought the extras when we were where we could get them. Money meant nothing to him.

"This is all very tiresome to me, Morgie," he told me one night. "The *pater* wants me to distinguish myself, or some such thing. But I feel that it is all a bore.

"What do I care about this soldier thing? It's all a lot of tommyrot. Rules and regulations, regulations and rules. Some old boy at a desk thinking up tricks for a lot of grown men to do. Must wear a certain hat for a certain thing, must turn so many feet to the left and so many to the right. Sickening, Morgie, sickening.

"But my dad is a good old soul at heart, and I want to please him. He has done everything for me. He has given me everything. I have seen everything, enjoyed everything, and now he wants me to carry out this military idea to what he calls a 'successful conclusion.'

"Here we are, with the Spaniards whipped before we arrived, and now we must turn in and kill a lot of these natives. The *pater* cables me that we can expect to be fighting the Filipinos shortly, and that he expects me to distinguish myself. Really, Morgie, I haven't a thing against these little brown men. They seem like a rather decent set to me. At least they make excellent servants.

"But I suppose I'll have to see it through for the governor's sake. I'll have to please the dad, you know. Good old scout, though a bit harsh at times. Wants me to come back covered with medals and all that sort of thing.

"We'll do the best we can, Morgie. I am depending on you to keep all military details away from me. I know you're a clever chap about these things, and it's up to you."

Now what could you do with a bird like that? What could you do if before you knew it you had a sneaking liking for him? I guess you'd do just as I did—see him through, regulations or no regulations.

So day after day, week after week, in that steaming hole of Manila I told my little captain what to do and say. I call him "little," but he wasn't little by any means. He stood close to six feet, and was a fine-looking, dreamy-eyed boy, around twenty-four or twenty-five, with a blond look I have seen some high-class Englishmen have.

He was just a dreamer, I guess. I have seen men like that in knocking about the world. Dreamers just looking at life and wondering a little what it is all about. I'm no dreamer, but once in a while I get the angle of the dreamer. Maybe they're right—I don't know.

But getting back on solid ground. All of a sudden the lieutenant-colonel was called home. Was the major promoted into his shoes? Not in a million years in this democratic country. *Bang!* Up goes Papa's Boy to the silver leaves, per instructions from the War Department, per pull of the dad of Papa's Boy, per cablegram, costing anywhere from two to five hundred, from my little captain to his dad.

"The idea is, Morgie, that the higher we go," the new lieutenant-colonel informs me, "the less we have to do."

"Why then, if the colonel please, not grab the stars of commanding general?

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That old bird has absolutely nothing to do except sleep late in the morning."

Papa's Boy's eyes twinkled.

"We must have some degree of modesty, Morgie," he told me. "We must make haste slowly. However, I have taken the trouble to have you transferred to my battalion. Also you will ride one of my ponies and keep within call. I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea what a lieutenant-colonel is supposed to do. Keep me informed, Morgie. Now, what say a mild little shot, and then you'll have dinner with me."

As there is a God in heaven, what could you do with a bird like that? A sergeant having dinner, as cozy as you please, with his battalion commander! After all the only democracy in this country is among the aristocrats. Papa's Boy was an aristocrat if ever there was one.

Of course he had no military right to make an orderly out of a sergeant, but military regulations meant nothing to him. So I had a pony to ride and a couple of servants to look after me. He had quarters fixed up for me, too. I was an officer in everything but uniform and commission. Colonel began to get sore, and called me up and jacked me to the limit.

"If the colonel please, I refer him to my battalion commander."

The colonel, a politician in his home State, took a hard look at me. He was beginning to get mad, and when they get mad the best of them lose their sense and caution.

"You're a fine mess," he bellowed, "giving yourself the airs of an officer, with nothing but a set of chevrons I could rip off in a minute!"

He thought hard for a long time, fumbling and fooling with some papers on his desk. Finally he snarled at me:

"Report to your company for duty. No more of this following an officer around. Back to your company for real duty."

Of course I saluted and ducked. I reported to the lieutenant who had stepped into Papa's Boy's shoes.

"Sergeant Morgan reports for duty," I snapped. "Order commanding officer."

That night Papa's Boy's striker came looking for me. I was ordered to report to the lieutenant-colonel at once.

"Who ordered you back to your company?" asked Papa's Boy in his easy way.

"The colonel, sir."

"Well, this is most annoying. I had hoped I would not be disturbed, but apparently our esteemed colonel will not let well enough alone. We were getting along so nicely, too."

He yawned a little and had a servant bring him a fountain pen and some cablegram blanks. He wrote for some time, put his message in an envelop, addressed it, sealed it, and handed it to me.

"Take that to the cable office, Morgie, and return to the quarters I secured for you. You will not return to your company."

"Is that an order, sir?"

"It is."

That settled it with me. A soldier obeys the last order. I filed the cablegram and returned to my quarters. Pretty soon the colonel's orderly showed up.

"Sergeant Morgan will report to the colonel immediately," he blats.

I reported to the colonel.

"Didn't I order you back to your company?" he bawled, now wild as a wolf and apparently with no thought of what was back of Papa's Boy.

Just the captain didn't bother him, but when Papa's Boy in one leap landed next to him he lost control.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Why in —— aren't you with your company, then?"

"Lieutenant-colonel's orders, sir."

With that he stamped around and nearly threw himself. I stood pat, knowing my regulations. I had obeyed the last order and stood ready to obey the next. But I knew that the cheap politician, a big frog in his little State puddle, but hardly a microbe to the dad of Papa's Boy—well, he had cooked his own goose.

"Who's running this regiment?" he finally ripped out. "The lieutenant-colonel or the colonel?"

"I do not know, sir."

He breathed hard through his nose and gave me an eat-'em-up glare. He might have made a good assistant cook, but he was no colonel.

"Is there anything you do know?"

"Not that I can think of right now, sir."

He came over to me and shook his fist under my nose.

"Don't get funny with me! Report to your company commander, and under no condition except by the order of an officer

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outranking me, leave your company. Does that get through your thick head?"

"Yes, sir."

"Move then."

A few days later our nice polite colonel was ordered home, and a short time after that Papa's Boy was wearing a pair of new silver eagles. It was quick work—so quick that it made me dizzy.

I had a sneaking idea that Papa's Boy would make me his adjutant, but I was slightly mistaken.

"Morgie," he broke it to me plainly enough, "you certainly deserve a commission; but you are an ambitious boy, and if I gave you a start you would leave me flat. You're the only man I know of in this outfit on whom I can depend to be honest and loyal. So I am going to make you sergeant-major, and I am going to instruct the adjutant to obey your orders exactly as though they were issued by me in person.

"Now I hope I can have some peace. This annoyance has been most disturbing. Use my name as you see fit; sign it to any order you see fit. That's all. Only I'll expect you to go down-town with me this evening."

I took command. I ran that regiment by written orders, as I had to keep under cover for the good of the service. I fired orders at them steadily; orders on cooking, handling rations, amusement, care of the feet, dodging fever and women, bathing and everything that a long experience in the tropics had taught me. I had to do it all from cover, to salve the conceit of any delicate-minded little officer, full of the sense of his own importance. Sometimes I gave an order direct, but I always softened the blow by "Colonel's compliments, sir."

I worked on many things. For example, I tried to get over that the weight of the pack and all the accouterments should be on the shoulders. Some leadhead at general headquarters turned down my suggestion, though years later they found out where to put the weight of the pack.

When the rumpus with the natives started, so well had I hammered it, the outfit was ready in jig-time to take the field. I tore into the colonel's quarters, but he wasn't in sight. Bugles were blowing all over town, but I wasn't sure that Papa's Boy would realize that the time had come for him to take command.

"How about the lieutenant-colonel?" I hear you ask.

Regulations didn't count in this case. Nothing counted but political influence, and my making a commanding officer out of a man who didn't care.

I thought of a Spanish *señorita* the colonel had been playing around with, and after beating it into an orderly to follow the regiment with the colonel's horse and mine—for we already had our place in the line picked out for us—I jumped into an open hack and tore down to the *señorita's casa*. I found Papa's Boy slightly stewed on champagne, and wondering why the horns were tooting so. I heaved him bodily into the hack, and pounded back to quarters to find that the regiment had gone on. The chaplain's horse had been stolen, and he was at the gate of the guard whining about it.

"Why didn't you hike, if you're so crazy to go?" I yelled at him. "Better stay here, though, and 'tend to the mail. We won't need you until there is some dead to pray over."

With that the colonel laughed.

"I must remember that," he said. "Chaplain's an unnecessary and frightful burden, hey? Don't need him until there is somebody to pray over. All very tiresome though, Morgie, old boy. Did you happen to bring along a bottle?"

We're on our way now, and I am pounding the *hombre* on the back to speed up his team of canary birds.

A dark night, and a road full of troops, hospital stiffs and other odds and ends trying to reach the line. Firing fairly strong; I make out some Springfields with their shotgun bellow. By the time we reach the nipa huts on the edge of the city I have Papa's Boy pretty well sobered up.

"Look here, colonel I can run things in barracks, but this is action, and in action *you* must be in command. Understand me, sir? You must take actual command of your regiment."

"I say, why annoy me in this fashion? Tell me, did you happen to bring along a bottle?"

"Never mind the bottle, sir, but please listen."

"Very well, old Persistency, have your own way about it."

"Now listen; when you're mounted—I sent the horses ahead with the outfit—

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let them hear your voice. Say as loud and as strong as you can—

" 'Ba-a-tal-*yuns* ah-ten-*shun!*'

"Hold them that way for a minute till they know you're on the job, then drop them back as they were. I'll keep you posted."

Over and over again I drilled him, talking to him steadily, pouring instructions into him.

We're nearing the line now. The air is full of keen, fine sounds, with now and then the stutter of a tumbling Remington slug. I shiver inside, for I never get used to it, though I had heard enough of it, God knows.

"Beautiful night," comments Papa's Boy. "Beautiful night, with music in the air. Say, Morgie, did you ever read Shelley's 'Indian Serenade'? 'The champak odors fall.' Pretty thing, that."

Then suddenly he mocks me—"Ba-a-tal-*yuns* ah-ten-*shun!*"—with a laugh in his voice.

I'll leave it to you. What could you do with a bird like that? Going into action reciting some poem! Years afterward, though, when I sort of had time to think, I looked up that poem. Hard-boiled as I am, with years of wandering, that love poem somehow got under my hide. Maybe there were things Papa's Boy saw that I did not see.

But back to action. Somehow I got him mounted. He gave the command in a fair voice, but there was something indifferent in it. It lacked the ramrod ring of the man eager for distinction, crazy to get a medal, hungry for military glory. It was the voice of a man who was patient with a lot of people he thought were half-witted.

After he took command, I got it to the right guide of the leading company—

"Colonel's in command; knows his business when there's real work to do."

As that right guide was chilled to the heels—in fact they were all beginning to slobber—he was glad to have something to say. So down the column it goes—

"Colonel's in command; knows his business when there's work to do."

I had Papa's Boy "present and accounted for," while we waited for the order to move up into line.

How did I know the outfit was beginning to slobber? By my own feelings, and their voices, high-keyed and excited. I knew what to do to stiffen them, to put confidence into them, to take away their fear of those mysterious sounds; but I was only a sergeant-major. And to handle men you must be able to release your personality—to let them feel you.

A beautiful sight it is to see a first-class colonel stiffening his men. I'm against war, but I love the stuff—I love it!

Finally we got orders to make ourselves easy until daylight. Papa's Boy kidded me most of the time. Also he walked around among the men, kidding them as if they were children. This tickled me.

I saw them warm up to him, even in the dark. Now and then I'd hear, "Colonel's a good old sport," or "Colonel's my kind—no swellhead about that boy." I was sure pleased with that, because an officer needs to have his men warm up to him on the line. He can pound them in barracks, but under fire he must make them love him—and fear him too.

Then some fresh rookie sings out—

"Colonel have you a cigaret?"

There's always those to spoil anything.

Immediately Papa's Boy passes his cigaret-case—solid gold fussed up with diamonds.

"Pass them around, son, while they last. I'll have more out from the city for you."

He walked away, forgetting his bediamonded cigaret-case.

Without hesitation I grabbed that rookie by the neck.

"Listen, you lousy pup, I know you have plenty of tobacco. You got fresh with the commanding officer because you know he is a gentleman and a white man."

I jerked the case from his hand. His captain moved up with a "What's this?"

"Nothing, except I am going to lay out one of your poorly disciplined men."

With that I shoved in a left and then a straight right, and the fresh rookie forgot that ground was hard to fall on. And that story went down the column.

I returned the cigaret-case to the colonel. Worth I don't know how much, and he'd left it in the hands of a mouthy cow-milker!

At dawn orders came to advance one battalion in line of skirmishers and hold the other two in support and reserve. I was soon as busy as a bird-dog on a flea-farm keeping the colonel straight. He was greatly amused about the whole thing, but did everything I told him. I could not see

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that he even thought of fear. We moved up, got a few men pinked and one mortally wounded.

That interested Papa's Boy. He dismounted and took the dying youngster in his arms.

"Tell my paw I come clean," said the kid.

"Righto, son."

"Tell maw not to worry——"

"Yes, my boy."

"And—colonel—you're a good guy——"

"Let us hope so, son."

Then the kid croaked. That being over, I got the colonel busy on taking care of the living. The dead, you know, can take care of themselves.

After that little set-to, nothing much happened for quite a while. We dug a few ditches and whanged back and forth now and then. Things were so quiet that I let the colonel go back to town after he had promised to tear out to the line if anything broke.

Weeks went by, and then came the order for the final clean-up. I took no chances, but went into town and rustled out the colonel. The next morning we moved out of the ditches.

It wasn't anything to brag about. The natives were poorly equipped in every way to stand up against us, with what we had back of us. They had no artillery, and a lot of them had wooden guns. Still it was quite a scrap, though I saw worse in Cuba. I have often thought what we would have done, had those natives been determined white man, entrenched and with plenty of ammunition, with artillery to speak up for them at long range. I'm thinking there would not have been so many military reputations cheaply earned, although there would have been a lot of quick promotions.

We kept moving up, killing everything in front of us—gu-gus, women, pigs, chickens, carabao, everything. Plucky devils, those natives, to die like they did. They certainly must have known they had no show, but their trenches were full of dead.

Once the colonel pulled in where an old native was standing over three young Filipinos, laid out on a porch of a galvanized-iron house. Seems the old native was mourning his three dead sons he had carried back from the trench not a great way from the house.

"Poor old devil," said the colonel. "I wonder just what good we have done to kill his three boys."

"Well, colonel, war is war," I said. "There will always be war as long as men are men. I'm thinking it would be a poor place, this world, if there was no fighting to snap a man up once in a while. We'd soon all be Chinamen, eating rice and saying prayers."

The colonel looked at me in his funny way.

"Do you enjoy this thing, Morgie—this stench?"

"Well, no, sir; but the stench won't be here long. The grass will soon cover everything up, and there will be babies coming up to take the place of those we've killed. Just the other night I heard a woman yelling in child-birth in a shack while the outposts were banging away. Got to have war so people won't get too thick and too soft. A fire once in a while does a forest good, they say."

"Hard to talk back to you, Morgie, you're so —— matter-of-fact. But I'm just not interested in this war thing. It means nothing to me. Medals and glory and all that sort of stuff mean nothing to me. Come to think of it, medals and glory mean nothing to the men we've lost or the men we've killed."

"Well, anyway, sir, fighting lets a man find out just how much guts he has."

"I doubt it. I see nothing in this affair to change my views on life or death. I feel no great change. There's nothing to it. It is child's play. Grown men killing each other for no reason at all."

He could talk that way and get away with it, for we had moved up to an exposed position, and the Mausers were lifting the dirt around us. But he paid no attention to the lead.

"I suppose the *pater* has his reasons for wanting me to go through with this thing, but I fail to see why he should. We stand here, while some men over there fire at us. Silly, isn't it?"

"Better get back, colonel. They have a line on us."

"Well," he drawled, "I thought you said it was a man's business to find out how much interior furnishings he possessed. Perhaps if we stay here long enough your rather odd question will be answered. Hang around, Morgie, and we'll see what there is to this thing."

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I was chilled, believe me. To stand there in the bright sunshine and be bumped off, and that too with no glory or action, was too much for me. Besides I was scared the colonel would get his ticket. If he was to get nicked, I wanted it to be in action, at the head of his men, not shot down like a dog. Still, I couldn't take shelter if he didn't.

"Now," said he, like taking a cup of tea. "Let's reason this thing out. You assert that war stiffens a man's courage, if he has any. Yet, Morgie, you can not hide from me the fact that you're a bit excited. And you have seen a lot of this sort of thing.

"I give you my word that I am not in the least perturbed. It all seems so foolish. Too bad those poor little devils over in that jungle can't hit us. Here we are in plain sight, and all they can do is to throw dirt on us. Do we get any more glory by standing here while the bullets kick up dirt?"

"No, sir," I chattered, wondering who would get it first. "There's no glory in fighting unless it's in action and can be put on your record."

Papa's Boy laughed.

"The usual human hypocrisy. Must all be according to regulations, eh! If I am hit here, I get no glory. If I am killed in front of the regiment, I get glory. What child's talk is this, Morgie?"

"Colonel, please take shelter."

"Under one condition," he laughed. "Admit that this experience hasn't made you a better man, and I'll drop back."

"I'll admit anything, sir. Take shelter, please."

He did, but laughed at me and kidded me a lot.

CAME the last little push. I was with the colonel on the right of the line, and we were practically alone except for the chief trumpeter and an orderly or two. The firing had died down, and the fuss was about over. All of a sudden *plack-plack!* A Mauser speaks back of us.

The colonel bends a little, then looks at me and says quietly—

"Morgie, I'm hit!"

I sent the trumpeter and the orderlies on the jump for the surgeons and litter and ambulance and anything they could get. Then I eased the colonel to the ground. He was in a bad way, shot through the body; and by his face I saw there was no chance.

"What's the verdict, old Fuss and Worry?" he asked me. "Speak up and don't be shy."

"I guess you have your ticket, sir."

"This is one thing," he says, moaning a little, "one thing you can't do for me. Every man has to do his own dying."

I kept still. I was fond of him. You get soft when a man is finishing.

"See the governor, Morgie—tell him the truth about everything. He's a grand old man—tell him I tried to please him—and the *mater*—the *mater*—cheer her up—poor old girl— Thanks—old top—many thanks——"

Then he let go. When they got back with the surgeons and the ambulance and everything else they found me with Papa's Boy's head on my knee and bawling like some fool woman who had lost her kid. —— cuss had no military sense, but there was something about him—something about him.

Lieutenant-colonel orders back a company to volley into some trees. No fruit dropped, but a Mauser comes out of one tree, so one of the boys shinnies up the tree and finds a dead native—an old, white-haired man, with only one leg, and he's tied in the tree. I expect he died contented, figuring he'd got one American officer. Some patriot, that old gu-gu! I felt we should have given his old carcass "the present."

They took the colonel into the city, and a little later I was ordered home with him.

I landed in San Francisco and was met by the colonel's dad—a stubby, hard-jawed man, gray-whiskered and with a cold eye. Colonel's mother was there, too—a little wisp of a woman that he resembled. Had her eyes anyway.

Old man was a little stiff with me at first, but the mother didn't waste any time. I had been with her kid when he kicked out, and so she just fell into my arms and cried, and loved and kissed me. The old man sort of loosened up then, and after some details were attended to I went to their hotel with them.

When the old man and I were alone, he turned on me.

"Tell me the truth," he demanded, looking me full in the eye. "Did my son die like an officer and an American at the head

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of his men? Did he make good in every way?"

A fierce rage came up within me. I don't know when I ever was so fighting mad.

The boy was dead, and this old stiff asking me if he'd made good! Great God, can a man do more than die!

I put my jaw almost against the old boy's.

"You're —— good and right your boy made good, and that is more than you can say, sitting here on a soft chair and safe as in church. It's you old stiffs who sit around and think up ways for young men to die. What the —— did you ever do for your country? By the living gods, I hate your kind!"

The old man was completely paralyzed—clean out.

I began raging around, looking for my cap. Pretty soon a scared flunky brought it to me.

I whirled on the old man.

"If only you were forty years younger I would give you a cleaning you would remember to the end of your days! I would show you what it means to be up against the rough stuff! I would half-kill you, you rotten-hearted old stiff—you with your lousy politics and your dough!"

Some way the old boy got hold of my arm.

"Listen," he begged me; "listen, my boy. You are right. I sent my son to his death. He went over there and died just to please me. Oh, I know all about it! He wrote me everything, explained all. I know what you have done—everything. I beg of you not to judge me too harshly. I was so ambitious for him. But he was just a dreamer—just a dreamer. Oh, if I only had him back——"

With that he began the hard, rough crying of an old man.

I am soft as mush, and so I steadied the old boy; and, seeing nothing else to do, I patted his back. He got a hold of my hand and clung to it. He, with all his power, got a hold of my hand and clung to it!

I could hardly get away from him. He seemed to take a comfort in me. All the harshness was out of him—just a lonely, broken old man, with a lot of power and money.

Seems the colonel had requested in one of his letters that in case anything happened to him a certain trust fund be turned over for my benefit. I'm ashamed to tell you how much it pays me every six months.

Sometimes when I am alone I get to thinking of the things the colonel said to me. He was just a dreamer; had no military sense at all; but somehow when I think of him my heart warms, and I'm a better man. If there is another camp on the other side, the first soul I'm going to look up is Papa's Boy.

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THE BEAST OF NO ACCOUNT

by F. ST. MARS

Author of "Sea Wolf," "A Strange Company," etc.

SOMETHING had moved on the top of the river-bank among the stunted acacia. A little, lean, yellow form had slid into a thorn-bush, paused a full minute, and slunk out again. Then it stopped and stood looking down into the dried-up, sandy river-bed.

But it was nothing; only a black-backed jackal—a beast of no account, neither wolf nor dog, boycotted by the wild life around.

His short, bushy brush hung limp. His long hind limbs braced out behind him with more than the touch of the greyhound. His abnormally big ears were pricked forward as if he, at any rate, saw interest in the sandy stretch, worn here and there with trail and cross-trail, where the wild folk from dozens of miles around had come down to drink.

None were there now in all that glaring, baked hollow but one griffon vulture, ragged and disheveled. No other life, except the insects—the multitude that hummed without rest.

Then the jackal fell flat in his tracks where he stood. It was just for all the world as if the sand had caved in beneath him. But it had not. Something was coming down the opposite bank, something which made no effort to conceal itself. It was in trouble, that thing, so that it could not refrain from coughing; and once it stumbled and nearly fell, then walked on as one drunk.

When it came out into the glare upon the dry river-bed, one saw that it was a black-and-white striped Grevy's zebra, which is the giant of all the zebras. But it was now marked with stripes of quite another color, and its tracks showed brilliant red. It reached the nearest water-hole, dropped its horse-maned head, drank, choked incontinently, and fell over sidewise. It did not get up again, that zebra, and by the time the jackal reached it—not long, but very gingerly—it was quite dead.

Evidently the zebra, who had no luck, had been attacked by a lion the night before. There were great tears about its flanks, and the cruel holes of the great teeth in its throat. And the zebra had escaped—to die.

It was a race in cautious haste between the griffon vulture and the jackal. Flapping grotesquely, the vulture was as big as the jackal, but when there the latter took just one snarling snap, and the vulture hissed and gave place.

Something else hissed, almost under the jackal's neat feet, and did not give place. It was the jackal who moved backward rather quickly, about two yards in less than two sixteenths of a second; and a horned viper, whose bite is quick death, slid away, with flat head and evil stare.

Then that jackal took his meat. Presently another dry rustle filled the air. A second griffon vulture arrived out of the infinite.

How that jackal bolted his meal! It was a lasting marvel that he did not choke on the spot; but he could hear, out of one turned-back ear, the rustle as of ladies' dresses, and a far-off whisper in the air, growing louder every second.

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He turned, spun on his hind legs, and hurled himself at the horrible, hissing crowd of vultures gathering fast; and they gave perhaps two yards, beating upon him with many and great wings.

He spun about again, and bolted two more mouthfuls. Then the vultures closed in.

The jackal whipped upon himself once more. He fought like a little fury, but this time it was no good. Wings beat him down. Tiger-clawed beaks hooked for his eyes. He had just time to snatch up one good morsel and vanish under a flapping, pecking cloud of feathers, beaks, and great wings.

The vultures fed, while the jackal moved from the spot as fast as his legs would carry him.

Jackals, black-backed jackals, do not run about long, wasting good meat in their jaws, as a rule. They swallow it. They have to, living as they do in a land where the fellow who swallows most quickly has a better chance to live than the one who does not. Therefore, when this little jackal kept on at an inspiriting loose canter, with the last and largest bit of zebra meat he had grabbed in his jaws, one knew that something out of the ordinary routine might happen.

Soon that jackal arrived—announced by only one slight rustle—at the sumptuous hole of an ant-bear. And the jackal went into that hole, where he was met by a snarl, a sharp muzzle, and a double row of sharper teeth, glistening like washed ivory.

The jackal said nothing, but dropped his meat. The sharp muzzle and glistening teeth seized the meat and withdrew into darkness, and—the jackal sat down to scratch.

Then after a preliminary cleaning he curled up, and with brush over muzzle and one eye only uncovered—the weather eye—went to sleep, serenely, calmly, and—as wild folk can—instantly, just inside the entrance.

Now that ungentle muzzle, that snarl, and those teeth, which the jackal had just so resignedly fed, represented the jackal's wife. She was, as men say, temporarily "under the weather," and for that reason under the earth, since it is not good policy to be unwell anywhere else in that land of death.

The explanation happens to be necessary, because wild husbands, though famed for many things, do not trouble about maintenance as a rule. Nevertheless, of those that do, probably the great tribe of the canines are the most chivalrous, and the jackal was a canine—a little one, and very humble, it is true; but still a canine, cousin of the dog.

He looked after his wife—at any rate, when she could not look after herself, which was mighty seldom. Hence the marvel of a jackal not bolting every scrap of every edible he could find instantly, and also the risky proceeding of going out by day, when night was quite evidently his proper time to gallivant.

WHEN the jackal awoke again it was night, and a copper moon ruled the world, disputing with a filmy, blue-black darkness among the shadows. A hyena was emitting "Whoo-oo!" against the silence somewhere, and a night-jar was calling with the monotony of a fevered pulse.

The jackal stared at a round hole of sky which marked the entrance to their den, with a ray of moonlight slanting across it. His quick, intelligent eyes fell upon a tiny mouse thing, sitting, cleaning its face, bang in the middle of the moonlight. Then it went out like a snuffed candle; something shut out the moonlight and even as the jackal yawned, he did so full in the face of some beast that was coming in.

The little jackal's three instantaneous metallic snaps followed one another with the quick stutter of machine-gun fire as he backed, bristling all through his body. He could hear that his wife was already awake and snarling behind his left ear in one and the same instant.

The thing in the doorway stopped. It was an ant-bear, which is a mighty queer beast, without fur, but with a long snout and the quickest set of entrenching-tools ever turned out of Nature's factories. Also, it was owner of that burrow.

It—he, I should say—thrust a long, tapering snout inside, and whipped about a longer tongue like a captured worm. There was a snap from the darkness, and he drew his snout out again with some haste.

Then calmly, but with stupefying speed, the sandy, dry earth flying over his back in a continuous shower, he sank himself bodily into the solid ground, even as the amazed jackals watched. In a minute he was out of sight. In another there was no indication,

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except for the new burrow and the smell of freshly dug earth, that he had ever been there at all.

At first the jackals wondered why. Very soon they knew.

There was the snap of a twig somewhere outside in the darkness, a minute noise really, but in that silence it sounded like a pistol-shot. Then followed a soft but heavy *pad, pad, pad*, and a most horrible, unearthly purr; then a ghastly, empty sigh, worse than the purr even.

The next instant a head blocked the entrance to the new burrow—then to the jackal's. Eyes of lambent flame glared in. A breath reeking of carrion almost choked them. A growl that shook the whole place, and prostrated the jackals flat in a perfect explosion of little snaps and snarls, menaced them. Then the head was withdrawn, and, silently as death itself, the lion—for a lion it was—faded into the moonlight and the shadows that were there.

Now it might have been thought that that little jackal beast would have been well satisfied to take King Leo the Terrible at his growl, so to speak, and to let him go at that. But, though certainly no man could accuse him of real chivalry, there was a voice, away back in his brain somewhere, saying that, as his mate was unfitted temporarily "for the trials and privations inseparable from active service," as the text-books put it, he must forage for two. That was instinct, speaking across hundreds of thousands of years. Therefore he foraged, and the manner of his foraging was altogether alarming and extraordinary.

He followed that lion, on his belly for the most part, and with every nickel-steel muscle of his long, lean legs braced ready to bolt backward, forward, or to either side upon the instant; for he who would follow the tyrant Leo Rex to make profit of and get a rise out of him, must be possessed of a courage quite peculiar, and must carry his life in his paw, so to say. It was a mad risk, taken only at the behest of a madder hunger with which those who make carrion their daily bread seem to be afflicted like the thirst that follows war (and raw) whisky.

The lion had gone up-wind, which simplified matters, for the jackal had a first-class nose, and could tell approximately where the king was. Great care was necessary, and the jackal kept sharp eyes, supersensitive nostrils and wide ears all working hard, for even the king himself had been shown, upon occasion when supplies were short, to pounce upon and devour even so mean a thing as the beast of no account, the jackal.

Anon the jackal came to a place all overgrown with short-cropped grass, and speckled with stunted thorn and mimosa and acacia-trees and bushes, any one of which in the moonlight might be, or hide, a beast.

The jackal looked round, upon bent legs, tense like a set spring. He became uneasy. The stillness was complete in the moonlight, and that made him more uneasy still. And the lion was nowhere to be seen. Then—*murder!*

The jackal simply could not help an involuntary little yelp of nightmare terror. Something absolutely silent had seized him with claws at the back of the neck. He leaped and rolled over sidewise—he nearly had a fit—and a shrouded shape rose from him and fled with a sepulchral shriek. It was an owl, who had mistaken him for the stump of a tree.

But that was not enough. The scream seemed to have been a signal which released a world in petrification.

Half a dozen shadows, which the jackal had taken for bushes because of their stillness, leaped into the moonlit landscape in the shape of impala—that is to say, perhaps the most graceful of all antelope. They went leaping, ten and twelve feet high at a leap, with the ease of blown spray, and in the same instant what till then had been a lump of rock buried in grass uprose and dashed, long, low and bounding with stupefying speed, at the impala—and that was the lion!

There followed a wild, maddened tattoo of hoofs, a succession of heavy thuds and terrified snorts, a whistling cry, a crash of twigs, a low, rumbling growl; then silence, broken only by the maddened drumming of sharp, stampeding hoofs, beating away into the moonlight and the distance.

Then the jackal heard that unmistakable menacing snarl which a lion makes over its prey, and he knew that in the game of surprize Leo Rex had won. One impala, shod with the wings of the wind as they are, had been too slow in making his or her "get-away."

Now began the jackal's part in the play.

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IT WAS ticklish work—just how ticklish probably the jackal himself alone knew. He advanced toward the lion, that is to say, he crouched, and became rather more insignificant than he had been before. Also, he became a bit more uncertain to see.

When he had got about half-way, he stopped. He could see the lion—or rather, the lion's eyes—under a bush; they shone like huge glow-worms when they looked toward him.

Then the jackal saw something else. A shadow that ought to have remained still, moved; a bush, as he had thought it, parted silently into two; a boulder got up in the moonlight and walked away; and more, but smaller, glow-worms gleamed everywhere.

The jackal could hear the grass swish as the lion began to lash his tail. Next instant the ground shook under his suddenly flung-out, snarling growl; and instantly, as if in answer, the night all about became tormented with shriek upon shriek of the most insane, mirthless laughter that ever shook the air.

Hyenas!

In a moment the jackal could see them—first one furtive ghost, then another, floating athwart the silvered gloom.

Next instant the babble broke out and died again before a quick succession of harsh grunts as the lion charged furiously, scattering everything. And the jackal dashed in.

He was beside the carcass of the impala in one straight, quivering streak, had wrenched a hunk of flesh off, swallowed it whole — without choking, miraculously — had wrenched off another, spun round like a top, and——

The roar in his ears nearly stunned him on the spot. The awful thud as the lion landed nearly swept him off his feet. He flung himself backward, rolled twice, right between gaping jaws and fangs of enormous size—turned almost a complete somersault, and was up on to his feet again in one astounding movement.

Then he was away, zigzagging in and out through the hyenas, who flung themselves upon him open-jawed, and ahead of the enraged lion by such a narrow margin that he heard one single, appalling yell as a too slow hyena, snapping at the meat which the jackal carried, went down in the furious king's path.

Then he was clear, racing on and on into the cool, still night, the moon and surreptitious rustlings all around him, and the awful inferno around the poor smashed impala behind him.

The little jackal arrived at his home—or rather the home that he or his wife, maybe, had taken from another—as a wraith might arrive. He circled it once, just to make quite sure—for one never knows in Africa—then approached.

Apparently the ant-bear was out, or had gone to bed in his new abode; but the jackal circled it gingerly, having no special wish to disturb that gentleman with the patent guaranteed entrenching-tools.

Apparently, too, his wife was out or asleep, for the little jackal crept half into his den, then put down the food—her food, the meat it had nearly cost him his life to get—and made a funny little noise. No answer came from the stifling darkness within. Then he spoke again, and was answered—but not by his wife.

THE answer he got froze him where he crouched. For a long minute he remained thus, his clever eyes trying to pierce the inky void. Then, slowly and very quietly, he backed out. The answer he had got was the weak, helpless whimper of newly born jackal whelps.

A pause followed, a long pause of slow, dragging minutes, during which thunder, very far away, began to rumble sullenly among the hills, and a lion as sullenly answered it. An owl, or some bird of the night, shrieked like a tormented ghost; and in the silence that followed the jackal turned, to find his mate at his shoulder. She was dragging herself out of the den. Her fevered breath struck him; and with ears flat and lips contorted with pain, she snarled and snapped at him, quick almost as a snake.

The little wisp of fur that flew up from the jackal's shoulder showed plainly in the moonlight; but he made no retaliation, only whined a little and cringed, and his mate dragged herself on to a stagnant water-hole, not very far away, to drink.

As she did so the first great drop of rain for ten months fell with an audible *pltt*, while the little jackal ranged himself across the entrance of the den—on guard.

She could not have been gone five minutes, that female beast, and she had heard no sound of suspicion in the interval; yet

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when she returned she found her husband still there, still stretched across the entrance of their home, but on guard no longer, and not alone. Beside him lay the ant-bear, and in the ant-bear's throat the little jackal's fangs were locked in his last long grip of death.

The ant-bear was quite, quite dead.

The little jackal was dying fast, bleeding to death even while his mate stood and looked, his jugular vein literally torn to bits by the terrible pickax foreclaws of the ant-bear.

Apparently the ant-bear had in the interval come out of his new den and sought to enter his old one. The result had been disastrous.

The female jackal paused only for a moment. Then she stepped across her mate's body with a sniff, and entered the den. His glazing eyes looked up at her as she went, but she had other things to think about now—nothing less than the continuance of the race.

She could no longer trouble about him, her mate, that little black-headed jackal, the despised eater of carrion—the beast of no account.

MUSKOKA

by Bill Adams

MUSKOKA, the wonderful, the tall high ship,
The queen of all the sea-birds by the old landing-slip:
Muskoka, the fly-away, the free-footed clipper,
Running south by westerly, a-losing the Dipper.

Muskoka, the wonderful, three skysails set,
Fantom dream of loveliness, her long sides shining wet:
Muskoka, the glorious, the fast-footed racer—
Lost, lost, her loveliness! Ah, none can e'er replace her.

'Twas there they taught me splicing, there how to steer,
There to furl a royal and to reeve a gantline clear—
'Twas there I dreamed of heaven, and heaven's singing sea—
A-steering old *Muskoka*, a-whispering to me.

Sailing-days are done: and *Muskoka* no more
May wing her long way homing from any distant shore.
In the deep and dark sea-caves, down, far down and under,
Bones of old *Muskoka* lie, lulled by the sea-thunder.

"*Muskoka*," *copyright, 1922, by Bill Adams.*

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ADOBE WALLS

by Frederick R. Bechdolt

Author of "Boot Hill," "Red Blood and White," etc.

BENT'S CREEK is the name of the stream. The man for whom they called it is almost forgotten. So, for that matter, is the story in whose beginning he had a part. So are the walls. So are the bones of the men who died fighting within sight of them.

If you are curious as to localities, turn to the map of Texas. Hutchinson County lies in the northern portion of the Panhandle. The spot where these things took place is in the bottomland, a mile or two from where Bent's Creek empties into the South Fork of the Canadian.

Orchards and alfalfa-fields have long since changed the appearance of the neighborhood. The thing which some of us call progress and others civilization has been busy here for nearly half a century, erasing the carpet of wild grasses, shearing away the lines of timber which marked the courses of the streams, dotting the country with farmhouses, diversifying its open reaches with a patchwork of fenced enclosures, until the original setting has vanished almost as completely as the walls of gray adobe. But the hills still stand unaltered. The level bottom reaches away to the foot of low bluffs. Beyond the sandy rises which flank the Canadian, steeper slopes climb to tablelands which stretch southward to the escarpments of the enormous mesa known as the Llano Estacado.

Back in the days of the free grass, the days before the farmer and the barbed-wire fences, when the cattle-kings succeeded the Comanches, who had been the red lords of the Llano and the adjacent ranges, the ruins were still visible and the story was fresh in the minds of men. Sunburned young riders, booted and bedecked with big revolvers, used to tell it on the flat where the bones of the dead men lay in unmarked graves. It was repeated in Tascosa's roaring dance-halls; the old-timers heard it from the lips of buffalo-hunters in Mobeetie and Fort Griffin.

So in the passing of the years, while the rains of many Summers and the snows of many Winters smoothed away the last vestiges of the adobe walls and the winds carried the dust to far places, the pictures of what had taken place here abode in the memories of many aging men. Some told the portions which they recalled and some set down in writing what they had heard. What follows is but an assemblage of these fragments in their proper order. In their entirety they make a bold pageant.

THE first episode opens on the banks of the upper Arkansas. In those days of the Santa Fé trade, when bearded trappers, shod in moccasins and clad in garments of fringed buckskin, roamed through the Rocky Mountain

"Adobe Walls," copyright, 1922, by Frederick R. Bechdolt.

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country from the Colorado to the Yellowstone, Bent's Fort stood near the spot where the sons of a later generation have built the city of Las Animas, Colorado. In the west the peaks which part the waters of the continent stood out against the sky-line; eastward the land rolled away to the wide prairies. Before the heavy portals which gave entrance to the thick-bastioned walls, the long road which wound like a gray ribbon along the sage-dotted uplands, turned into the southwest. Here the trains of covered wagons which had traveled from the distant Mississippi began the last leg of their slow journey to Santa Fé, where Colonel Bent's two brothers and Ceran St. Vrain, his other partner, spent their time. He himself lived within the fort which the four of them had founded as a trading-post handling a commerce which extended far beyond the limits of the circle where the wilderness and sky met.

The red men of many nations gathered in this place, to camp outside the fort and barter the pelts of the beaver, mink and muskrat for the beads, the lead, the powder, calico and gewgaws which Colonel William Bent's wagon-trains had brought out from St. Louis. Often they came by the hundreds until the open space before the walls was dotted with their peaked lodges. There was scarcely a day between the Winters when a slender procession, with a number of blanketed horsemen in the van and in the rear a string of ponies dragging the laden *travois*, was not straggling over the sage-brush hills toward the great enclosure.

In the late Springtime the white trappers journeyed thither from a hundred distant streams and mountain meadows, to dispose of their season's catch, to dance the long nights through within the great low-ceilinged room where every guest was welcome and food was always waiting for the hungry; to wrestle and shoot at marks for wagers, to drink the strong wheat whisky from Taos and the brandy that came in barrels from beyond the Mississippi—and sometimes to fight grim, deadly duels with knives or pistols.

Every day of the year there were to be found here—loafing in the sunshine, talking with the blanketed chiefs in the latters' own guttural tongue or in the silent sign language—one or more of those grizzled, leathern-cheeked rovers who found the passes across the western mountains and made the first rude maps of the larger rivers, the old-timers of that day. Now when we think of them we call them the pathfinders. All of these came to Bent's Fort; it was the most famous of the outposts which the emissaries of the American Fur Company had established in the West.

And of the men who went forth to build those stations Colonel William Bent was rated the shrewdest, the most resourceful. He held the commerce of a wild country which now comprises several great states. You could travel for weeks to the north or to the westward and you would hear his name spoken—as we now speak the names of Carnegie or Morgan—in the smoky lodges of the red men. Still he was not satisfied, for great as his success was, it was not complete.

Far to the southeast, the Comanches roamed, the red lords of the Llano Estacado. The enormous mesa which the Spanish *padres* had crossed in the eighteenth century, marking their trail by stakes that those who came after them might follow it, was the tribe's hunting-ground, their refuge when enemies pursued them. They knew the secrets of its water-holes; their forefathers had fathomed the mysteries of its vast level reaches where there was no growth save the heat waves and the fantoms of the mirage. So when they raided southward across the Rio Grande, gathering rich loot in mules and ponies, they drove the herds out on the unmarked plain and had them safe beyond recovery. Then they moved into the north and there came to meet them on the banks of the Canadian, traders from Taos and Santa Fé; the Comancheros, so men called them.

Every year these swarthy venturers fared forth from the Spanish settlements of New Mexico with their two-wheeled ox-carts and the traffic grew so rich that Colonel Bent thought it worth his while to make a journey to the edges of the Llano with a view of diverting it to the fort. The Comanches were willing; so were their allies the Kiowas; in fact they paid several visits to the trading-post. But the bold Cheyennes with whom they were at war made things so unpleasant for them that the expeditions ceased. And Colonel Bent saw some of the most profitable commerce of the prairies go back into the hands of the New Mexicans.

In Bent's Fort he thought the matter

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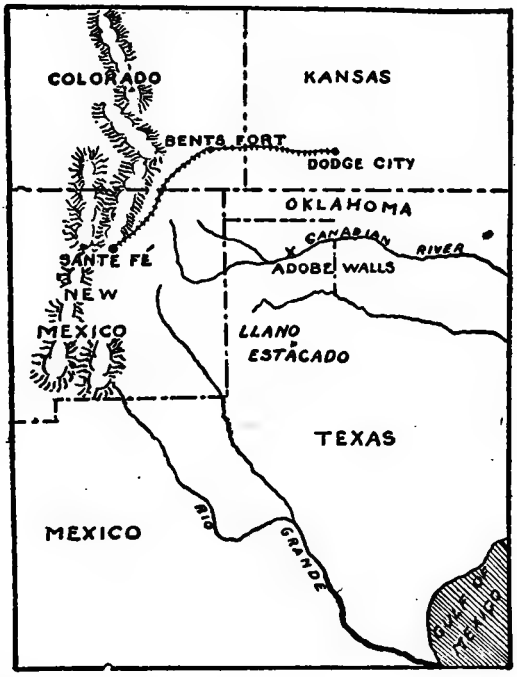

over; he discussed it with grizzled visitors whose names are now printed on the map and learned by schoolboys; such rovers as old Bill Williams, Jim Bridger and the mulatto, James P. Beckwourth, who had spent the years of their manhood in dealing with the Indians. In the end he decided to build a branch trading-post on the banks of the Canadian, right in the country of the Kiowas and Comanches.

So one day a file of horsemen and pack-animals passed from the gates of the stockade and lined out along the gray road which wound into the east. Of the riders a number were Mexicans, wearing the steep-crowned sombreros and the leathern-strapped, wide-mouthed trousers which grew more common the nearer you came to the border. And there were five Americans, clad after the manner of the traders in buckskin, shod in moccasins, with powder-horns slung by their sides and across their saddle-bows the long-barreled, eight square muzzle-loading rifles.

The lank hair of two of these was shot with gray; the lines were growing deep in their sunburned faces. They had been with the firm of Bent and Company when they built the first picket stockade some miles farther up the Arkansas, and they had gone on errands of traffic that took them away beyond old Santa Fé, down across the glaring flats of the Journado del Muerto, over the Rio Grande, into remote Chihuahua. Jim Murray was one of them—he was the leader of this expedition; and the name of the other was Fisher.

Behind them rode Uncle John Smith, then in his thirties but already as powerful among the Cheyennes as one of their own chiefs. A young hunter for the fort who was already beginning to make something of a reputation as an Indian fighter along the Santa Fé trail came next. Kit Carson was his name. And with him rode his friend Lucien Maxwell, who became famous in after years when he got the great Maxwell grant.

They traveled eastward along the beaten road. They passed the mouth of the Purgatoire River and went on beyond Choteau's Island. Somewhere near the southwestern corner of what is now the State of Kansas they turned to the right and put the wagon-tracks behind them. They reached the low sand-hills which flank the Cimmaron and forded the stream whose quicksands and sudden freshets were to claim many a bold horseman during the next five decades. Here they found more wagon-tracks, for what was then known as the Dry Route to Santa Fé followed the river's windings toward its source far to the southwest.

They crossed the trail and struck off into an untracked wilderness. They journeyed southward picking their course by such landmarks as John Smith had learned from the Cheyennes, whose war-parties had roved over the country in raids on the Kiowas and Comanches. They got their meat with their long-barreled rifles from the herds of lumbering buffalo and the swift bands of antelope. They always kept a keen lookout for Indians.

Somewhere near the northwestern corner of the Panhandle they reached a tributary to the Canadian's South Fork. They followed it to its mouth and now their course took them eastward with the river. They were in the northern reaches of the land of the Comanches. To their left beyond the summits of the table-topped bluffs which line the valley, lay the country of the Kiowas. The trails of the Apaches who came here every year from the Pecos to visit their allies, were visible at the creek crossings. So, as they went on, they looked

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about them for a site on which to build the trading-post.

One day they struck the creek which now bears Colonel Bent's name, and when they saw the wide bottomland where the feed was growing deep, with the clear stream of water coming down from the north and the timber near at hand, they said, as the men of many another outfit said in after years at this same spot—

"Here is good camping-ground."

They unloaded the pack-animals, unsaddled their ponies, and while the stock was grazing in the rich flat, they explored the neighborhood. That night they decided to build the post here. They set the Mexicans to work the next day. Within a week the first long rows of adobe bricks were drying in the hot Summer sunshine. The days went by; the swarthy laborers in their steep-crowned sombreros toiled as the Children of Israel had toiled beside the Nile in centuries gone by; the piles of adobes grew along the creek bank; the walls began to rise on the flat.

Before the first leaves were turning yellow in the thickets a long gray rectangle stood forth—the first building raised by white men in the Texas Panhandle. Within were sheds to house the goods which the pack-animals had brought; living quarters for the members of the party, and a great corral to hold the stock between the hours of sunset and sunrise.

The Comanches came from the distant reaches of the Llano Estacado. Hesitant in their approach the warriors hung back as unbroken horses holding their distance from some new object which attracts them on the range. But when one of the traders advanced toward them with his hand upraised in the peace sign, the chief rode forward to meet him. They made their forays in the south; here in the north they met white men for barter; and it was in part because of this geographical condition—which was still existing in the latter thirties—that they were the more willing to talk things over. So the pipes were brought out; the leaders of both parties squatted in a circle, each taking his puff in the proper turn; and there was much talking. When that was done and an understanding of the purposes of the expedition arrived at, the bartering began.

Before snow flew the little company from Bent's Fort departed, driving before them the mules and ponies which they had acquired during the season's trading. They took the animals to the Santa Fé Trail and by that route on to the Missouri markets where they sold them for good prices.

WHEN Spring came to the Canadian they were back again. The Summer went by; the Comanches traveled to the flat by Bent's Creek from the uttermost reaches of the Llano. They brought with them the loot of raids beyond the Rio Grande, horses and mules from the settlements of northern Chihuahua; and there is little doubt that among this stock were many animals from Texan farms on the Trinity, and the Brazos and the Neuces. By day a Mexican herder tended the growing band; at night he brought them within the adobe walls and locked the great gates upon them. The party had made their unofficial treaties with the chiefs, but there are renegades in every nation—red or white. And there were the New Mexican Apaches whose trails showed, beaten deep by many visits. So a sentry was always on duty at the fort. But the Summer passed; there was rich trade, and no trouble came.

They returned with the advent of the third Spring—Jim Murray, Fisher, John Smith, Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell. This time there were only two Mexicans, the day herder and the cook. They settled down for another Summer's traffic with the Indians. And one day when the Mexican herder was dozing in the saddle, a band of Jicarilla Apaches came stealing through the thickets of the creek bottom.

They crawled on their bellies in the high grass, and one looking for them would have had a hard time to see them, for they had camouflaged themselves by bits of earth and shreds of herbage until their bare bodies seemed like a part of the land itself. So they wriggled on until they were within bow-range; and the man on sentry duty at the fort had no suspicion of anything wrong until the dying Mexican had slid from his pony with half a dozen arrows in his body; and the stampeded herd was being driven on a dead run toward the bluffs.

The thing had happened in less time than it takes to tell it. A moment before there had been seven of them, rich in horses; there were now six, afoot. All that Summer's accumulated wealth had vanished in a brief rattle of hoofs and a swirl of dust. And safety had gone with it. For in those

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days of long distances between water-holes the unmounted traveler was at the mercy of those who rode. They were marooned, one hundred and fifty miles away from the nearest chance of meeting any of their own race, right in the heart of the Indian country.

They talked the situation over. One thing was clear; the longer they waited, the worse would be their plight. The loot within these adobe walls would draw the tribes from all directions. Once the signal smokes began to rise, the red circle would form, drawing in tighter day by day. If they wanted to see Bent's Fort again they must strike out at once.

Within the gates there were three old decrepit mules. They loaded these with food and ammunition. The rest of the goods they cached after the fashion which the French Canadian trappers introduced into the country, making a great hole lined with buffalo-hides, and when they had filled it with the stores, covering it so skilfully that it seemed as if no eye could distinguish the spot. Night came on. They set forth with the darkness.

Murray was in command. By his orders they did not take the trail which they had made in past seasons toward the mouth of the Cimmaron, but picked a course by the stars across country where the savages would be less likely to seek for them. They muffled the hoofs of the pack-animals in sacks to deaden all sound; they did no talking. No man was allowed to strike a light; there was no smoking. So they stole across the flat, climbed the low bluffs and came out on the uplands where the rocks were sharp and the cactus grew among the sage-brush. There was no moon; the landmarks were invisible; they could barely distinguish one another's forms in the blackness.

The country grew rougher and more arid; the prickly pear and catsclaw gripped their garments and rent them through; their moccasins were shredded, their feet were bleeding. They pressed on, dumb as the shadows through which they moved, while the constellations slid slowly in their courses. The eastern sky began to whiten about the edges; the pallid streak widened and turned faint pink; the color deepened and the objects about them became plainer. And then as the sun was rising they saw, afar off, a cluster of moving dots.

"Indians," said one.

And another pointed grimly for the dots were coming toward them. But there was a chance that the savages had not seen them; the approach was as yet slow. They looked about them for some shelter. And while they were looking—

"Here they come, boys," Jim Murray called.

There was no doubt of the attack now; they could distinguish the forms of the riders on the racing ponies.

"Bunch up those mules," the leader ordered; and when it had been done he bade the Mexican cook to hold the three animals. "The rest of you scatter out," he said and picked his own place beside the old-timer, Fisher.

So they lay on their bellies in the short buffalo-grass and looked to the priming of their rifles while the band drew closer. There were more than fifty of them, Kiowas, and as they swept forward the white men saw the streaks and daubs of paint on the bare bodies of the warriors. A tall chief was riding well ahead of the others, bedecked in a great war-bonnet whose gaudy plumes trailed far behind him. Murray said a low word to Fisher and the two pressed their leathern cheeks against the walnut stocks of their rifles. They could hear the drumming thunder of the ponies' hoofs now; the shrill war-yells came down the wind to them.

Then the smoke wreaths floated away from the two muzzles and the reports sounded as one. The naked body of the chief pitched forward and fell careening from the pony's bare back. The grizzled marksmen exchanged a fleeting glance of congratulation. The charge was wavering, but neither of them looked up now; they were both busy at reloading.

The Indians in the forefront were turning their horses. The whole mass went sweeping by. A cloud of arrows mounted from the band's flank and before the last had buried itself in the dry turf the yelling pack had drawn well out of range.

In a few moments they came again; and this time the little ring of white men remained silent, motionless until the foremost ranks were so close that one could see the warriors' faces. Then the rifles began talking one by one in their flat abrupt voices and four more riders fell. A fifth lay pinned beneath his dying pony. The charge broke.

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There was no further attack; and when the band had drawn away for good, old Murray went out to the body of the chief. He leaned over it for a moment, and the others saw the blade of his bowie knife flashing in the sunlight. When he returned with the dripping scalp,

"We'll shove on now," he said.

They reached water some hours later and rested, and when the night came down again they resumed their journey. Many days after the killing of the herder they cut the Santa Fé Trail. So they brought the news to the fort on the upper Arkansas, and Colonel Bent sent an expedition to recover the goods, but the Indians had burned everything that was inflammable and only the walls remained. The cache had been looted. They never made an attempt to reoccupy the place.

The years went by. The adobe walls began to crumble. Sections fell and what had been a fort became four serrated lines of gray mud, in places barely more than waist-high. Far to the southward along the upper reaches of the Trinity, the Brazos and the Nueces, the Texans had organized their companies of rangers. The Comanches were falling back before a series of bloody counter-raids; their own forays were growing briefer, less extensive. They were forsaking the richer prairies for the arid reaches of the Llano Estacado. Here they made their stand, and even the coming of the stage-line which crossed the southeastern corner of the great mesa could not dislodge them. The game was as plentiful as ever; the land as wild as it had been on the day when the *padres* crossed from Santa Fé. And as the settlements of New Mexico and Arizona began to creep up the Pecos and along the Gila—as the civilization of Texas moved west of the Cross Timbers—the great mesa remained a Comanche stronghold.

The Civil War came on. The tribes of the plains made a truce among themselves and went on the war-path to drive the white men from the West. The Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanches and Kiowas swept over the country which the Santa Fé trail spanned. They massacred teamsters; they destroyed wagon-trains; and for a time this link of communication between the Union and New Mexico was cut in twain. Then Kit Carson, now grown old in the wisdom of Indian fighting, was given command of a regiment of New Mexican volunteer cavalry, and he started in to clean out the war-parties by a series of bloody reprisals.

In the Summer of 1865 his scouts brought him word at Fort Union of a band of Kiowas and Comanches encamped somewhere along the Canadian, and he took four hundred horsemen out to find them. They crossed the northern edges of the Llano and followed the river down to the east and one morning they reached the bluffs that overlook Bent's Creek. There on the flat near the remnants of the adobe walls which he and his companions had abandoned nearly thirty years before, Kit Carson saw a village of one hundred and fifty lodges

It was a little after eight o'clock when he gave the word to his men to charge. They spurred their horses to a dead run, but before they had crossed the flat the warriors were ready to meet them; and so stubborn was their stand that the battle lasted until late in the afternoon. Then the red men broke and fled before the cavalry and more than sixty of them were cut down as they fled for the sides of the bluffs.

The bodies lay as they had fallen. The elements did their work. Coyotes scattered the bleaching bones. And the grass of the next Spring hid the last evidences of bloodshed. The years went by; there now remained—a landmark still, but visible only to those who rode up close beside them—four low heaps of gray adobe in the middle of the flat. In the southward where the land rose to the reaches of the Llano Estacado the Comanches roved, as they had roved since the memory of man, the red lords of an arid wilderness.

THE first raw winds of Spring were sweeping the prairies of southwestern Kansas. In that year of 1874 the old Santa Fé Trail was a well-beaten road. Every few miles, all the way from Dodge City to the Colorado boundary, it came within sight of the newly built railway. In places the Arkansas River's windings were betrayed by a dark line of brush and timber in the south. Beyond those thickets lay the domain of the Indians. No white hunter might enter it with impunity. The herds of buffalo which grazed from here to the Rio Grande belonged to the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, the Apaches, the Kiowas and the Comanches. So said the Medicine Lodge treaty of 1867, and troops patroled the stream's long course to

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see that its provisions were enforced. In passing it is just as well to note the fact that, save for this one provision, both Washington and the red men had ignored the compact utterly.

On those windy days of early March the traffic of the rutted old highway was picking up. Wagons were rumbling eastward and horsemen passed in the same direction every day. The buffalo-hunters were drifting into Dodge. They came from their Winter camps beside the prairie rivers, from lonely dugouts and little cabins on the plains of western Kansas and beyond the Colorado boundary. For the most part they were large men of rugged build and many wore their hair to their broad shoulders. The limp, rimmed sombrero was the wellnigh universal headgear; fringed shirts of buckskin were common among them; so was the parti-colored mackinaw. All carried the long-barreled single-shot Sharp's fifties. They were, to an extent, men of affairs and property; they owned the wagons and the outfits; theirs was the speculation of every season's venture. The skinners and the cooks who came with them were their employees.

Hunting was business with these men. They were craftsmen at marksmanship and stalking. Upon their skill with the big caliber rifles depended their profits or losses —upon that and the size of the bison herd which came northward over the prairies with the Spring grass. So many hides, so many dollars; they reckoned on it as a farmer reckons on his crop.

As they drifted into the young town this year they were already beginning to figure on the next Summer's yield. The outlook was not promising. For three years past, ever since the railroad's construction, their own number had been increasing. The booming of the big rifles had receded farther to the westward every season; and during the last Summer it had dwindled away among the hills which flanked the upper tributaries of the Arkansas. The herds which men had said were beyond extermination were vanishing from the regions north of that winding streak of timber.

Dodge City in those days marked the real terminus of the railroad, although the tracks were built to Granada at the Colorado boundary. The cowboys and the drovers and the trail herds had not yet come. Nor had the cold-eyed gunmen. But the little town of unpainted pine buildings was enjoying a brisk prosperity. Teamsters and construction hands, booted freighters and troopers from the military post crowded one another on the narrow plank sidewalks and mingled in the noisy barrooms, drinking, gambling, dancing with the women. The buffalo-hunters joined the throng. They roistered through the long nights to the whining of the fiddles; they drank the stinging whisky; they tried their luck at faro and stud and monte. After the Winter's long loneliness, they had their playtime. Then when their blood had cooled a bit, they began to seek the outfitting stores and to think about the coming season's business.

One day a number of them were gathered in the store of Leonard and Myers. The counters were heaped high with heavy blue flannel shirts, with mackinaws, slickers and thick blankets. Rifles stood racked in a long row, Winchesters and Sharps and Remingtons. The rafters were hung with tinware. The odor of oiled leather mingled with the smells of soap and coffee, salt meat and brown sugar.

The hunters were lounging around the stove, for the wind was rushing raw across the prairie, rattling the great heaps of baled hides by the railroad station. One or two were busy buying powder and pig lead and provisions and A. C. Myers, who was waiting on them, was being frequently interrupted by demands to settle some dispute among the group about the stove. His own long experience as a hunter and his contact with members of the craft who came here all the way from the mouth of the Cimmaron to the country behind the Smoky Hill Fork, made him an authority.

The discussion went on; men left the group and others entered from the street to join it. In the beginning they had argued over the habits of the bison, their migrations and such minor matters; but now the talk had simmered down to the one thing which was uppermost in every hunter's mind—the next season's herd. Each newcomer was asked for data and all brought the same report. Where the prairies had been covered in former years they had found only scattered bands last season. The story was repeated again and again.

There was no use talking—so they said in the end—the harvest was over.

Myers had come from behind the counter now and the pair who had been bargaining

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with him had joined the group. He listened to the final statement and nodded his head in confirmation.

"North of the Arkansas," he added, by way of qualification.

"And in the country south?" one asked. There was derision in his voice as when one speaks of a project which all men know to be beyond possibility.

"Ask Billy Dixon," Myers answered quietly.

And they turned to a quiet young fellow whose dark hair hung to his shoulders; thus far he had been saying next to nothing. When he did speak it was as if he grudged the words; he was one of those men to whom silence had become a habit.

"He's back last month from a trip's far as the South Fork of the Canadian—fu'ther; went down to Red River," Myers added. "Tell 'em, Billy."

And Dixon told them how he and three others had scouted through the forbidden country below the Arkansas during the previous Autumn and the early Winter; how in the regions bordering the northern edge of the Llano Estacado they had found the evidences of enormous herds, as great as those which had covered the Kansas prairies in the old days.

"I'm going to strike out when the grass comes," he said.

The others talked it over; they were old hunters for the most part, men who had come into the territory when the Indians were on the war-path. The presence of the troops along the Arkansas got no discussion; and the hostility of the Kiowas, the Apaches and the Comanches, who held that land to be theirs, was barely mentioned. Dodging cavalry was easy; Indian fighting was part of the day's work. What bothered these men was the remoteness of that region from a market.

"Where we going to haul our hides?" they demanded. "Dodge is too fur away."

"Tell you," Myers was speaking. "If the's enough of you boys go down there, I'll build a trading-store. You can freight my goods in your wagons. I'll pay for it. And I'll sell to you at Dodge City prices."

That settled it. So far as the seasoned hunters were concerned the discussion was done. Their plans were made for the coming Summer. The word went round. Others joined the venture. Among these were James Hanrahan, an old-timer on the buffalo-range, who brought in addition to his hunting-outfit, a wagon-load of whisky and some saloon-fixtures; Thomas O'Keefe, who went to estabish a blacksmith shop; and Rath and Wright who, like Leonard and Myers, were taking along a stock of general merchandise.

When the grass was getting green the train of wagons struck off across the Arkansas, flanked by the horsemen with their long-barreled buffalo-guns across their saddle-bows. No text-book history tells of that company of weatherbeaten adventurers. The men who have written of the hide-hunters have, in nearly every instance, decried them and their calling. But the extermination of the bison was a necessary step toward the conquest of the wilderness. So long as the herds existed the Indians roamed where they willed. Until they vanished from the prairies there was no range for cattle. There was no chance for farms; no fence could stand before them.

Progress or civilization—or whatever you choose to call it—was moving toward the setting sun. The hide-hunters helped to clear the way for it, and these half a hundred men who were traveling southward, beyond the Arkansas, beyond the wandering Cimmaron, on toward the edges of the Llano Estacado, were quite unconsciously playing a big part in the bold drama which some have called The Winning of the West.

There were among them veterans of the Civil War; there were grizzled plainsmen who had hunted and scouted and fought Indians all the way from the Yellowstone to the Rio Grande, and many were still in their twenties. Beyond looking out for their scalps—which after all gave a savor to existence—they had no cares. In camp at night they sang and lied and frolicked by the fire like boys.

The days wore on; they left the rolling prairies of what is now Oklahoma behind them and saw the low sand-hills beside the South Fork of the Canadian. They followed the river's course and when the sun was growing warmer and the feed was getting tall in the creek bottoms, they reached the tributary which is labeled Adobe Walls Creek on the map of the Panhandle. Here, within sight of the flat by Bent's Creek where the long low mounds of gray mud were melting to the earth, they halted and unloaded their wagons. They went to work at building.

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In a few weeks a hamlet was standing in the bottomland—Rath and Wright's store, Hanrahan's saloon, O'Keefe's blacksmith shop, and the Leonard and Myers establishment; a row of four adobes with flat earthen-covered roofs and a picket corral. Dodge City lay more than one hundred and fifty miles to the north—the nearest settlement. The trail which they had broken was already being beaten down by others. New outfits came. While they waited for the season to advance the hunters remained about the place. There was horse-racing and shooting at marks; they bet on wrestling matches and Hanrahan sent a wagon to Dodge to replenish his stock of whisky.

The days grew warmer, and the hunters began to depart. Their wagons rumbled across the bottomland and up the bluffs. One by one they vanished. The weeks went by. The wagons were now returning, laden with green hides. The owners piled the cargoes behind the two stores. They went within and bought new supplies, canned goods, clothing, powder and pig lead. They told of the great herd that had come out of the south, of long "stands" and enormous slaughter. And when he had lingered overnight in the little hamlet, each set forth again the next morning to resume his killing. So they came and went, bringing with them the news from far-flung camps, taking away the stale tidings from Dodge City and the remote world to the eastward.

Out along the tributaries of the Canadian and the Red River the big Sharps rifles were booming from sunrise to sunset. The hunters lay in the grass resting their heavy weapons on crotched sticks, picking the leaders of the milling herds which covered the rolling uplands. Then, when each had slain the last of these and when the whole mass was milling, he continued lining his sights that every great slug might kill at the instant of its impact, for a wounded brute meant a stampede. On the ground where the hunter had slain the day before his skinners toiled today, with sleeves uprolled, arms bloody to the elbows.

So it went on until June was well along; and then one day a wagon came rattling into the hamlet of Adobe Walls. The driver pulled up the lathered horses. To those who had sauntered forth from the doors of the four buildings he said the one word—

"Indians."

They gathered round him while he told his story.

His camp was on Chicken Creek and he had two partners. The day before, he had driven back from Adobe Walls with fresh supplies, to find the camp looted and the bodies of his companions pegged out—as the skinners peg out the green hides. A stake was driven through the breast of one of them.

Within the week another hunter came in with the news that a war-party had stolen up on his camp down near Red River.

"Got both my skinners, Cheyenne Jack and Blue Billy," said he. "I found the bodies in the creek bottom." He went on to give gruesome details.

Now those hunters who were in the place made haste to get to their camps; and when they found their companions they brought them to the hamlet. Within the next five days there were twenty-eight men in Adobe Walls. They waited for more news. None came. The scare was over. On the twenty-sixth day of June they got their outfits together and prepared to set forth to the hunting-grounds again.

That evening the talk was all of plans and purchases and prospects for big money-making. The hunters hurried between the stores and their wagons, stowing away their supplies, taking stock of what they had, making good what they lacked. The merchants did good business. And when his last items were loaded, every man repaired to Hanrahan's saloon where his fellows were lined up before the unpainted pine bar. Now that the worrying over details was done with, they relaxed. They played practical jokes on one another like boys. They badgered those luckless companions who had laid themselves open for rude jests. It was midnight before the laughter died away and they went to seek their blankets.

The Indians had gone; the scare was over. They were right about that. The band of roving Kiowas who had slain the four victims were well on their way to the north. Their brief raid had served its purpose to bring together in this spot a score of the deadliest rifle-shots in all the West. And in the early hours of the morning there came another coincidence.

At two o'clock the ridge-pole of Hanrahan's saloon cracked. The noise was like a rifle-shot.

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The two men who were sleeping in the place sprang from their blankets at the sound. The danger of the heavy roof's collapse stirred them to call for help. A dozen hunters came from Rath and Wright's store; they cut a prop and placed it beneath the pole. And the disturbance which they made kept others from going back to sleep again. By the time they were done with the work the light was stealing up the eastern sky. Billy Dixon and James Hanrahan, who had gone into partnership the day before, made up their minds to take advantage of being awake, and to get an early start. They sent Billy Ogg to round up the horses down by the creek and began to make their preparations for departing. In Rath and Wright's store some of the men who had mended the roof were arguing over the cracking of the ridge-pole. No sign of checking showed on the wood; they could not understand it; and so they talked on as men will, over such small matters.

It has been told elsewhere how Quanah Parker, head chief of the Quahada Comanches, had stirred his nation, the Kiowas and the Cheyennes, to go on the war-path; how they had ridden here to exterminate the hide hunters who were slaying the bison in their stronghold; how they were even now gathered in the river bottom—between eight hundred and a thousand warriors, the flower of the southwestern tribes.

The sun was rising when Billy Dixon, who was busy about his wagon, heard a sound like low thunder and looked around. He saw the man who had been sent to round up the horses running toward him across the flat. Half a mile or so behind came the Indians. They came in an unbroken line, a line so long that for a moment he could not believe his senses. Then the brief skepticism passed; he fired his rifle and fled for Hanrahan's saloon. Billy Ogg reached the door a few seconds behind him and fell in, exhausted. The long Comanche war-whoop arose, blending with the yells of the Kiowas and the Cheyennes' shrill cries. And the ponies thundered down the road before the four buildings.

In his memoirs Dixon, who afterward became famous as a scout and plainsman, gives this list of the people and the buildings where they took shelter:

Hanrahan's saloon—James Hanrahan, Bat Masterson, Mike Welch, Shepherd, Hiram Watson, Billy Ogg, James McKinley, Bermuda Carlisle and Billy Dixon.

Myers and Leonard's store—Fred Leonard, James Campbell, Edward Trevor, Frank Brown, Harry Armitage, Dutch Henry, Billy Tyler, Old Man Keeler, Mike McCabe, Henry Lease and Frenchy.

Rath and Wright's store—James Longton, George Eddy, Thomas O'Keefe, William Olds, Mrs. Olds, Sam Smith and Andy Johnson. Olds and his wife, who was the only woman in the place, had just opened a restaurant in the rear portion of this building.

Outside in their wagon, the Shadler brothers, freighters from Dodge, were sleeping when the rush came. They died in their blankets before they could grasp their rifles.

Now those within the buildings were toiling as they had never toiled before, barricading the doors and windows with sacks of grain and flour. While they labored the red mass surged up against the very walls. Warriors whirled their ponies and backed them against the barred portals, striving to force them inward. Others thrust their revolvers and rifles through the glass panes and fired upon the inmates. The war-whoops filled the air like the noises of the wind in a great storm.

Then, while the barricades were rising, some of the hunters began picking up their rifles. The booming of the deep toned buffalo-guns sounded above the din outside. Within, the smoke clouds thickened; and through them those who were still running back and forth to buttress the weak points with the laden sacks, saw their companions with cheeks pressed against the stocks, their narrowed eyes intent upon the hindsights, their fingers crooking the triggers.

Blood dripped into the dusty road and gathered in little pools; red patches showed upon the gray walls of adobe. A half a dozen huddled forms lay out there in the open; the morning breeze stirred the gaudy war-plumes, but the bronzed bodies were as motionless as the earth beneath them. Several dead ponies, with limbs outstretched and bellies looming grotesquely big, hampered the movements of their live companions. A few moments ago the red throng had been surging up against the building fronts; now a clear space intervened. The booming of the Sharps continued. Smoke puffs jetted from the windows of the two stores and Hanrahan's saloon. And

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suddenly the open ground showed, empty of the living. Only the dead warriors and ponies remained.

The noise of receding hoof-beats grew smaller. Abruptly it began to swell again and the booming of the buffalo-guns resumed. The road and the wide bottomland beyond it filled with naked riders. But they did not stop to crowd their horses against the doors and windows; they raced on by, firing as they went. And when they had gone those within saw how they had taken their dead away with them.

How many charges the Indians made that day was never known. The men inside the buildings had no time to count them. They were too busy lining their sights. They had grown into the habit of making every shot count on the buffalo-range; in these hours that habit stood them in good stead; it was their preservation. Twenty-six against perhaps a thousand; they had a deal of killing to do if they would live. So they kept to the work, and of details they had few to tell when they came to repeat the story. But one thing is certain; it was the deadliness of their marksmanship which won the fight for them. The Indians ceased charging at last because every advance cost them too dearly in warriors. By noontime their rushes were growing infrequent.

It was during a slack period at this hour that Billy Tyler came forth from Myers and Leonard's store to reconnoiter and fell before the door, shot through the body. A short time later some of the men in Hanrahan's saw a chief with a huge war-bonnet fall from his running pony. A naked Comanche raced up beside him and as he passed leaned down, gripped the prostrate leader and dragged him to the back of his own mount. Afterward they learned that the stricken man was Quanah Parker. A ricocheting bullet had knocked him senseless.

By four o'clock the fighting was over. The bottomland was literally sprinkled with dead horses. Of the losses which the savages suffered there is no authentic account, but it has been reckoned in the neighborhood of a hundred.

So the red warriors gave it up as a bad job and departed. Occasionally during the next week a band would show upon the summits of the bluffs. Such visits gave the buffalo-hunters good opportunities to test their marksmanship. It has been told how Billy Dixon slew a chief at twelve hundred yards on one of these occasions. The neighborhood was no place for Indians. They left it to try their hands elsewhere at massacre and pillage.

Meantime other hunters came drifting into the place and within three weeks there were a hundred of them here. During this period William Olds was accidentally killed by his own rifle while standing guard.

Olds, Tyler and the Shadler brothers; they buried them inside the picket stockade around Rath and Wright's store. And there was no head-board to mark their graves. In July Billy Dixon, Bat Masterson—who was then in his early twenties—and two others went to Dodge City to get help. And General Miles came with his troopers in August. The merchants took advantage of the presence of the soldiers to freight back their stocks to Dodge. The buffalo-hunters departed for the season. And that was the end of the hamlet.

THREE years went by. The remnants of the adobe walls by Bent's Creek were barely visible when Quanah Parker, the head chief of the Comanches, came riding by the place in the Summer of 1877. That is the last scene of the pageant.

A great change was beginning on the Llano Estacado and the ranges to the northwest.

For in the Summer of 1875 the hide-hunters came again across the Arkansas from Dodge City; they came from Fort Griffin in the eastward, and from the counties to the south of the great mesa; the best rifle-shots in the West, old-timers, skilled in stalking. They brought their wagons. Their skinners followed them from the scene of one day's "stand" to another. They pitched their lodges of buffalo-skins like the lodges of the Indians. They spent their evenings within them melting the pig lead, molding slugs, reloading the big cartridges. The hides of the slain animals lay pegged out, drying on the plain. The wagons laden with them lumbered across the mesa to Fort Griffin. New trading-posts sprang up along the edges of the Llano. So it went on for two seasons and in that third year, when the herd was growing smaller, the Comanches made their last foray.

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A young chief by the name of Nigger Horse left the Fort Sill Reservation with a hundred and fifty renegades; they crossed the eastern edges of the Staked Plains in the early Springtime and made their camp in the Pocket Cañon country where the escarpments of the Llano rise west of the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos River. To them came more dissatisfied young men of their nation and Apaches from the mountains beyond the Pecos in New Mexico.

The savages went out upon the reaches of the wide table-land. The days of the big war-parties and the whooping sorties were over. They stole along in small bands. They spied out the country from the high points. They sighted the camps of the hide-hunters and watched them.

Every morning the hunters left their tents and sought the herd, each man alone. And when one found the animals on favorable ground he set to work with his rifle, slaying the leaders, until he got a "stand." Then he lay in the grass firing cartridge after cartridge; and often the long shadows of late afternoon found him out of ammunition.

The renegades knew this. They picked their hunters and they waited, watching the killing go on until they were sure that the ammunition was running low. Then they closed in. And when they had done, they left the scalped body surrounded by the empty cartridge shells. By the time half a dozen hunters had been slain the news of hostile Indians was flying from camp to camp.

There was a trading-post near the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos. Rath's store was its name. The hide-hunters gathered there, more than one hundred of them. Among them were such men as Pat Garret and old Smoky Hill Thomson, dead shots and faultless trailers. They discussed the situation and they made up their minds it was time to do some raiding on their own account.

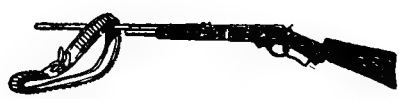
So forty-five of them went forth one day and cut the trail of the renegade bands. They followed it down to Pocket Cañon. Night came down on them as they reached the mouth of the gorge which gashed the Llano's eastern edge. They crept on in the darkness and at dawn they got sight of the village. Then they made their attack.

According to what the Indians afterward told, there were about three hundred of them, Comanches and Apaches. The hide-hunters held the heights on both sides of the cañon and when the savages rode out from their lodges the fire of both flanking parties was so deadly that the sortie melted away. Then the rout started. Comanches and Apaches fled up the narrowing gorge and escaped into the broken country beyond. They left more than fifty dead behind them.

The weeks went by. The hide-hunters got news that the renegades were camped near the western side of the Llano at the place called Casa Amarillo. They sent another expedition thither and this band fell in with a troop of U. S. cavalry who were on their way to overhaul the Indians. Had they not lost their way and gone adrift on the arid plain where many of them nearly died from thirst, they would have come upon the fugitives. But the delay gave Quanah Parker his opportunity to save his tribesmen from massacre.

For he managed to get authority from the men in charge of the reservation to bring the renegades back; and he was on that mission when he passed the flat by Bent's Creek. Not many miles from this point he fell in with a party from Charles Goodnight's ranch. Among them was Billy Dixon. And when Quanah Parker learned that this man was one of those who had made that stand against his red host at Adobe Walls, he leaned over from his pony and shook him by the hand. Then he rode on to overtake his rebellious people and bring them back to the reservation.

By the Autumn of 1878 the buffalo had vanished. Now the cattle came along the Canadian and the herds spread over the whole Panhandle. Within five years the farmers began to follow them. Before the eighties had well begun the barbed-wire fences were appearing. And at the close of that decade orchards were bearing their first fruit; alfalfa-fields were growing lush. The place where the adobe walls had been was farmland.



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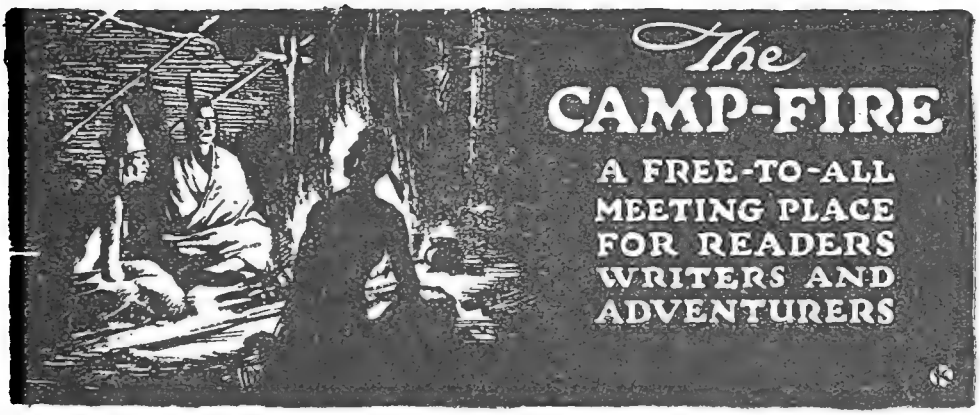

Our Camp-Fire came into being May 5, 1912, with our June issue, and since then its fire has never died down. Many have gathered about it and they are of all classes and degrees, high and low, rich and poor, adventurers and stay-at-homes, and from all parts of the earth. Some whose voices we used to know have taken the Long Trail and are heard no more, but they are still memories among us, and new voices are heard, and welcomed.

We are drawn together by a common liking for the strong, clean things of out-of-doors, for word from the earth's far places, for man in action instead of caged by circumstance. The *spirit* of adventure lives in all men; the rest is chance.

But something besides a common interest holds us together. Somehow a real comradeship has grown up among us. Men can not thus meet and talk together without growing into friendlier relations; many a time does one of us come to the rest for facts and guidance; many a close personal friendship has our Camp-Fire built up between two men who had never met; often has it proved an open sesame between strangers in a far land.

Perhaps our Camp-Fire is even a little more. Perhaps it is a bit of leaven working gently among those of different station toward the fuller and more human understanding and sympathy that will some day bring to man the real democracy and brotherhood he seeks. Few indeed are the agencies that bring together on a friendly footing so many and such great extremes as here. And we are numbered by the hundred thousand now.

If you are come to our Camp-Fire for the first time and find you like the things we like, join us and find yourself very welcome. There is no obligation except ordinary manliness, no forms or ceremonies, no dues, no officers, no anything except men and women gathered for interest and friendliness. Your desire to join makes you a member.

"CAN you beat it?" is right. And our hat's off to Theodore S. Solomons for being a good sport and quite ready to own up to Camp-Fire as well as to me.

When I first read his story in this issue that bag on which he rested his head during his hungry imprisonment was not filled with stakes but with corn-meal. Having had no Alaskan experience myself and knowing Mr. Solomons had had a lot of it, I figured there must be some bit of knowledge, unknown to me, that explained what was to me the big mystery of the story. Certainly I couldn't think of any reason myself why on earth, if he was in such dire need of warming food, he didn't eat some of the corn-meal lying an inch or two from his mouth. Why wasn't raw corn-meal a perfectly good life-saver for a man threatened with death unless he could get warming and nourishing food? Corn is certainly both. Indians could travel long distances on a few grains of corn and, as I remember, they were particularly partial to it for its small size and weight with concentrated nourishment. Just how different from corn is corn-meal as a food?

I couldn't puzzle it out, so I asked Mr. Solomons about it. Here is his letter, which he willingly agreed should be passed on to all of you. A smaller man would have howled for mercy in the shape of no publicity on his lapse of memory.

Berkeley, California.

In regard to "The Haven of Fur" and the corn-meal I guess I'm caught with the goods.

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STRANGE as it may seem, the thing never occurred to me, and the only explanation seems to be that the thing happened just as I tell it. More, it happened to me. It was only two days' duration instead of three, otherwise it is strictly autobiography to the last smallest detail. *And I never thought of eating that corn-meal!* Can you beat it?

Not that corn-meal in its raw state is a very palatable or very safe thing to eat. It would scour you fearfully. But you *could* eat it, and it would help sustain life for quite some while. Doubtless I would have tackled a little of it, mixed with the milk after the second day when I was —— hungry. Oh, my! That is, if I'd thought of it. I didn't. Of course I would have if the blizzard had held and the milk was gone. Truth *is* stranger than fiction. My partner Froberger never thought of it, but that might be because I soft-pedaled the hunger part of it. A man makes light of those things up there because when he gets it in the neck out of doors he's no hero but a —— fool.

The only way I can think of to rectify what would surely be sized up by Mr. Average Reader as impossible idiocy on the part of the "hero" is to substitute a wholly different commodity with which I was chasing up the miner that bought and forgot it. Stakes for "relocating" will be just the thing.—THEODORE S. SOLOMONS.

DON'T forget that the originals of most *Adventure* cover paintings are for sale to the highest bidders. No bid of less than ten dollars per cover considered. Send in your bid at any time. The paintings will be sent to the highest bidders express collect after January first.

SPECULATIONS as to what was going on before history began talking to us are always interesting:

Brooklyn

The letter on the Swastika suggests that the following may be of interest, quoted from Wells' "Outline of History." Without appearing too pedantic, it may be proper to say that "Neolithic" means literally "new-stone" and refers to that geologic age of the world when civilization began, as distinguished from "Paleolithic" or "old-stone," the age when there were men but no traces of anything like civilization. "Heliolithic" means literally "sun-stone," and is used to represent that form of civilization of which the worship of the sun was a distinguishing feature.

"AT SOME period of human history there seems to have been a special type of neolithic culture widely distributed in the world—so unlikely to have been independently developed in different regions of the earth as to compel us to believe that it was in effect one culture. It reached through all the regions inhabited by the brunet Mediterranean race, and beyond through India, Further India, up the Pacific coast of China, and it spread at last across the Pacific and to Mexico and Peru. It was a coastal culture, not reaching deeply inland."

"This peculiar development of neolithic culture, which Elliot Smith called heliolithic culture, included many or all of the following practises:

(1) circumcision; (2) the very peculiar custom of sending the father to bed when a child is born, called the *couvade;* (3) the practise of massage; (4) the making of mummies; (5) megalithic monuments (e. g. Stonehenge); (6) artificial deformation of the heads of the young by bandages; (7) tattooing; (8) religious association of the sun and the serpent; (9) *the use of the symbol known as the Swastika for good luck.* This odd little symbol spins gaily round the world; it seems incredible that men would have invented and made a pet of it twice over."

"ELLIOT SMITH traces these associated practises in a sort of constellation all over this great Mediterranean-India-Oceana-Pacific area. Where one occurs, most of the others occur. They link Brittany with Borneo and Peru. But this constellation of practises does *not* crop up in the primitive homes of the Nordic and Mongolian peoples; nor does it expand southward much beyond equatorial Africa."

"For thousands of years, from 15000 to 1000 B. C., such a heliolithic-neolithic culture and its brownish possessors may have been oozing round the world, through the warmer regions of the world, driven by canoes even across wide stretches of sea. It was then the highest culture in the world, influencing the largest and most highly developed communities. Its region of origin may have been, as Elliot Smith suggests, the Mediterranean and North African region. It migrated slowly, age by age. It must have been spreading up the Pacific coast and across the island stepping stones to America long after it had passed on into other developments in its areas of origin.

"Many of the peoples of the East Indies, Melanesia and Polynesia were still in this heliolithic stage of development when they were discovered by European navigators in the 18th century. The first civilizations in Egypt and the Euphrates-Tigris valleys probably developed directly out of this widespread culture. We will discuss later whether the Chinese civilization had a different origin. The Semitic nomads of the Arabian desert seem also to have had a heliolithic stage."—JAMES M. GRAY.

ONCE in a while—always if there were space enough—it's good to hear from the many comrades who, though they have no special bit of news for us, are dyed-in-the-wool adventurers and entitled to a seat in the front row about our fire. Here is one—just a sample of our many, taken at random from our Camp-Fire cache:

S. S. Cuba, San Francisco.

With half the race run—over 100,000 land and water miles behind me, profession from pick and shovel to paymaster for same people, mess boy to 3rd Off., to A. B. and chief steward at sea, school teacher and common tramp ashore, I ask the privilege of becoming a Camp-Fire member. I have only once lived over six months in any one locality. Spent the last year before the armistice as paymaster at a ship-building plant. Before that I made four trips to Brest with food and supplies for the boys. I am unfit for army duty and after my last trip

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across during the war I was almost unfitted for anything for life. That is the reason I spent one year ashore in the same spot.

However, to be associated, even in as open an organization as Camp-Fire, with some of those who are members is an honor to any one; for no one can visit the out-of-way places that some of us do visit and keep it up with success unless they are real.

Soon the experience comes that unless one "has the goods" in him he don't travel those roads any more, but either stays at his own fireside or keeps to the surveyed roads and charted seas.—C. H. SPENCER.

AMEN to the following. Our hats are off to them.

Corunna, Ontario.

The real facts of history connected with the early era of the "Great and Old West" should appeal to every one, for no other country in the world has or can offer anything approaching it. To thoroughly appreciate and understand what the Old West was one has to live and trail through it. I was at the tail-end of it some thirty odd years ago; my hat is off to every one of the old-timers who helped in its making.

Pretty soon there will be none left to relate their personal reminiscences, but the history of the red-blooded pioneers and frontiersmen, who braved its dangers, will ever stand out as one of the great epochs in American history.—A. G. WARING.

SOMETHING from J. Allan Dunn in connection with his sequel to "Barehanded Castaways," which appears in this issue.

Also a word as to our expedition and its committee:

I have had a lot of kind letters about "Barehanded Castaways," with a lot of excellent suggestions, one or two of which I have incorporated in the yarn—notably the method of burning trees suggested by Wm. Payne, of Boston, who is a brother of the Long Trail and has spent much time among the aboriginals of Queensland, where he was reared.

Many of these correspondents asked for the sequel and many expressed curiosity as to how the island was ever to be found.

I had that dilemma in mind from the beginning. The "reported" islands of the charts let me out of it. As I say in the story, they are variously described according to weather conditions, distance and other circumstances. Expeditions and general orders given to government vessels sometimes locate them, oftener not, and very often indeed the descriptions turn out to be entirely unlike the reality. A reported reef may prove a true islet and vice versa. The interesting thing is that the charts do show a "reported" speck in the close locality of our island.

I have endeavored to keep characters and conditions as natural in action and reaction as possible and I have had a grand time writing the yarn which was inspired by the *Adventure* staff and made many new acquaintances by its publication.

Now I am on the Executive Committee of our expedition and who knows what real adventure may turn up in the Amazon Basin or how many of our readers may follow the trail that the expedition blazes? Binda and Young and myself and the Committee at large will be busy folk trying to help get the thing properly started. It was quite a meeting, that first one, and I know the look of longing I saw in the eyes of Ed Young and Capt. Dingle was reflected in my own. It is a bit tough having to write of the long, strange trail when once you went down it. Here's to the chaps who go a-venturing.—J. ALLAN DUNN.

ALWAYS be dead sure of your ground when you talk to Camp-Fire. It pays. We heard the young Texan comrade because, as the following letter says, it's good to see a man stand up on his hind legs and holler for his own—and it's good to hear youth talking. But here rises another comrade with an exception or two:

Matamoras, Pennsylvania.

Comrades, at another meeting we had the pleasure of listening to a little talk on Texas by one of the circle. He sure was strong for the home outfit and, as he raised the ante pretty high, I'm here to call him.

HE BEGAN his little palaver by stating that Texans are the star rooters of the celebration. I'd always understood Californians were the silver-mounted saddle for out-and-out boasting, but that don't matter much here. However, gentlemen, what I do take exception to is the following:

"But the fact remains that Texas is the only one which fought and gained its own independence, and its separate history as a nation and then came into the union of its own free will and accord." Those are his sentiments, friends, word for word. Now let me tell you, Longhorn, "only" is a big word—like "everything" in Tuttle's "From Pike's Peak to a Pickle," you'll have to admit it covers a heap of territory.

"IMMEDIATELY after the declaration of war (with Mexico) Colonel Stephen W. Kearney with a force of men set off (June,1846) by the Santa Fé trail and (August 18) captured Santa Fé without a struggle, established a civil government, declared New Mexico annexed to the United States and then started to take possession of California, but California had already been conquered by Americans. In June, 1846, some three hundred American settlers, believing that war was imminent and fearing they would be attacked, revolted, adopted a flag on which was the grizzly bear, and declared California an independent republic.

"Frémont, who had been exploring in California, came to their aid (July 5) and two days later Commodore Sloat with a naval force entered Monterey and raised a flag there. In 1847 (January 8, 9) battles were fought with the Mexicans of California; but the Americans held the country."—John Bach McMaster's "Brief History of the United States," California State Series Chapt. XXV P. 320.

THAT, I figure, tells the tale. Maybe we didn't have an Alamo or a Goliad, but I rise to state, *amigo*, she wa'n't no penny ante game at that! You had quite a list of he-men in your talk, but I opine Texas didn't have her brand on *all* of them. She missed a few, Kit Carson and Frémont among 'em.

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And here's something else, Longhorn; neither Texas or California nor any other State west of the Mississippi had all the good men corraled. I venture to state Daniel Boone and those first pioneers would have made just as good a showing in the Alamo as did Crocket or Bowie or the rest. The point is this: It ain't the brand they wear; it's the blood beneath. And that same blood runs just as red in the veins of a Four Corners grocery clerk as it does in a ranger on the Rio Grande. Ask the Heinies, they know. Seems to me, now I stop to think, most all those heroes you mentioned was mavericks wandered far from the home range. How about that, comrades?

Well, friend, I admired your talk a heap. I like to see a *hombre* get up on his hind legs and holler for his own. Especially when they mean it. Now me. I ain't a Native Son—but that ain't my fault. As far as naturalization, adoption, love and transplanting go, I'm first, last and always a Californian. So before we hunt our blankets let me propose a toast:

Gentlemen—To the Sons and Daughters of the Golden West! God Bless 'em!—CHAS. F. MARVIN.

THERE are often inquiries from you as to whether the stories of such and such a one of our writers are issued in book form. We've written to each of our writers' brigade, collected all the data and herewith present it to you all in one piece. Not all the books are fiction. Those marked with a star were, or will be, published serially in our magazine. Several appeared in *Romance*.

William Ashley Anderson—"South of Suez," Robt. McBride, 1920, N. Y.; "The Witch of Gondar," (To be published) Notice later; Contributor to "The Grim Thirteen," Dodd Mead, N. Y. Ramsey Benson—"A Lord of Lands," Holt, 1908, N. Y., $1.50; "Melchisedec," Holt, 1099, N. Y., $1.50; "A Knight in Denim," Holt, 1912, N. Y., $1.50; Konrad Bercovici—"Crimes of Charity," Knopf, 1917, N. Y., $1.75; "Dust of New York," Boni & Liveright, 1919, N. Y., $1.75; "Ghitza, and other stories of Gypsy Blood," Boni & Liveright, 1920, N. Y., $2.00; Farnham Bishop—"Panama Past and Present," Century, 1912-1916, N. Y., $1.75; "The Story of the Submarine," Century, 1916, N. Y., $1.75; "Our First War in Mexico," Scribners, 1916, N. Y., $1.50; "The Scales and the Sword," —— ——; A. E. Dingle—"Gold Out of Celebes," Little, Brown Co. 1920, Boston, $1.75.

J. ALLAN DUNN—"Care-Free San Francisco," Robertson, 1915, San Francisco, $1.00; "The Petals of Lao Tsze,"* Skeffington, 1918, London, 8/; "Rotorua Rex,"* Skeffington, 1919, London, 8/; "Turquoise Cañon,"* Doubleday-Page, 1920, N. Y., $1.50; "Dead Man's Gold," Doubleday-Page, 1920, N. Y., $1.50; "The Man Trap," Doubleday-Page, 1921, N. Y., $1.50; "A Man to His Mate," Bobbs-Merrill, 1920, Indianapolis, $2.00; "The Girl of Ghost Mountain," Small-Maynard, 1921, Boston, $1.90; "Jim Morse, South Sea Trader,"* Small-Maynard, 1919, Boston, $1.50; "Jim Morse, Goldseeker," Small-Maynard, 1920, Boston, $1.50; "Rimrock Trail," Bobbs-Merrill, 1922, Indianapolis, $1.75; Arthur O. Friel—"King—of Kearsarge," Penn Pub. Co., Phila., 1921, $2; "The Pathless Trail,"* Harper & Bros., N. Y., 1922, $1.75; (forthcoming) "Tiger River,"* Harper & Bros.; "Cat o'Mountain,"* Penn Pub. Co.; Joseph M. Hanson—"The Conquest of the Missouri," A. C. McClurg & Co., 1909, Chicago, $2.50; "Frontier Ballads," (out of print), A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910, Chicago, $1.00; "With Sully into the Sioux Land," A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910, Chicago, $2.00; "With Carrington on the Bozeman Road," A. C. McClurg & Co., 1912, Chicago, $2.00; "The Trail to El Dorado," A. C. McClurg & Co., 1913, Chicago, $1.50; "Pilot Knob, the Thermopylæ of the West" (with Dr. Cyrus A. Peterson), The Neale Pub. Co., 1914, N. Y., $2.00; "The Historical Pageant of Yankton," Yankton Printing, 1916, Yankton, S. D., $.35; "The Greatest of These," (booklet), Western School, 1921, Yankton, S. D., $.50; "Christmas Eve at Kimball," (booklet), Western School, 1921, Yankton, S. D., $.35; "The Picturesque and Historic Marne" (with 50 full-page illustrations by Capt. J. Andre Smith), A. C. McClurg & Co., 1922, Chicago, $5.00.

NEVIL G. HENSHAW—"Aline of the Grand Woods," The Outing Pub. Co., 1909, N. Y., $1.50; "The Inheritance of Jean Trouve," Bobbs-Merrill, 1922, Indianapolis, ——; George E. Holt—"Morocco, the Bizarre," McBride, Nast & Co., 1914, New York, $2.00—published also in London under the title of—"Morocco the Piquant," Heineman, 1914, London, 8/; Charles Tenney Jackson—"Losers' Luck," Henry Holt & Co., 1906, N. Y., (out of print); "The Day of Souls," Bobbs-Merrill, 1910, Ind., $1.50; "My Brother's Keeper," Bobbs-Merrill, 1911, $1.50; "The Midlanders," Bobbs-Merrill, 1913, $1.50; "John—The Fool," Bobbs-Merrill, 1914, $1.50; "The Fountain of Youth," Outing Company, 1914, ——; "The Call to the Colors," Appleton & Co., 1918, $1.75; "Jimmy May in the Firing Line," Appleton & Co., 1918, $1.75; "Captain Sazarac," (out in the Autumn) Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1922, $1.90; "The Man Who Cursed the Lilies," (second prize story in O. Henry Memorial volume of Best Short Stories of 1921), Doubleday-Page & Co., 1921, $1.90; Harold Lamb—"Marching Sands," Appleton, 1920, $1.75; "The House of the Falcon," (May have been changed,) 1921, $2.00; Hapsburg Liebe—"The Clan Call," Doubleday-Page Co., 1920, Garden City, L. I., $1.50; Eugene P. Lyle—"Blaze Derringer," "Lone Star and Other Stories," "The Missourian," "Transformation of Krag," (all by Doubleday-Page); Crittenden Marriott—"Via Berlin," ("Protectors of the Peace" in *Adventure*) R. J. Shores, 1917, New York; Ray McGillivray—"Paper-Shell Pecans," Will Ransom, 1922, Chicago; "The Middle Father," Will Ransom, Chicago; Frederick Moore — "The Devil's Admiral," Doubleday-Page, 1913, out of print; "Isle O' Dreams," Doubleday-Page, 1920, out of print; "Siberia To-Day," Appletons, 1920, N. Y., $2.00; "Sailor Girl," Appletons, 1920, N. Y., $1.75; "The Samovar Girl," Appletons, 1921, N. Y., $2.00.

TALBOT MUNDY—"Rung Ho!"* (For the Peace of India,) "Winds of the World," * "King, of the Khyber Rifles," "Hira Singh," * ("Hira Singh's Tale) "The Ivory Trail," * ("On the Trail of Tippoo Tib,") "The Eye of Zeitoon," (*Romance*); "Told in the East," * (For the Salt He Had Eaten, Hookum Hai,) "Guns of the Gods," * Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00; Hugh

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Pendexter—"Young Timber Cruisers," Small, Maynard Co., 1911, N. Y., $1.20; "Tiberius Smith," (out of print,) Harper Brothers, 1907, N. Y., $——; "Young Gem Hunters," 1911, $1.20; "Young Woodsmen," 1912, $1.20; "Young Trappers," 1913, $1.20; "Young Loggers," 1917, $1.20; "Young Fishermen," 1912, $1.20; "Young Sea Merchants," 1913, $1.20; (All by Small, Maynard & Co., N. Y.,); "Red Belts," * Doubleday-Page & Co., 1920, $1.50; "Gentlemen of the North," * Doubleday-Page & Co., 1920, $1.50; "Kings of the Missouri," * Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1921, Indianapolis, $1.75; "A Virginia Scout," * Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1922, Indianapolis, $1.75; Clay Perry—"Heart of Hemlock," Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1920, Indianapolis, $1.75; "Roving River," Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1921, $1.50; Kathrene and Robert E. Pinkerton—"Penitentiary Post," * Doubleday-Page & Co., 1920, N. Y., $1.50; "The Long Traverse," Doubleday-Page & Co., 1920, N. Y., $1.50; "Woodcraft For Women," (Outing handbook series,) The MacMillan Co., 1916, N. Y., $1.90; "The Canoe," (Outing handbook series) The MacMillan Co., 1914, N. Y., $1.90; C. L. Saxby—"A Captain of the King," Sherman, French & Co., 1914, Boston, $1.00.

RAFAEL SABATINI—"Scaramouche," "Captain Blood,"*Houghton-Mifflin Co.; Raymond S. Spears—"Camping on the Great River," (Juvenile), Harpers, 1912, N. Y., $1.50; "Camping on the Great Lakes," (Juvenile), Harpers, 1913, N. Y., $1.50; "Cabin Boat Primer," (Handbook), A. R. Harding, 1913, Columbus, O., $1.25; "A Trip on Great Lakes," A. R. Harding, (Narrative), 1914, Columbus, O., $1.00; "The River Prophet," Doubleday-Page, 1920, New York, $1.50; "Diamond Tolls," Doubleday-Page, 1920, New York, $1.50; "Driftwood," Century Pub. Co., 1921, New York, $2.00; Robert Simpson—"The Bite of Benin," The James A. McCann Co., New York, $1.90; Grosset & Dunlap, New York, $1.00; Hodder & Stoughton 1919-1920, London, 7/6 & 2/; "Swamp Breath," The James A. McCann Co., 1921, New York, $2.00; Hodder & Stoughton, 1921, London, 8/6. Arthur D. H. Smith—"Fighting the Turk in the Balkans," * out of print, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1908, New York & London, $1.75; "Wastrel," out of print, Duffield & Co., 1911, New York, $——; "Claymore,"* Skeffington & Son Ltd., 1918, London, 8/6d. also 2/6d; "The Real Colonel House," Geo. H. Doran Co., 1918, New York, $2.00; Hodder & Stoughton, 1918, London, $2.00; "The Audacious Adventures of Miles McConaughy," * Geo. H. Doran Co., 1918, New York, $1.50; Skeffington & Son Ltd., 1919, London, 6/9d; "Spears of Destiny," Geo. H. Doran Co., 1919, New York, $1.75; Skeffington & Son Ltd., 1920, London, 8/6d; "The Doom Trail," * Brentano's, 1922, New York, $1.90; T. S. Stribling—"Birthright," Century, New York, $1.90; F. St. Mars—"On Nature's Trail," Nisbet, 1912, 6/; "The Prowlers," Nisbet, 1913, 6/; "People of the Wild," T. Werner Laurie, 1912, 3/6; "Feuds of the Furtive Folk," Heath Cranton & Ouseley, 1914, 7/6; "Premier (Senior) Nature Series," Nisbet's 1918, 1/; "Snapshots of the Wild," W. & R. Chambers, 1919, 5/; "Off the Beaten Track," W. & R. Chambers, 1920, 6/; "Pinion and Paw," W. & R. Chambers, 1919, 6/; "The Wild Unmasked," W. & R. Chambers, 1920, 6/; "The Boys and Girls Book of the Wild," 6/. Gordon Young — "Wild Blood," * "Hurricane Williams,"*—Bobbs-Merrill, Ind., $1.50.

SOME of our comrades in the Zone, if they do not already know about this case, might give us further data. Is the man justly imprisoned? If so, are prison conditions such as should and can be remedied? If there is a flaw in the case against him, can anything be done? In any case why not make his life a bit more bearable for him?

Boston, Mass.

About two years ago I had occasion to be in Panama City and, nosing around for things off of the main tourist route, I eventually found myself on the wall overlooking the prison compound. Looking down, I saw a young chap who stated to me that he was from Chicago and was in for thirty years for killing a native in self-defense. I endeavored to talk with him longer, but was prevented from doing so by the guard.

Some time ago I again had occasion to be passing through the canal and went over to see how the fellow was making it. When I saw him this time I scarcely recognized the man, so emaciated had he become, and I learned that when the tide came in some of the cells were partly filled with water, as the prison is on the shore of a bay.

I am a wanderer and have been in many ports in Latin control and am well aware, as are all who have been much in these places, that an American gets short shrift from police and courts there when in trouble involving a native on the other end. I am not very susceptible to hard luck stories, but the sight of that young lad rotting in that dirty wet hole for a doubtful crime has got under my hide some way and I haven't been able to forget it. I wish that some of the readers who happen to be passing through that part of the world would take an hour off and go over to the wall and cheer the lad up with some cigarets and a little white man's chow which can be easily dropped into his hands from the top of the wall when he is out in the compound.

Hoping that I have not occupied too much of your space and that this may be the means of cheering the poor lad occasionally, I am,—DAVID R. NAPIER.

FOR some fourteen years I've been pounding away on the fact that our country can not escape from her ever increasing political, economic and sociological evils until the individual citizens at least approximate meeting an individual citizen's duty and obligation under a democracy—until they take an active and honest hand in public affairs. You can let the theorists set up for you any form of government you please, from the soviet form to an absolute monarchy, and that form of government will prove rotten of performance if the citizens through whom it must be put into operation are indifferent or false to the obligation of the individual to the group. You can not build any sound house out of unsound bricks.

Along these lines I have for fourteen

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years fought for the recognition of two points:

(1) The individual citizenship of Americans can be sufficiently improved only by education in citizenship. The only kind of education that can avail is systematic, organized education.

(2) The individual citizens in our republic hold in their hands all final power. There is no man, no law, no institution that can not be changed or made subject to their will *if only they will exert the fundamental power that is inherent in them.* The final power under *any* government is *public opinion.* No other force can stand against it *if aroused.* In the last analysis, any other force that seizes upon the reins of power does so only because public opinion, through choice, indifference or lack of initiative, allows it to do so. Always, if it wills to, public opinion can take back into its own hands the reins of power.

ANY republic or democracy is admittedly founded on public opinion as the source of its existence and the determinator of its every act. We have allowed the few gradually to take from our hands the control of all our public affairs. To entrench themselves the more strongly in the control of us and our public affairs for their own profit, the few have seized upon every means, not only to grasp more and more power over us in an ever tightening grip, but to build up a careful machinery of interference and obstruction between public opinion and control of public affairs by public opinion.

They have done worse than that. They have built up a careful machinery of interference and obstruction between public opinion and the mere *expression* of public opinion. Year by year they curtail our fundamental democratic rights of free speech and free assemblage.

They have done still worse. They have launched a campaign, and thus far a very successful campaign, against *our very understanding of what a democracy is.* They are gradually educating us very thoroughly to the sheep-like acceptance of the false idea that in so big a nation it is only natural that the people themselves do not and can not exercise any direct control over their public affairs. Because they know it can and will unseat them if it ever rouses to action, they encourage in us, by every crude or subtle method possible, a forgetfulness of the real power of public opinion, an ignorance of democracy's essentials—and therefore an unprotesting acceptance of the few as the natural arbiters of the destiny of the majority.

Worst of all, they themselves have made public opinion itself their own tool and weapon. *They* know that it is the real controller of every other force. So gradually they are taking it into their own hands to be shaped and used for their own selfish purposes. Not content with a campaign to make us more and more indifferent and ignorant, so that our public opinion may not be raised against them, they are seizing upon it for their own weapon, shaping our thought at every turn and corner into channels that will still further entrench the few in their control and ownership of the many. They deafen us with large phrases and eagle-screaming patriotism, blind us with plays for the gallery, mislead us over false trails into blind alleys or tangents leading nowhere, lull us to sleep with empty promises and lies and keep us asleep by walking softly in hidden paths.

SO THAT in cold fact we are no longer a democracy. Merely an oligarchy parading under the banner of democracy and retaining only its empty forms and formalities. Over a hundred million people controlled, owned and preyed upon by a few hundred thousands, and these few hundred thousands in turn controlled, owned and preyed upon by a bi-partisan clique of perhaps a few score, and these few score in turn controlled, owned and preyed upon by—whom or what? We don't even know that.

A very pretty example of the old feudal system still in full operation, with the controlling weapon changed from muscles to brains, the sword cast away and replaced by the more powerful weapon of mental propaganda, and with money playing at least as great a rôle as ever it did in the Dark Ages. And we, the serfs—well, we're the serfs, the many on whom the few fatten.

We make such sheep-like serfs, and such unusually fat ones, that we lure feeders, great and small, from all over the world. Not only do individual foreigners flock to us like flies to honey, but whole nations and religions turn loose upon us their propaganda for their own ends, knowing we are

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already pretty well educated out of the habit of doing our own thinking.

ONE of our most useful qualities to our bosses and owners, the Few, is our national conceit. We revel (out loud) in the idea that we're the freest people on earth, a model for all others, splendid citizens, independent thinkers, shrewd and wise to all the other fellow's little games. We admit we have a good deal to kick and grumble about, but of course we ourselves aren't in any way to blame and, by heck! it's a free-born American's right to kick and grumble if he feels like it. And that's about as far as most of us get in either our reasoning or our actions.

We a democracy? We used to be. Just now we are merely a mess. And *we* made the mess, you and I, we and all the other fellows. Made it by our indifference and ignorance as citizens. The Few merely grabbed the chance we made so easy to their hands. If we get excited, have a revolution, kill a lot of Americans, destroy a lot of American property, oust the Few and try another form of government, we'll make a mess of that too, and another Few will merely take up the job the old Few were thrown out of.

WE'VE been a sad lot. Yet we don't deserve pity so much as ridicule. All the time we've had the power to set things right, taking our lawful place in our democracy by lawful means. Ours *is* a "great and glorious" nation, *if* we make it so. There is no need of our being robbed and preyed upon, if only we will act in our own defense—and "acting in our own defense" means merely meeting our obligations as citizens of a democracy.

So much for the theory. How about the power of public opinion in practise? Very probably you've *never seen* public opinion intelligently and systematically organized and applied by the people in their own behalf. When you do see it so applied, you'll see results inevitably following after. You have, however, seen phases of it applied on occasion—mass-meetings, petitions, picketing, neighborhood boycotts on food, letters to Congressmen, etc.

SOME of the people of Brooklyn have seen what public opinion can accomplish when organized and applied with common sense and ordinary tenacity. They've seen the results come in full response to the effort. And what they've seen thus far is only the beginning, only a small but sure promise of greater results to be gained, only a proof that public opinion, efficiently expressed and applied, can sweep politicians, office-holders and offensive individuals or corporations before it like chaff—and very frightened chaff at that.

The Central Committee on Organizing Public Opinion, Room 502, 32 Court Street, Brooklyn, New York, looks like the beginnings of what is to be hoped will eventually become a nation-wide organization that will make the will of the people directly effective on any public man or measure. If certain interests and individuals believe that it will thus develop, it is certain that the Central Committee on Organizing Public Opinion will suddenly find itself attacked with propaganda and underground mines, its path suddenly filled with obstacles. Even a frontal attack of propaganda may be made, branding the movement as anarchy, Bolshevism, communism or anything else that is likely to prejudice the people against it. And our country has plenty of fat-headed fools who will ask no more evidence than the mere bringing of the charge, since they have been herded so far away from any understanding of democracy that they can't see this movement is not only constitutional and within all our laws but is the very essence of democracy.

The thing for Americans to do is to take up this movement and spread it as quickly as possible. Once it has its foothold, it will not be displaced. It will prove its own way. And hew its own way.

THERE is no need to affiliate with the Brooklyn Committee, but they will give you practical advice and help. Start your own local committee in your own neighborhood. You will get practical results if you really go after them. *And*, after you've once or twice demonstrated to public officials and individual offenders your ability to get results, you will find it amazingly easier to get results in future cases. The smaller your town, the easier will be results.

THE Central Committee of Brooklyn began operations only in February. Leon Dickenson is chairman, William Keating secretary, E. W. Larner treasurer.

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(William Keating's real name is Thimme, an American citizen born in Germany. Hostile interests please note the fact for future propaganda against the movement. Mr. Keating makes no secret of having adopted the pen-name under which he wrote for years to use in his profession of social engineer. He, as I understand it, is the originator of the idea, with Mr. Dickenson chiefly responsible for putting it into practical operation.)

An affiliated organization is the Brooklyn Heights Forum, three years old, William J. Dilthey chairman, 120 Liberty Street, New York City.

There are active local Forums meeting at Public Schools Nos. 9, 15 and 35 in Brooklyn and in Public Schools Nos. 17 and 64 in New York City proper—Manhattan. The Borough Hall Public Forum recently started at Public School No. 5 meets every Monday. The first Wednesday of each month is held a Town Hall Meeting in Borough Hall, to secure a town hall for Brooklyn.

THE program of the movement, Mr. Keating tells me, has been endorsed by the Bureau of Education at Washington, and by the Board of Education of New York City as a body and unanimously as individuals. The use of New York City's Public school buildings indicates the active cooperation of the Board of Education. Their cooperations includes that of Dr. Eugene C. Gibney, director of neighborhood activities.

The program follows:

The standardization of public school centers (Public Opinion Centers) as adopted by the United States Bureau of Education and endorsed by the Board of Education of New York City:

1—The free use of all the public school buildings for weekly public meetings;

2—All-inclusive membership; all adult residents of a public school district to be considered *eo ipso* members.

3—Policy: Non-partisan and non-sectarian;

4—Must be self-supporting;

5—No dues, but voluntary contributions or cooperative enterprises to cover necessary expenses;

6—A two-third, or, better still, a three-quarter majority vote to bring about as nearly a unanimous opinion as possible;

7—No bureaucratic censorship;

8—Immediate concrete actions: to take up any vital neighborhood need or local or general issue affecting the life and living conditions of all, thus vitally interesting every resident of the respective neighborhood;

9—Cooperation (i. e. federation) with other neighborhoods;

10—The use of all legal and constitutional means in enforcing public opinion.

Here is Mr. Dickenson's statement of the movement's nature and purpose:

"The Central Committee on Organizing Public Opinion," said Mr. Dickenson, "is not a philanthropic or even a reform institution. It is a plain business, or rather a professional proposition to obtain in the most effective way the obedience of our public servants to the mandate of the law and to public opinion which is above law and all legislation.

EVEN the laws as they stand now are not enforced unless a special force is brought to bear upon such enforcement. And public opinion is disregarded entirely unless some particular element organizes and compels obedience to it.

Many a time the office-holder is not to blame, but rather the privileged interest, partisan or financial, that is holding him back and coercing his inactivity. Mere rotation in office from one set of partisan office-holders to another partisan set will not remedy matters. Any man of average ability and honesty will do for official work provided he will really serve the people's interest and nobody else's. If he is willing to do his duty he ought to be supported to the limit against the secret influences back of him. If he is unwilling and can not be made willing, then he ought to resign, be ousted or punished.

The policy and method of the Central Committee can be expressed very shortly as follows: Our public servants must be made absolutely amenable to the law and to public opinion. If recalcitrant, public opinion must use all legal and legitimate measures in compelling obedience to the popular will. This the Committee will do without fear, favor or compromise. With such means as we can command we shall go ahead as best we can and, when the public realizes what can be done and will be done and will furnish the means of doing it, we shall extend this work in every direction to every neighborhood, city and county throughout the State. In the meantime each neighborhood unit must be made self-supporting. After a while the Committee will incorporate.

No complaint, no issue will be undertaken unless the public sentiment behind it has assumed a definite crystallized shape with the intent of following up the work to its final conclusion.

IN THIS spirit we have taken the first case, that of the Bath Beach nuisance which has been in existence for more than nine years in spite of all protests, complaints and remonstrances to the different city departments. The Committee organized Feb. 9th and took up this complaint Feb. 16th. To-day we have the positive assurances of the District Attorney's Office, the Health, Street Cleaning and Police Depts. as well as of the offending corporation that the nuisance in question will be finally done away with by the end of this week. These promises will be kept or something will happen to the promisers. All indications however point to the fact that these promises will be made good.

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Furthermore, it is not the intention of this Committee to supplant any other organization or compete with it but to cooperate with it in coordinating their efforts with others.

We shall stimulate the formation of weekly neighborhood centers in every public-school district with the public school building as the weekly meeting-place of the residents, citizens and tax-payers where they can discuss and formulate their demands for improvements, etc., and take steps to enforce them. As this will be done eventually, why not do it now?

OUR secretary will be at our headquarters every week-day to give detailed information on how the ever-varying problems can be taken up, because every proposition will have to be judged on its merits and individual peculiarities. He will also appear before organizations and meetings as far as his time will permit.

As far as the working program of the Committee is concerned we shall, after the Bath Beach nuisance has been finally adjusted, take up the Dyker Heights Improvements, the question of eliminating politics from the public-school system and the organizing of public opinion against the machinations of the two combinations at Albany which are at loggerheads about the infamous water-grab while the innocent by-standing public looks on, and such other nuisances, improvements or neighborhood evasions of law as may be reported to this committee."

Mr. Dickenson doesn't *ask* for the people's rights; he states that the people are going to get them. He has reason for his assurance. He has learned that organized public opinion can get whatever it wants.

The Bath Beach nuisance referred to was abated and finally and absolutely stopped in just twenty-eight days. Note that nine years of unorganized effort to abate it had failed.

MILLIONS of our dollars are invested in our public school buildings. These buildings lie idle and useless, in most cases, all Summer and every evening, Saturday, Sunday and holiday throughout the year. Poor efficiency and poor business. Why not use these a few of these wasted hours for the people's business? The buildings belong to the people, not to the boards of education.

YES, as he says, the mere rotation of two sets of partisan office-holders will not remedy matters. Heaven knows we've had that proved all our lives. Though there are plenty of Americans drugged by propaganda into believing that loyalty to a political party is something to be proud of, instead of realizing the everlasting fact that a citizen's first obligation is loyalty to his country, not to any party whatsoever. A man can not serve two masters. What *is* a political party? Nothing in itself. Nothing but a piece of machinery supposed to be designed merely for the expression of the people's will, yet in reality a piece of machinery for the sole purpose of benefitting itself and the comparative few who control it. Why be proud of loyalty to *that?* Why expect *that* to do anything for the people unless it is forced to by the people or unless it sees a still greater gain for itself? Wake up!

AT THIS writing the Committee is taking up the case of a helpless woman, a minority stock-holder in a corporation that, it is claimed, has for years "frozen out" its minority stock-holders. Her neighborhood knows she needs that money, they're going to try to get it for her, and I'm willing to bet they will.

Look at these further data from the Committee:

The Central Committee on Organizing Public Opinion was organized February 9, 1922, by nine persons, seven business men, one woman and one professional man for the purpose of demonstrating to the general public that every reasonable and legitimate demand in any neighborhood or locality can be successfully enforced within a reasonable space of time by means of law enforcement or the moral force of public opinion provided that such enforcement is preceded by correctly informing the public and thoroughly organizing public sentiment.

The diagram and the chronological chart that accompany this report will show very clearly how public opinion was made to work in this case. It is well to state however that the application of this process must vary in each case and be made to fit the particular exigencies of each complaint, improvement or popular issue.

THERE is not a neighborhood in our city that is not in need of work of this kind and which this Committee is not ready to take up provided public sentiment in each instance is backing the work and cooperating with it. The fact ought to be particularly emphasized that ours is not a reformatory or philanthropic proposition but an effort to put the participation in public affairs upon a strictly business, or rather professional basis. There is no charge to anybody for any consultation or information on any issue, complaint or improvement, but no case will be undertaken by this Committee unless we are absolutely positive about its being carried out successfully.

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART

February 9, The Central Committee is organized and takes up the Bath Beach ash-dump nuisance that has been going on for more than nine years;

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February 13, Secretary verifies the nuisance; February 14 to 16, Material collected and plans prepared; February 17, Complaints lodged with Brooklyn Ash Removal Co. and the Street Cleaning Dept., letters representing the case sent to the District Attorney's office, the Borough President and the Health, Police, Park and Highway Depts., and the Corporation Counsel; February 21, First consultation with Ass't District Attorney, Mr. Cooper; February 22, Seventeen Bath Beach residents sign petition; February 23, Second consultation with Mr. Cooper; February 27, First Bath Beach neighborhood meeting; February 28, Sixty-five more signatures secured; March 4, Assistant Sanitary Superintendent Dr. Peck 'phoned that Brooklyn Ash Removal Co. and Street Cleaning Dept. had promised to terminate the nuisance by March 8, 9, or latest by March 11; March 6, Third consultation with Mr. Cooper; Second Bath Beach neighborhood meeting; Forty-three more signatures secured; March 10, Ultimatum sent to Brooklyn Ash Removal Co. and the Street Cleaning Department to the effect that there must be no more violations after midnight of March 11; March 12, Sergeant Hall places a continued police watch on the ash-dump to arrest any and all violaters; March 8 to 13, Residents report conditions during this time as O. K.; March 12, Twenty-seven more signatures secured; March 13, Communications sent to Mr. Cooper, Police Captain Rouse and Dr. Peck that all violators must be severely dealt with after this date; Third neighborhood meeting of Bath Beach residents in conjunction with Dyker Heights residents when the latter concluded to also organize to see to it that this nuisance will stay put; organization date is set for next Monday; March 14, Residents begin a continued watch on conditions at the ash-dump to prevent a recurrence of the smell and smoke nuisance; March 20, Separate meetings of the residents of the Bath Beach and Dyker Heights neighborhoods.

Diagram of operations of the Central Committee on Organizing Public Opinion in abolishing a nine-year-old smoke and smell nuisance in the Bath Beach Territory lying between 14th, 15th and Bath Aves. and 86th Street, Brooklyn, complaint was made by Mr. Leon Dickenson.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE: 1. Inspects the nuisance, collects the necessary material and prepares plans; 2. Complains to: Brooklyn Ash Removal Co. which replies to Mr. Cooper and the Central Committee; and 3. Street Cleaning Department which replies to Central Committee and to the Health Department; 4. Organizes Public Opinion by means of: signatures to petition, holding meetings, conferences with Mr. Cooper, phone talks with Dr. Peck, reports to newspapers; 5. Insists upon the enforcement of the law, through:—

a. Borough President: replies to Central Committee and writes to Street Cleaning Dept. and Highway Dept. and receives replies from them; b. Highway Department: furnishes information to Borough President; c. Corporation Counsel send representative to Central Committee and furnishes information; d. Park Department answers Central Committee; e. Police Department: Captain Rouse calls on Committee and begins and continues watching the ash-dump for offenders; f. Health Department: Assistant Sanitary Superintendent Dr. Peck, makes a personal inspection of the dump, confers with the Brooklyn Ash Removal Co. and the Street Cleaning Dept. and gets their promises to abate the nuisance complained of; g. District Attorney's Office: Ass't District Attorney Cooper makes a personal inspection, confers with the Central Committee and the Brooklyn Ash Removal Co. and prepares to act.

RESULT: No violation of ANY kind reported this date: March 8 to March 14, 1922.

Here is the way to start things in your own neighborhood. Start 'em! Or else for heaven's sake shut up, quit grumbling, take whatever the politicians and the Few in general feel like throwing to you as a sop, and don't expect ever to get the benefits our democracy should and can give you but doesn't. And never will unless you get on the job as an individual citizen.

Under the auspices of the Central Committee on Organizing Public Opinion and the —— Forum the free and open meeting of a PUBLIC OPINION CENTER will be held in the auditorium of Public School No. —— (date and hour).

All adult residents invited. Principle and Policy: The self-determination of neighborhoods.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A TENTATIVE PRACTICAL WORKING PROGRAM OF IMMEDIATE ACTION:

Do we need any more playgrounds in this neighborhood? Shall any steps be taken to promote the welfare of our children? Shall we secure more effective protection against reckless motoring? Should any action be taken relating to: The cost of living; The transit question; The rent, fuel, light and telephone questions; The reduction of taxation; The participation of the public in educational affairs? Shall we help the Board of Education to secure financial independence, non-interference on the part of State officials and sufficient funds to establish public centers in all public school buildings? Are cleaner streets and sidewalks and a better removable of garbage and rubbish needed? Shall we take steps: 1. To secure equality of opportunity and the personal rights of the individual before the law? 2. To restore the constitutional rights of the individual which may have suffered from bureaucratic interference or persecution? 3. To guard the property rights of the individual from morally (if not legally) criminal corporations? Shall any of the above suggestions be adopted and acted on, or changed or added to? —— ——, Organizer.

There you are. There's the way out. The logical, simple, sure, *only* way. Follow it and get out. Or don't follow it and get, probably, a revolution or social war, and surely a continuance and increase of our present evils. Democracy, autocracy or chaos—which do you want? Will you get it just by wanting it? Or will you wake up and *do* something?—A. S. H.

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VARIOUS PRACTICAL SERVICES TO READER

These services of *Adventure*, mostly free, are open to any one. They involve much time, work and expense on our part, but we ask in return only that you **read and observe the simple rules,** thus saving needless delay and trouble for us. The whole spirit of the magazine is one of friendliness. No formality between editors and readers. Whenever we can help we're ready and willing to try. **Remember: Magazines are made up ahead of time. Allow for two or three months between sending and publication.**

Identification Cards

Free to any reader. Just send us (1) your name and address, (2) name and address of party to be notified, (3) a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.

Each card bears this inscription, each printed in English, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, Dutch, Italian, Arabic, Chinese, Russian and Japanese:

"In case of death or serious emergency to bearer, address serial number of this card, care of *Adventure*, New York, stating full particulars, and friends will be notified."

In our office, under each serial number, will be registered the name of bearer and of one or two friends, with permanent address of each. No name appears on the card. Letters will be forwarded to friend, unopened by us. Names and addresses treated as confidential. We assume no other obligations. Cards not for business identification. Cards furnished free *provided stamped and addressed envelope accompanies application.* We reserve the right to use our own discretion in all matters pertaining to these cards.

Metal Cards—For twenty-five cents we will send you, *post-paid*, the same card in aluminum composition, perforated at each end. Enclose a self-addressed return envelope, but no postage. Twenty-five cents covers everything. Give same data as for pasteboard cards. Holders of pasteboard cards can be registered under both pasteboard and metal cards if desired, but old numbers can not be duplicated on metal cards. If you no longer wish your old card, destroy it carefully and notify us, to avoid confusion and possible false alarms to your friends registered under that card.

A moment's thought will show the value of this system of card-identification for any one, whether in civilization or out of it. Remember to furnish stamped and addressed envelope and to *give in full the names and addresses of self and friend or friends when applying.*

If check or money order is sent, please make it out to the Ridgway Company, *not* to any individual.

Expeditions and Employment

While we should like to be of aid in these matters, experience has shown that it is not practicable.

Back Issues of *Adventure*

The Boston Magazine Exchange, 24 T Wharf, Boston, Mass., can supply Adventure *back through* 1918, *and occasional copies before that.*

WILL SELL: Mid August 1919 to Mid June 1920; Jan. 20th, 1922; April 20th, 1922. Twenty-two numbers in all. Two dollars, express collect. No single copies.—Address ERIC THELEN, 1118 14th Ave., Rockford, Ill.

WILL SELL: May, 1917; First May, 1919; June, 1919 to Dec. 1919; all 1920; all 1921. Perfect condition. No spots or torn pages. Twenty-five cents per copy.—Address J. BRUCE SULLIVAN, Box 231, Lynn, Mass.

WILL SELL: All of 1920 and all 1921. Complete. In good condition. Fifteen cents each plus postage.—Address JAMES B. MOBLEY, 925 Ft. Wayne Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

WILL BUY: All issues 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921. Must be in good condition; no covers missing. Ten cents per copy, plus postage.—PAUL MILLER, Davidson, Texas.

WILL BUY: March, August, November, December, 1911, for one dollar each. Will pay thirty cents for any number of 1912, 1913 or 1914. Must be in good condition.—Address PRINCE PEARCE, Hugo, Okla.

Manuscripts

Glad to look at any manuscript. We have no "regular staff" of writers. A welcome for new writers. *It is not necessary to write asking to submit your work.*

When submitting a manuscript, if you write a letter concerning it, enclose it *with* the manuscript; do *not* send it under separate cover. Enclose stamped and addressed envelope for return. All manuscripts should be typewritten double-spaced, with wide margins, not rolled, name and address on first page. We assume no risk for manuscripts or illustrations submitted, but use all due care while they are in our hands. Payment on acceptance.

We want only clean stories. Sex, morbid, "problem," psychological and supernatural stories barred. Use almost no fact-articles. Can not furnish or suggest collaborators; use fiction of almost any length; under 3,000 welcomed.

Camp-Fire Stations

Our Camp-Fire is extending its Stations all over the world. Any one belongs who wishes to. Any member desiring to meet those who are still hitting the trails may maintain a Station in his home or shop where wanderers may call and receive such hospitality as the Keeper wishes to offer. The only requirements are that the Station display the regular sign, provide a box for mail to be called for and keep the regular register book and maintain his Station in good repute. Otherwise Keepers run their Stations to suit themselves and are not responsible to this magazine or representative of it. List of Stations and further details are published in the Camp-Fire in the first issue of each month.

Camp-Fire Buttons

To be worn on lapel of coat by members of Camp-Fire—any one belongs who wishes to. Enameled in dark colors representing earth, sea and sky, and bears the numeral 71—the sum of the letters of the word Camp-Fire valued according to position in the alphabet. Very small and inconspicuous. Designed to indicate the common interest which is the only requisite for membership in Camp-Fire and to enable members to recognize each other when they meet in far places or at home. Twenty-five cents, post-paid, anywhere.

When sending for the button enclose a strong, self-addressed, *un*stamped envelope.

If check or money order is sent, please make it out to the Ridgway Company, *not* to any individual.

Missing Friends or Relatives

(*See Lost Trails*)

Mail Address and Forwarding Service

This office, assuming no responsibility, will be glad to act as a forwarding address for its readers or to hold mail till called for, provided necessary postage is supplied. Unclaimed mail which we have held for a long period is listed on the last page of the last issue of each month.

Addresses

Camp-Fire—Any one belongs who wishes to.

Rifle Clubs—Address Nat. Rifle Ass'n of America, 1108 Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.

(*See also under "Standing Information" in "Ask Adventure."*)

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Ask Adventure

A Free Question and Answer Service Bureau of Information on Outdoor Life and Activities Everywhere and Upon the Various Commodities Required Therein. Conducted for *Adventure* Magazine by Our Staff of Experts.

QUESTIONS should be sent, not to this office, but direct to the expert in charge of the section in whose field it falls. So that service may be as prompt as possible, he will answer you by mail direct. But he will also send to us a copy of each question and answer, and from these we shall select those of most general interets and publish them each issue in this department, thus making it itself an exceedingly valuable standing source of practical information. Unless otherwise requested inquirer's name and town are printed with question; street numbers not given.

When you ask for *general* information on a given district or subject the expert may give you some valuable general pointers and refer you to books or to local or special sources of information.

Our experts will in all cases answer to the best of their ability, using their own discretion in all matters pertaining to their sections, subject only to our general rules for "Ask Adventure," but neither they nor the magazine assumes any responsibility beyond the moral one of trying to do the best that is possible. These experts have been chosen by us not only for their knowledge and experience but with an eye to their integrity and reliability. We have emphatically assured each of them that his advice or information is not to be affected in any way by whether a given commodity is or is not advertised in this magazine.

1. **Service (except our assaying and oil services) free to anybody, provided self-addressed envelop and *full* postage, *not attached,* are enclosed. (See footnote at bottom of page.) Correspondents writing to or from foreign countries will please enclose International Reply Coupons, purchasable at any post-office, and exchangeable for stamps of any country in the International Postal Union.**
2. **Send each question direct to the expert in charge of the particular section whose field covers it. He will reply by mail. Do NOT send questions to this magazine.**
3. **No reply will be made to requests for partners, for financial backing, or for chances to join expeditions. "Ask Adventure" covers business and work opportunities, but only if they are outdoor activities, and only in the way of general data and advice. It is in no sense an employment bureau.**
4. **Make your questions definite and specific. State exactly your wants, qualifications and intentions. Explain your case sufficiently to guide the expert you question.**
5. **Send no question until you have read very carefully the exact ground covered by the particular expert in whose section it seems to belong.**

1. The Sea Part 1 American Waters
BERIAH BROWN, 1624 Bigelow Ave., Olympia, Wash. Ships, seamen and shipping; nautical history, seamanship, navigation, yachting, small-boat sailing; commercial fisheries of North America; marine bibliography of U. S.; fishing-vessels of the North Atlantic and Pacific banks. (*See next section.*)

2. ★ The Sea Part 2 British Waters
CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE, care *Adventure*. Seamanship, navigation, old-time sailorizing, ocean-cruising, etc. Questions on the sea, ships and men local to the British Empire go to Captain Dingle, not Mr. Brown.

3. ★ Islands and Coasts Part 1 Islands of Indian and Atlantic Oceans; the Mediterranean; Cape Horn and Magellan Straits
CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE, care *Adventure*. Ports, trade, peoples, travel. (*See next section*).

4. Islands Part 2 Haiti, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico and Virgin Group
CHARLES BELL EMERSON, 90 South Orchard St., San José, Calif. Languages, mining, minerals, fishing, sugar, fruit and tobacco production.

5. ★ New Zealand; and the South Sea Islands Part 1 Cook Islands, Samoa
TOM L. MILLS, *The Feilding Star*, Feilding, New Zealand. Travel, history, customs; adventure, exploring, sport. (*Postage 8 cents.*)

6. South Sea Islands Part 2
CHARLES BROWN, JR., 213 E St., San Rafael, Calif. French Oceania (Tahiti, the Society, Paumoto, Marquesas); islands of Western Pacific (Solomons, New Hebrides, Fiji, Tonga); of Central Pacific (Guam, Ladrone, Pelew, Caroline, Marshall, Gilbert, Ellice); of the Detached (Wallis Penrhyn, Danger, Easter, Rotuma, Futuna, Pitcairn), Inhabitants, history, travel, sports, equipment, climate, living conditions, commerce, pearling, vanilla and coconut culture.

7. ★ Australia and Tasmania
ALBERT GOLDIE, Sydney Press Club, 51 Elizabeth St., Sydney, Australia. Customs, resources, travel, hunting, sports, history. (*Postage 5 cents.*)

8. Malaysia, Sumatra and Java
FAY-COOPER COLE, Ph. D., Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Ill. Hunting and fishing, exploring, commerce, inhabitants, history, institutions.

9. New Guinea
L. P. B. ARMIT, Port Moresby, Territory of Papua, *via* Sydney, Australia. Hunting and fishing, exploring, commerce, inhabitants, history, institutions. Questions regarding the measures or policy of the Government or proceedings of Government officers not answered. (*Postage 6 cents.*)

10. Philippine Islands
BUCK CONNOR, P. O. Box 202, Hollywood, Calif. History, inhabitants, topography, customs, travel, hunting, fishing, minerals, agriculture, commerce.

11. Hawaiian Islands and China
F. J. HALTON, 714 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Customs, travel, natural history, resources, agriculture, fishing, hunting.

12. Japan
GRACE P. T. KNUDSON, Castine, Me. Commerce, politics, people, customs, history, geography, travel, agriculture, art, curios.

13. Asia, Southern
CAPTAIN BEVERLEY GIDDINGS, 1315 Josephine St., New Orleans, La. Arabia, Persia, India, Tibet, Burma, western China, Borneo. Hunting, exploring, traveling, customs.

★ *(Enclose addressed envelop with 5 cents—in Mr. Beadle's case 12 cents—in stamps NOT attached)*

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14. Africa Part 1 Sierra Leone to Old Calabar, West Africa, Southern and Northern Nigeria
ROBERT SIMPSON, care *Adventure*. Labor, trade, expenses, outfitting, living conditions, tribal customs, transportation.

15. ★ Africa Part 2 Transvaal, N. W. and Southern Rhodesia, British East, Uganda and the Upper Congo
CHARLES BEADLE, Ile de Lerne, par Vannes, Morbihan, Brittany, France. Geography, hunting, equipment, trading, climate, transport, customs, living conditions, witchcraft, adventure and sport. (*Postage 12 cents.*)

16. Africa Part 3 Cape Colony, Orange River Colony, Natal and Zululand
CAPTAIN F. J. FRANKLIN, care Adventurers' Club of Chicago, 40 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Climate, shooting and fishing, imports and exports; health resorts, minerals, direct shipping routes from U. S., living conditions, travel, opportunities for employment. Free booklets on: Orange-growing, apple-growing, sugar-growing, maize-growing; viticulture; sheep and fruit ranching.

17. ✠ Africa Part 4 Portuguese East
R. G. WARING, Corunna, Ontario, Canada. Trade, produce, climate, opportunities, game, wild life, travel, expenses, outfits, health, etc. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

18. Africa Part 5 Morocco
GEORGE E. HOLT, care *Adventure*. Travel, tribes, customs, history, topography, trade.

19. Africa Part 6 Tripoli
CAPTAIN BEVERLEY GIDDINGS, 1315 Josephine Street, New Orleans, La. Including the Sahara Tuaregs and caravan routes. Traveling, exploring, customs, caravan trade.

20. Africa Part 7 Egypt and Barbary States
J. L. BINDA, National Foreign Trade Council, 1 Hanover Sq., New York. Egypt and Sudan, Tunis, Algeria. Travel, history, ancient and modern; monuments, languages, races, customs, commerce.

21. Turkey and Asia Minor
J. L. BINDA, National Foreign Trade Council, 1 Hanover Sq., New York. Travel, history, geography, races, languages, customs, trade opportunities.

22. Balkans, except Albania
J. L. BINDA, National Foreign Trade Council, 1 Hanover Sq., New York. Greece, Jugo-Slavia, Bulgaria, Roumania. Travel, history, topography, languages, customs, trade opportunities.

23. Albania
ROBERT S. TOWNSEND, 1447 Irving St. N. W., Washington, D. C. History, politics, customs, languages, inhabitants, sports, travel, outdoor life.

24. Scandinavia
ROBERT S. TOWNSEND, 1447 Irving St. N. W., Washington, D. C. History, politics, customs, languages, inhabitants, sports, travel, outdoor life.

25. Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Poland
FRED F. FLEISCHER, Room 308, 26 Broadway, New York. History, politics, customs, languages, trade opportunities, travel, sports, outdoor life.

26. South America Part 1 Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile
EDGAR YOUNG, care *Adventure*. Geography, inhabitants, history, industries, topography, minerals, game, languages, customs.

27. South America Part 2 Venezuela, the Guianas, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina
EDGAR YOUNG, care *Adventure*. Travel, history, customs, industries, topography, inhabitants, languages, hunting and fishing.

28. Central America
CHARLES BELL EMERSON, 90 So. Orchard St., San José, Calif. Canal Zone, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, British Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala. Travel, languages, game, conditions, minerals, trading.

29. Mexico Part 1 Northern
J. W. WHITEAKER, 1505 W. 10th St., Austin, Tex. Border States of old Mexico—Sonora, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas. Minerals, lumbering, agriculture, travel, customs, topography, climate, inhabitants, hunting, history, industries.

30. Mexico Part 2 Southern; and Lower California
C. R. MAHAFFEY, Box 281, San Luis Obispo, Calif. Lower California; Mexico south of a line from Tampico to Mazatlan. Mining, agriculture, topography, travel, hunting, lumbering, history, inhabitants, business and general conditions.

31. ✠ Canada Part 1 Height of Land and Northern Quebec
S. E. SANGSTER ("Canuck"), L. B. 393, Ottawa, Canada. Also Ontario (except strip between Minn. and C. P. Ry.); southeastern Ungava and Keewatin. Sport, canoe routes, big game, fish, fur; equipment; Indian life and habits; Hudson's Bay Co. posts; minerals, timber, customs regulations. No questions answered on trapping for profit. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

32. ✠ Canada Part 2 Ottawa Valley and Southeastern Ontario
HARRY M. MOORE, Deseronto, Ont., Canada. Fishing, hunting, canoeing, mining, lumbering, agriculture, topography, travel, camping, aviation. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

33. ✠ Canada Part 3 Georgian Bay and Southern Ontario
GEORGE L. CATTON, Tweed, Ont., Canada. Fishing, hunting, trapping, canoeing. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

34. Canada Part 4 Hunters Island and English River District
T. F. PHILLIPS, Department of Science, Duluth Central High School, Duluth, Minn. Fishing, camping, hunting, trapping, canoeing, climate, topography, travel.

35. Canada Part 5 Yukon, British Columbia and Alberta
ED. L. CARSON, Mount Vernon, Wash. Including Peace River district; to Great Slave Lake. Outfits and equipment, guides, big game, minerals, forest, prairie; travel; customs regulations.

36. ✠ Canada Part 6 Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Mackenzie and Northern Keewatin
REECE H. HAGUE, The Pas, Manitoba, Canada. Homesteading, mining, hunting, trapping, lumbering and travel. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

37. ✠ Canada Part 7 New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Southeastern Quebec
JAS. F. B. BELFORD, Codrington, Ont., Canada. Hunting, fishing, lumbering, camping, trapping, auto and canoe trips, history, topography, farming, homesteading, mining, paper industry, water-power. (*Postage 3 cents.*)

38. Alaska
THEODORE S. SOLOMONS, 2837 Fulton St., Berkeley, Calif. Arctic life and travel; boats, packing, back-packing, traction, transport, routes; equipment, clothing, food; physics, hygiene; mountain work.

39. Baffinland and Greenland
VICTOR SHAW, Shaw Mines Corp., Silverton, Colo. Hunting, expeditions, dog-team work, whaling, geology, ethnology (Eskimo).

40. Western U. S. Part 1 Calif., Ore., Wash., Nev., Utah and Ariz.
E. E. HARRIMAN, 2303 W. 23rd St., Los Angeles, Calif. Game, fur, fish; camp, cabin; mines, minerals; mountains.

41. Western U. S. Part 2 Colo. and Wyo.
FRANK MIDDLETON, 504 So. 2d. St., Laramie, Wyo. Geography, agriculture, stock-raising, mining, hunting, fishing, trapping, camping and outdoor life in general.

42. Western U. S. Part 3 Mont. and the Northern Rocky Mountains
CHESTER C. DAVIS, Helena, Mont. Agriculture, mining, northwestern oil-fields, hunting, fishing, camping, automobile tours, guides, early history.

43. Western U. S. Part 4 Idaho and Surrounding Country
OTTO M. JONES, Warden, Bureau of Fish and Game, Boise, Idaho. Camping, shooting, fishing, equipment, information on expeditions, outdoor photography, history and inhabitants.

44. Western U. S. Part 5 Tex. and Okla.
J. W. WHITEAKER, 1505 W. 10th St., Austin, Tex. Minerals, agriculture, travel, topography, climate, hunting, history, industries.

45. Middle Western U. S. Part 1 The Dakotas, Neb., Ia., Kan.
JOSEPH MILLS HANSON (lately Capt. A. E. F.), care *Adventure*. Hunting, fishing, travel. Especially, early history of Missouri Valley.

46. Middle Western U. S. Part 2 Mo. and Ark.
JOHN B. THOMPSON, 906 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Also the Missouri Valley up to Sioux City, Iowa. Wilder countries of the Ozarks, and swamps; hunting, fishing, trapping, farming, mining and range lands; big-timber sections.

47. Middle Western U. S. Part 3 Ind., Ill., Mich., Wis., Minn. and Lake Michigan
J. B. THOMPSON, 906 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Fishing, clamming, hunting, trapping, lumbering, canoeing, camping, guides, outfits, motoring, agriculture, minerals, natural history, early history, legends.

48. Middle Western U. S. Part 4 Mississippi River
GEO. A. ZERR, Vine and Hill Sts., Crafton P. O., Ingram, Pa. Routes, connections, itineraries; all phases of river steamer and power-boat travel; history and idiosyncrasies of the river and its tributaries. Questions regarding methods of working one's way should be addressed to Mr. Spears. (*See next section.*)

49. Eastern U. S. Part 1 Miss., O., Tenn., Michigan and Hudson Valleys, Great Lakes, Adirondacks
RAYMOND S. SPEARS, Little Falls, N. Y. Automobile, motor-cycle, bicycle and pedestrian touring; shanty-boating, river-tripping; outfit suggestions, including those for the transcontinental trails; game, fish and woodcraft; furs, fresh-water pearls, herbs.

✠ *(Enclose addressed envelop with 3 cents in stamps NOT attached)*

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50. Eastern U. S. Part 2 Motor-Boat and Canoe Cruising on Delaware and Chesapeake Bays and Tributary Rivers

HOWARD A. SHANNON, *Alexandria Gazette*, Alexandria, Va. Motor-boat equipment and management. Oystering, crabbing, eeling, black bass, pike, sea-trout, croakers; general fishing in tidal waters. Trapping and trucking on Chesapeake Bay. Water fowl and upland game in Maryland and Virginia. Early history of Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland.

51. Eastern U. S. Part 3 Tenn., Ala., Miss., N. and S. C., Fla. and Ga.

HAPSBURG LIEBE, Orlando, Fla. Except Tennessee River and Atlantic seaboard. Hunting, fishing, camping; logging, lumbering, sawmilling, saws.

52. Eastern U. S. Part 4 Maine

DR. G. E. HATHORNE, 70 Main Street, Bangor, Me. Fishing, hunting, canoeing, guides, outfits, supplies.

OUR ASSAYING and OIL SERVICES

H. C. WIRE, Chino, Calif. If all conditions are complied with, a *general estimate* as to composition and commercial value will be given from ore specimens submitted. Specimens half the size of a man's fist, in canvas bag, cigar-box or other strong wrapping; preferably by parcel post; *always marked with sender's name and address.* Separate letter telling general nature of locality, mass of rocks where found and of neighboring rocks; what local mining activities; *what particular mineral is sought in sample;* nothing that gives away exact location. Samples (usually destroyed in analysis) will not be returned. Charge: $1 per sample.

Oil. A rough general opinion given on oil indications. Give general description of lay of land as to hills, exposed rock-beds, kind of rock. (Can help also by referring inquirer to U. S. Geol. Survey bulletins that may bear on locality.) No questions as to stocks, companies or investments answered. Charge: 50 cents per locality.

No responsibility assumed by either the magazine or me beyond honesty and sincere endeavor. Name and address of sender will not even be passed on to the magazine in case inquiry and answer are sent it for publication.

OLD SONGS THAT MEN HAVE SUNG

ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, 745 Riverside Drive, New York City. A department for collecting hitherto unpublished specimens and for answering questions concerning all songs of the out-of-doors that have had sufficient virility to outlast their immediate day; chanteys, "forebitters," ballads —songs of outdoor men—sailors, lumberjacks, soldiers, cowboys, pioneers, rivermen, canal-men, men of the Great Lakes, voyageurs, railroad men, miners, hoboes, plantation hands, etc.

WEAPONS, PAST and PRESENT

Rifles, shotguns, pistols, revolvers, ammunition and edged weapons. (Any questions on the arms adapted to a particular locality should *not* be sent to this department but to the "Ask Adventure" editor covering the district.)

A.—All Shotguns, including foreign and American makes; wing shooting. J. B. THOMPSON, 906 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

B.—All Rifles, Pistols and Revolvers, including foreign and American makes. DONEGAN WIGGINS, R. F. D. 3, Lock Box 75, Salem, Ore.

C.—Edged Weapons, and Firearms Prior to 1800. Swords, pikes, knives, battle-axes, etc., and all firearms of the flintlock, matchlock, wheel-lock and snaphaumce varieties. LEWIS APPLETON BARKER, 40 University Road, Brookline, Mass.

FISHING IN NORTH AMERICA

Salt and Fresh Water Fishing

J. B. THOMPSON, 906 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Covering fishing-tackle and equipment; fly and bait casting and bait; camping-outfits; fishing-trips.

MOUNTAINS and MOUNTAINEERING

Especially of New England. ARTHUR BENT, Appalachian Mountain Club, 1050 Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.

STANDING INFORMATION

For information on trade in any part of the world, address J. L. BINDA, National Foreign Trade Council, 1 Hanover Sq., New York.

For general information on U. S. and its possessions, write Supt. of Public Documents, Wash., D. C., for catalog of all Government publications.

For the Philippines, Porto Rico, and customs receiverships in Santo Domingo and Haiti, the Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Dept., Wash., D. C.

For Alaska, the Alaska Bureau, Chamber of Commerce, Central Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

For Hawaii, Hawaii Promotion Committee, Chamber of Commerce, Honolulu, T. H. Also, Dept. of the Interior, Wash, D. C.

For Cuba, Bureau of Information, Dept. of Agri., Com. and Labor, Havana, Cuba.

The Pan-American Union may be called upon for general information relating to Latin-American matters or for specific data. Address L. S. ROWE, Dir. Gen., Wash., D. C.

For R. C. M. P., Commissioner Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa, Can. Only unmarried British subjects, age 18 to 40, above 5 ft. 8 in. and under 175 lbs.

For Canal Zone, the Panama Canal Com., Wash., D. C.

For U. S., its possessions and most foreign countries, the Dept. of Com., Wash., D. C.

United States Revolver Ass'n. W. A. MORRALL, Sec'y-Treas., Hotel Virginia, Columbus, O.

All inquiries for information regarding the national parks, how to get there and what to do when you get there, should be addressed to the National Park Service, Washington, D. C.

"Ask Adventure" Notes

DR. PETER H. GOLDSMITH, the "Ask Adventure" expert in charge of Section 27, sailed for Rio de Janeiro last August to take part in the centenary of Brazil and to represent the United States as official delegate in one of the congresses held in conjunction with that event. Dr. Goldsmith writes:

> Afterward I shall travel for some weeks in Brazil, and then I shall probably go to Uruguay and Argentina, and possibly to Chile and Paraguay. I plan to be absent three or four months.

If this announcement seems belated, please remember that *Adventure* has to go to press a long time ahead in order to accommodate the necessities of the mail service, which requires several weeks to distribute the magazine uniformly throughout the United States, so that it may be placed on sale the same day everywhere from Maine to California. And in any case it is not too late for us all to join in wishing every good thing to Dr. Goldsmith on his journey.

In Dr. Goldsmith's absence his section will be handled by Edgar Young, the "Ask Adventure" expert in charge of the other South American section.

CHARLES BROWN, JR., the "Ask Adventure" expert in charge of Section 6, has gone to Tahiti for a long stay. So if he seems slow in answering, please make allowance for the immense distances involved. He hasn't sent us a new address yet, but will as soon as he gets settled down.

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Till further notice keep writing him at the historic 213 E St., San Rafael, Calif. His mail will be forwarded.

The full statement of sections in this department, as given in this issue, is printed only in alternate issues.

Gold-Strikes of Australia

WHERE nuggets as big as ironing-boards are found—that is to say, where one such was found anyhow:

Question:—"I have heard that there has been a good deal of successful gold-prospecting in Australia recently.

I would like to know what part of the country this is being done in and the best time of the year to undertake same.

Would it be advisable for a young American, single, 26 years old, good health and used to hardships, to go to Australia for that purpose? Have had no experience in that line. How much capital would be required after reaching that country to get started in the work?

Would appreciate any information you may give me on the difficulties and conditions—climate, etc.—that would be met."—HARRY O. STRICKLER, St. Petersburgh, Fla.

Answer, by Mr. Goldie:—Ever since the discovery of gold in 1851 which attracted large bodies of population to Australia and thus laid the foundations of its nationhood, there have been periodical outbreaks of gold fever caused by discoveries more or less sensational. These have occurred in various parts of the continent, and in places thousands of miles apart, showing that the mineral wealth of this country is widely scattered, and is not confined to any particular section. Hundreds of fortunes have been made, and many thousands of others have benefited by these discoveries, and the chances today are as great as they have been at any time in the past. At the same time I do not care to take the responsibility of inducing you to come over here because of this fact.

I am quite prepared to give you all the information you require, but you must decide for yourself whether it is worth your while, for as you know, the search for gold is an adventure, and the adventurer must be prepared to take what is coming to him. Between the years 1851 and 1919 the value of the gold-yield of the Commonwealth amounted to very nearly 600,000,000 pounds sterling according to the official figures, though these by no means represent the total production, as large quantities of gold were taken away by successful diggers in the early days, the amount of which was not in all cases reported.

Remarkable masses of gold have been found in the Commonwealth at various times. The first nugget was discovered at Hargraves, in New South Wales, in 1851, and weighed a little over one pound. The Burrandong nugget, found near Orange in the same year, weighed 1,286 ozs. 8 dwts.; and the Brennan was sold in Sydney for 1,156 pounds. The Jubilee, found in 1887, weighed 347 ozs. In Victoria a nugget which weighed 1,620 ozs. was found in 1853, at Canadian Gully. The "Welcome" found near Ballarat in 1853, weighed 2,217 ozs., while the Welcome Stranger, unearthed in 1869 at Mount Moliagul, near Dunolly, weighed 2,315 ozs., of which 2,284 ozs. were fine gold and 31 ozs. silver, and was valued at 9,534 pounds.

Probably the largest mass of gold ever found was obtained at Beyer and Holtermann's claim at Hill End, New South Wales, in 1872. The specimen was 4 ft. 9 in. high, 2 ft. 9 in. wide, and about 4 in. thick, and contained only a comparatively small admixture of quartz. An offer of 13,000 pounds was refused for this prize when it was first exhibited.

A miner in western Australia dollied out 15,000 pounds' worth of gold in 1890 from the cap of a reef on the Yalgoo field, and 20,000 pounds' worth was won in a few days by the discoverer of the Wealth of Nations mine.

A young man your age, single and in good health who is prepared to put up with hardships, should certainly make good in Australia. It is being recognized more and more every day that this is a country of boundless wealth. No part of it is actually waste country, because some of our richest deposits of minerals have been found in the most barren fields.

Take for instance the case of the Broken Hill silver field, the chief lode on which was discovered in 1882 in what was described on the Government maps as a useless territory. This field has become one of the richest and most productive mining centers in the world. Up to the end of 1918 this supposedly waste country had yielded silver to the value of over 103,000,000 pounds, while the dividends and bonuses paid during the same period came to 21,663,024 pounds. The country is full of the romances of great mineral discoveries, and considering our small population the rewards to those who have prospected and developed these industries have been remarkable.

If you arrived here with three or four hundred dollars it should give you a good start. The climate in the interior of the country, where most of the mining centers are situated, is hot in Summer, but it is a dry heat and healthy.

I would be glad to give you any further information you may desire.

An Ohio-Mississippi River Trip

THE subjoined is advice to the "tripper," or man who goes it in his own craft. If you want to make the voyage as a passenger, write Mr. Zerr, the editor of section 48. See page 185:

Question:—"I intend to make a canoe trip down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, starting from Akron, Columbus or Pittsburgh. Will make the trip alone.

Any information you will give me will be very much appreciated—such as to outfit, fishing, type of canoe and the chances of running in with the river thieves and so forth."—PAUL MATHER, Akron, O.

Answer, by Mr. Spears:—Over on this slip you'll find some general suggestions. I'd say go in a good clinker-built skiff rather than a canoe. You can spread canvas over the skiff, and with a canvas

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hammock from the gunwales sleep on board, and with a small gasoline stove cook on board, and anchor in an eddy, or draw up on a sand-bar. The canoe you always have to land, and on lower Mississippi mud is a bad thing, especially on falling river. The skiff, too, is much safer.

You can make the trip handily down the Ohio, but I'd suggest starting lower down than Pittsburgh, on account of the many pool dams and long dead-waters. You can get an outboard motor, and this will take you through the still-waters. I'd say, though, start below the dams or along at Cincinnati or Louisville, rather than clear up.

Carry a big water-can for drinking-water in the Ohio. Get water in towns—distilled water, say, or good water. Ohio River water is not good.

There'll be bottom fishing—catfish, carp and the like.

Not much danger from thieves, but there is some danger. There are a lot of blockade—liquor—runners down the rivers now, and these are bad men. You'll find, though, a considerable reputable floating population, and if you take good care you are likely to run in with trustworthy trippers as you go down. When I went down I found always river people who were going my way, and whose looks, if not their manner of living, enabled me to get through without any trouble.

It all depends on one's own self how these trips pan out. I know I had a dandy trip on all the streams I went down or crossed.

"Ask Adventure" service costs you nothing whatever but reply postage and self-addressed envelop. Exception: Our assaying and oil services.

The French Foreign Legion

THE entrance requirements don't seem to be so strenuous as the service demanded of the applicant after he's in:

Question:—"I am writing you on the supposition that you may be able to give me some general information on the French Foreign Legion.

What must be the qualifications, age, etc?

Are they recruited from foreigners?

What are the terms of enlistment?

Where are they recruited?"—MELVIN DOREMUS, Newark, N. J.

Answer, by Mr. Binda:—Any man, regardless of his nationality, can enlist in the French Foreign Legion—included subjects of enemy countries—who meets the following conditions:

Enlistment for 5 years.

Age: at least 18 and not over 40.

Height: one meter 55 cm.

Physical fitness proven by certificate presented at recruiting-office.

It is important to note that no other conditions, guarantees or papers whatever are required.

A bonus of 500 francs, payable one-half upon entering the corps and the other half four months after the enlistment has been contracted, is given to every new recruit. After five years of service reenlistments are contracted for from one to five years, which entitles the soldier to a bonus of 200 francs per year of reenlistment (300 francs for a non-com.).

The regular pay is the same as that of French troops; additional pay is granted for every additional three years of service. It varies according to the rank and length of services. After 15 years a pension proportional to the pay is given.

The Foreign Legion is garrisoned in the French possessions of Northern Africa (Algeria and Morocco); in Tonkin there was a *régiment de marche* before the war, which will be reorganized as soon as the effectives will allow it; and in Asiatic Turkey a battalion has now been formed.

To one possessing the requirements stated above all that is necessary for enlistment is to apply at the nearest recruiting-station *on French territory.*

The French Government will not pay for the transportation of foreigners anxious to enlist in the French Foreign Legion to the recruiting-point, and so any prospective candidate will have to travel at his own expenses.

Bait and Traps for Foxes

TWO ways to outfox the little cuss and bring home the pelt:

Question:—"I would like to learn of a good bait for foxes. I have been told of a few, but they haven't as yet proved satisfactory.

How would be the best way to trap them? By this I mean setting and baiting.

I once read that it was advisable to dip the trap in some kind of melted fat before setting, as this destroys the man-scent.

I have trapped skunks, coons and muskrat, but haven't had any experience in the art of "catcha-da-fox" as yet, so any information you can give me upon this subject will be appreciated."—K. W. MASON, Magalia, Butte Co., Calif.

Answer, by Mr. Harriman:—Here is one way to get a fox: If there is a pond or slow stream in his range, place a rock or bit of log in shallow water, at least three feet from dry ground. On this place a bird or cottontail. Sprinkle this bait with liquid fox-bait, sold by E. W. Biggs & Co., Kansas City, Mo. Then take up a heavy sod or big clod of dirt with a shovel or two sticks and place this in the water about a foot from shore On this hide your trap carefully.

The fox will smell the liquid and come to it. He will see the bait and try to reach it. To do so he will set a foot on the clod or sod and he is your fur right then.

Another way is to hang a bait on a wire, with three traps under it, concealed by dead leaves. Using the liquid bait brings a fox if one comes within smelling range.

I have outwitted a fox by placing the bait inside a pair of old horse-shoes, only half-concealed, then placing three or four traps carefully concealed, a few feet away. The fox circles the bait, wary and uncertain, so busily intent upon estimating the danger that he blunders right into the traps.

The liquid bait makes a common bait a hundred-fold more killing. You can get these liquid baits from Biggs at sixty cents for a package large enough for sixty baits, one dollar for those good for one hundred and fifty sets—these prices for baits for fox, wolf, mink, ermine, muskrat, civet, beaver, otter, bear, wildcat, lynx, fisher, badger.

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For skunk, coon and opossum seventy-five cents and thirty-five cents a package.

These liquid baits are guaranteed, if used according to directions.

Prospecting Around Telegraph Creek

HOW Mr. Carson lost fifty thousand dollars:

Question:—"Am thinking of spending next Summer prospecting for minerals in Yukon Territory, British Columbia and Alberta. I would be very grateful to you for any information as to where I would be likely to find them."— DEWEY L. BRADFORD, Camp Lewis, Wash.

Answer, by Mr. Carson:—If I were in your place I would not go to Y. T., but would take a chance on the Stikine River somewhere in the vicinity of Telegraph Creek. In the first place it is a mighty good fish and game country, so that you would be sure of a grub-stake since your prospector's license (cost $5) permits you to take game for food.

There is considerable placer gold, although the formation is pockety; but several good clean-ups have been made out of those same pockets in the last few years. Aside from this there is a chance of running on to something good along the lines of silver, copper or lead; and you can work from Telegraph Creek on up to Atlin Lake if you want to.

Go in by way of Wrangel, taking the Barrington boats up-river to Glenora. Take nothing with you except money unless you happen to have an outfit now which you do not care to "ditch." You can get everything you want at Telegraph Creek from the Hylan people since they can outfit anything along frontier lines.

It might be a good idea to hang up at the creek for a week or so with your ears open and your mouth shut; and if you could pick up a man who knew something of the country it would be better to have him along. There is generally some lone drunkard hanging around the camp who has a tale of a rich prospect if he could only get a grub-stake. Everybody calls him a liar, but my experience has been that there was an even chance that he was telling the truth. It cost me fifty thousand dollars to call one of these fellows a liar on one occasion, since the man who believed him and staked him cleaned up just that much.

Farming on the Chesapeake

YOU can get in some good fishing, oystering and crabbing, too:

Question:—"May I ask you a few questions on farming?

Is there much dairy-farming down in Virginia? If not, what kind?

How is the land, sandy or stony?

What would a farm of, say, 200 acres cost? Would like it near some river or Chesapeake Bay or Potomac River.

Also do you have to have a license to take oysters and crabs in season, and would they pay on a small scale?

What branch of farming would pay best in your State?

Please do not use my name if you publish this."— —— ——, Shavertown, N. Y.

Answer, by Mr. Shannon:—Virginia is a very good farming State. Tidewater Virginia has a shore-line of fifteen hundred miles lying along arms of Chesapeake Bay. In that section the soil is thin, light and sandy; but the mildness of the climate favors truck-farming, which is largely followed.

The Shenandoah Valley is noted for its stock and cattle. The limestone soils produce large crops of grass and grain.

Personally I'd prefer the Eastern Shore of Maryland to any part of Virginia were I contemplating engaging in the trucking business. And especially so if I intended to embark in the oyster, fish and crab industry as a side line.

A good improved farm of 200 acres might cost as much as $20,000, depending largely upon its location and nearness to a suitable market. Many farms of that size in a more or less run-down condition can be purchased for one-tenth of that amount. I know of one place 16 miles from Cambridge, Maryland, lying on Chesapeake Bay that has 55 acres, a good seven-room house, outhouses, orchard—no water—that was for sale last Summer for $500. The man who formerly owned it made enough from poultry and produce in eight years to buy a home in Baltimore and retire. And it is in the very heart of the oyster, crab, fish and muskrat country. Good State road within three miles. Steamboat landing within three miles.

Residents pay an annual license fee of five dollars for crabbing rights. Fish-nets are taxed by the size of the equipment. Oystering license also. No fee for fishing with hook and line. Crabbing pays on a small scale, and so does fishing. Oystering is a more complicated industry. You might write Mr. W. H. Hoyt, Taylor's Island, Maryland, for direct information about his section. He is an expert truck farmer who left Long Island a couple of years ago to embark in the same line of business on the Eastern Shore.

The farm department of Wm. H. Saunders & Company, 1433 K, Washington, D. C., could probably quote a price on shore property in Virginia. They are a reputable real-estate firm which specializes in such properties.

Corn, wheat, tobacco, tomatoes, potatoes, peanuts, oats, hay and some cotton constitute the crops of Virginia, and with the exception of cotton those of Maryland.

There are many dairy farms all along the valley in Virginia and also along the Blue Ridge section. Grass isn't so good nor grain crops either, in tidewater Virginia. It is more of a trucking country.

Will be pleased to furnish any further information you may desire. If you will let me know just what section you have in mind and just about what amount you'd care to invest I could get closer to facts that would fit your particular case.

If you don't want an answer enough to enclose full return postage to carry it, you don't want it.

Opportunities for Divers

GOOD wages, but few jobs:

Question:—"Where could I obtain an inexpensive diving-suit? Would like to hear of several firms making same.

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Would also like some information on diving; namely, wages if employed, whether license is needed, physical condition, etc."—H. J. T., Everett, Wash.

Answer, by Mr. B. Brown:—The Pacific Net & Twine Co., 1213 Western Ave., Seattle, have diving-suits, possibly some that have been in use that they would sell below the list price. The same concern, on inquiry, might put you in touch with some of the very few people who are in the diving game.

My impression is that outside of wrecking concerns and contracting firms engaged in certain lines of harbor improvements there are few avenues of employment for wages open to divers. In most instances the divers get casual, but well-paid, employment, not regular jobs on any regular scale of weekly or monthly wages. The exceptions are such divers as are employed in the South Pacific on pearling-vessels and the divers who are in the Navy.

Free service (except our assaying and oil services), but we don't pay the postage to get it to you.

Facts on Spanish America

AVERAGE population of a republic run by our Andalusian brethren is just this side of 10,000,000:

Question:—"Would like to know a few things about Central America.

I would like to know what the value of United States money is in Central America.

How is the best way to get there?

Can one go by auto all the way, or would it be better to go by boat?

What are the largest cities, and where located?

Any railroads?

Are the natives agreeable and easy to get along with?

How is trading, and can one sell American or U. S. goods to good advantage?

Is the country easy to get about in? I mean the inhabited parts.

How can a person make a living?"—SIDNEY F. MOTT, Winesap, Wash.

Answer, by Mr. Emerson:—The total population of the twenty-one American republics maintaining the Pan-American Union approximates 200,000,000. The total area in square miles is 12,000,000. The total foreign commerce, exports and imports, $13,-200,000,000, according to latest article in *Dearborn Independent* of Dec. 3d, '21, so you see there are some people and acreage out of which for you to choose as to which particular district you wish to operate in.

You can get there from New York, New Orleans or San Francisco by steamer or by railroad.

Rand-McNally's Pocket Map of Central America, 35c, will help you to see how the land lies. All railways are narrow gage except the Panama Railroad, which is four inches broader than "standard" (4 feet 8½ inches).

In Honduras a silver peso of 100 centavos is worth 40c gold in U. S. A. money. The metric system of weights and measures is used. The real is worth 12½c.

The natives is most parts are indolently agreeable, and many of them had rather do tomorrow what could be done today. Spanish is the language, and a trader must know what he is talking about in that language so as not to make unintended mistakes, thus giving offense where none was intended.

As to selling goods; the native is willing to buy if goods are properly presented for trading.

Not knowing your qualifications, as to whether you are a professional man, a salesman or mechanic, I can not say "how *you* can make a living," but the fact is that there are always opportunities for the right man if he can do the work and can speak Spanish so well that he can get the confidence of the people that have work to be done. A trip by auto would not be an unqualified success at any time, and most of the year would be quite impossible.

The country, taken as a while, is not easy to get about in, as it has in many sections to be done on the back of a mule over trails.

For a real adventure you should fit out and explore the many unexplored miles of the Olancho district in the Unknown Mountains, of which the Indians have a superstitious dread and will not go in there, although it is known that it contains some very rich lands, minerals and valuable woods only waiting for the man with the right "push" to go in and locate on it.

Tell me more definitely what you wish to do and then I can answer you more definitely.

Medieval Breech-Loading Cannon

IN FACT, they came before the muzzle loaders:

Question:—"While engaged in digging a cellar on our farm in Rhode Island, our man recently unearthed the following articles, photographs of which I am enclosing:

A very old breech-loading cannon, 3 feet, 8 inches long and weighing 118 pounds; the skeleton of an Indian chief, an old Spanish sword, copper kettles, wampum, the stem of a clay pipe, blue glass for beads, pottery, red pigment, apparently for face and body decoration; a little hair, a small piece of blanket, and a number of minor things. There were also six more skeletons, one being that of a child of 10 or 12 years.

The Providence *Journal* sent some of their staff with a photographer and the officers of the Providence Historical Society, who wrote it up several times, and consider it the greatest find ever made in Rhode Island of this nature. They say the gun is three or four hundred years old and the graves three hundred.

Are they correct in assuming that a breech-loading cannon was used so early as this? Please do not print name or address."

Answer, by Mr. Barker:—The photos of the articles found on your farm were very interesting, and please accept my thanks for sending them to me. You need not be surprized at a breech-loading gun as old as that. It may very probably be older.

On page 191 is sketch of wrought-iron cannon, with movable chamber beneath, of the fifteenth century, which is now in the Musée d'Artillerie, Paris. As in your case, they are so unfortunate as not to have the original movable chamber, but you may see that the cannon is practically a duplicate of yours, and not only loaded at the breech, but was loaded by means of what seems to be equivalent to the clip of a modern automatic pistol. There is nothing new under the sun.

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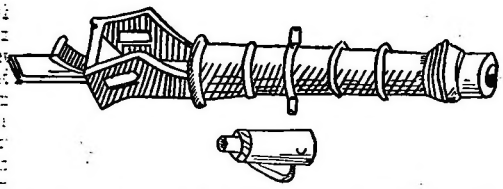

Strange as it may seem, breech-loading cannon antedated muzzle loaders, and cannon were the first firearms used. Gunpowder was unquestionably made as early as 846 A.D. By 1232 the Chinese and Tatars regularly employed gunpowder in war, and it was used at the siege of Seville in 1247.

However, until the commencement of the fourteenth century in Europe, what were called firearms were only engines which threw fire into besieged places for the purpose of destroying buildings and machines. Toward the close of the fourteenth century there began for the first time in Europe to appear weapons which discharged leaden or stone bullets, and here the history of artillery and firearms really begins.

There is a story extant that the idea of using gunpowder to shoot balls through an iron tube occurred to the inventor when he was engaged in pounding a mixture of sulfur, charcoal and saltpeter together in a mortar and the composition suddenly exploded, knocking him down. This accounts for the fact that the very first cannon used resembled a common domestic mortar, a touch hole being added for the purpose of firing it with less danger. These were made of pieces or bars of wrought iron, which, being placed lengthwise from end to end, like the staves of a barrel, were joined to one another by hoops.

The largest one known, in the arsenal at Vienna, is 3 feet 7 inches in diameter, and 8 feet 2 inches in length. These were made open at both ends, the charge being inserted at the lower extremity, which was then stopped up with wedges of metal or wood, sometimes one whole piece, sometimes several hammered in with a mallet.

This, the most ancient form of cannon, was followed by the *charge à la boite mobile*, called *veuglaire* from the German *vogler*, fowler, in which the chamber and the tube were formed of separate pieces, as is the case with the one you have discovered.

The muzzle-loading gun, supposed to be a great improvement, followed this, to be in turn replaced by the breech loader.

Cast-iron guns succeeded those of wrought iron. For a long time powder arms did not entirely supplant the old-fashioned stone-throwing machines, known as the *trebouchel*, catapult and *tormentum*—the *ballista* shot arrows of enormous size—as these, particularly for siege operations, were in use throughout the entire middle ages.

In 1313 the town of Ghent had stone-throwing guns; and it was probably from Flanders that Edward III brought over these new weapons for use against the Scots in 1327, which is our first knowledge of their being used by the English. As I went into this under the heading of "History of Gunpowder" quite extensively in April 30, 1922, issue of *Adventure*, I will not continue.

LOST TRAILS

NOTE—We offer this department of the "Camp-Fire" free of charge to those of our readers who wish to get in touch again with old friends or acquaintances from whom the years have separated them. For the benefit of the friend you seek, *give your own name if possible.* All inquiries along this line, unless containing contrary instructions, will be considered as intended for publication in full with inquirer's name, in this department, at our discretion. We reserve the right in case inquirer refuses his name, to substitute any numbers or other names, to reject any item that seems to us unsuitable, and to use our discretion in all matters pertaining to this department. Give also your own full address. We will, however, forward mail through this office, assuming no responsibility therefor. We have arranged with the Montreal *Star* to give additional publication in their "Missing Relative Column," weekly and daily editions, to any of our inquiries for persons last heard of in Canada. Except in case of relatives, inquiries from one sex to the other are barred.

BOB and RUBY. Please write to your friends.—Address C. MAUD HETTY STEWART, 11 N. Wahsatch Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

SEAGRAVES, JOHN. Chief Gunner's Mate. Last heard of somewhere with the Atlantic Fleet in 1919-1920. Please write to your old pal.—Address LEO F. OLSEN, Ardmore, Pa.

McGEE, JOHN. Third Officer on board the *S. S. West Arrow* in 1919. Home in Baltimore, Md. Last heard of in Philadelphia, Pa., 1920. Please write. I am anxious to know how you are making out.—Address LEO F. OLSEN, Ardmore, Pa.

BURG, LOUIS A. Chief Boatswain's Mate, U. S. N. Last heard of with the Pacific Fleet at Rio de Janiero, Brazil, S. A., in 1918. Any information will be appreciated by his pal.—Address LEO F. OLSEN, Ardmore, Pa.

ROMANS, DONALD L. Last heard of in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1921. Have some very important news for you. Please write to your mother or me.—Address LEO F. OLSEN, Ardmore, Pa.

A LIST of unclaimed manuscripts will be published in the January 20th and July 20th issues of Adventure, and a list of unclaimed mail will be published in the last issue of each month.

HANKINS, DREW. Received your letter of Feb. 18th and wrote you as requested to Guadalajara; letters were returned unclaimed. Received your letter of 4th March and wrote you care of Gen. Delivery, Guaymas, Sonora, also mailed you letters to Rancho de Diez Mil Flores, Santa Rosalia, Baja, California. All these letters have been returned to me unclaimed. Have not heard from you since your letter of March 4th. Any information will be appreciated.—Address R. D. WILSON, 932 West 16th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please notify us at once when you have found your man.

SMYTH, PETE. Born in County Cavan, Ireland. Age about fifty years. Left Ireland about the year 1902 for America. Heard of in Alaska. Received ten acres of homestead land some time later. He then made his home in Washington, unable to say whether it was the State, or D. C. Any information will be appreciated.—Address MRS. E. CLARK, 696 Tenth Ave., New York, N. Y.

BUSHARD, WILFRED (Brother). Left Flint, Michigan, for Texas. Has not been heard from for over a year. Was in the Navy during the war, and was stationed in New York. Any information will be appreciated.—Address ROSE BUSHARD, 1505 Howard Ave., Burlingame, Calif.

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DE CON, JOHN H. Canadian Veteran of the World War. Thirty-five years of age, five feet five one-half inches in height, weight 135 pounds, dark brown hair slightly curly, hazel eyes, small scar near left eyebrow, peculiar way of using hands due to injury in infancy. English born, highly educated, fine musician, piano and organ, extensively traveled, clean habits, great reader. Any information will be appreciated by his wife.—Address MAUD A. DE CON, 339 Richton Ave., H. P. Detroit, Mich.

PEEBLES, JACK. Please let me hear from you and forgive me—DOT.

DUTCH. Please write to your old pal.—Address A. E. WILLIAMS, care of Bell Telephone Co., Greensburg, Pa.

NOLL, ADAM, MRS. (Maiden name Mollie Thompson.) Last known address Burlington, Iowa. A very old friend is anxious to hear from you.—Address MRS. NELLIE V. TITZELL, 603 Clifton St., Winnipeg, Canada.

CONLTEN, MRS. Last known address Decatur St., Omaha, Nebraska. Had confectionery store on 24th or Cummings St. Please write.—Address MRS. NELLIE V. TITZELL, 603 Clifton St., Winnipeg, Canada.

CONRAD, IRA L. Known as "Silvers." U. S. M. C., 1907. Last seen in Milwaukee, Wis., 1907, working as molder for Filer & Stowell Foundry Co. Also worked at electrical trade. His one time pal and friend William R. Bethel would like to hear from him.—Address JAMES M. PYE, 1433 88th Ave., Oakland, Calif.

WEST, MAX. Had homestead at Blanding, Utah, in 1921. Formerly worked in tire shops at Akron. Important. Any information will be appreciated.—Address H. C. SAUTTER, 312 So. 51st St., Omaha, Nebraska.

MALONE, CLIFFORD. Last heard of in Omaha. Neb., about four years ago. Five feet ten inches tall, light complexion, blue eyes, weight about 130 pounds. Have news for him from home.—Address G. B. MARLATT, Gen. Delivery, Guymon, Okla.

MAIL is held by Adventure for the following persons, who may obtain it by sending present address and proof of identity.

MAIL—Bryson, Clarence T.; Farnsworth, Donald; Garson, Ed; Martin, Hugh S.; Noll, Leslie D.; Williams, Frank S.

A COMPLETE list of unclaimed mail will be published in December 30th and June 30th issues of adventure.

THE following have been inquired for in either the September 20th or October 10th issues of Adventure. They can get the name of the inquirer from this magazine:

"ALIBI, JOHN," or any member of the Spruce Division that worked with me on the bridges either in Oregon or Washington in 85th Sq., 104 Sqd., 42 Sqd.; Bateman, Leonard; Buckley, Thomas; Burton, Bob; Cook, Frank; Curran, Patrick; Driver, Lily May; Graham, Edna May and Willie Leon; Hickey, James; Hoover, Will and Carso; Hucht, August Thomas; Hughes, Geo. H.; Jorkinson, L.; McConnell, John and May; Purdom, Charles Edward; Ravenswood, Edward; Rosner, Dom E. (Uncle); Saaf, Erik Algot; Savage, Frederic; Southwick, Alfred Whales; Talbott, Lizzie; Wells, Fred S.; Williams, Reginald, Bobbitt; Ziet, Louis.

Inquiries will be printed three times, then taken out. In the February 10th issue all unfound names asked for during the past two years will be reprinted alphabetically.

PLEASE send us your present address. Letters forwarded to you at address given us do not reach you.—Address L. PATRICK GREENE, care of *Adventure*.

Please notify us at once when you have found your man.

THE TRAIL AHEAD

NOVEMBER 10TH ISSUE

Besides the complete novel mentioned on the second page of this issue the next *Adventure* will bring you the following stories:

FORTY THOUSAND B. P. — *Eugene Cunningham*
Concerning the curious deeds of *Unk*, the cave-man.

THE BOOT — *Lloyd Kohler*
When "Jimmylegs" was swept overboard.

A MAN'S BEST DOG — *Raymond S. Spears*
Just the natural-bornedest fur-hound of the Adirondacks, *Bow-Legs* was.

THE DESERT MOUSE — *Robert J. Horton*
The new sheriff "cleans the board."

THE SEA-HAWK A Five-Part Story Part III — *Rafael Sabatini*
Sir Oliver's plan of vengeance is endangered by Moslem intrigue.

GUIDING HANDS — *Leland S. Chester*
Prison stripes, and one man's return.

MIGHTY MOTHERHOOD — *F. St. Mars*
A dreadnaught of flesh.

THE AVENGER — *J. D. Newsom*
The coolie who preferred honor to life.

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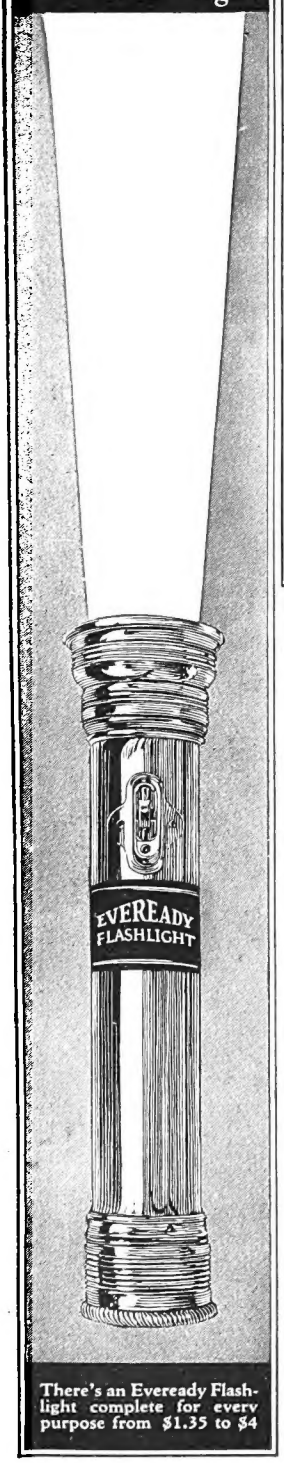
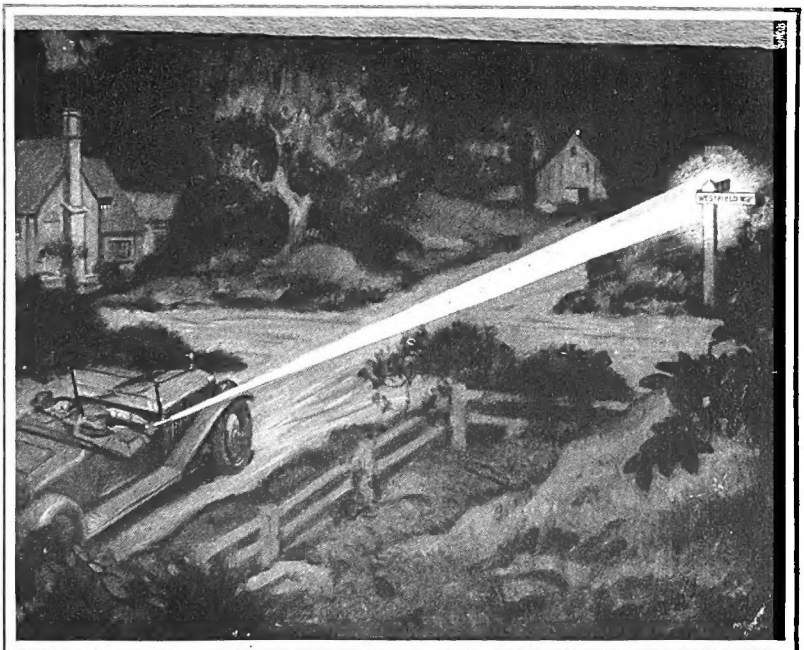
Eveready Spotlight with the 300-ft. Range



There's an Eveready Flashlight complete for every purpose from $1.35 to $4



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